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DON QUIXOTE
OF LA MANCHA

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THE HISTORY OF

THE INGENIOUS GENTLEMAN

DON QUIXOTE

OF LA MANCHA

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH

BY

P. A. MOTTEUX

Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra

VOLUME SECOND

Edinburgh

JOHN GRANT

1902

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LIFE AND ACHIEVEMENTS

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DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

PART II. BOOK I.

CHAPTER I.

THE PLEASANT NEW ADVENTURE THE CURATE AND BARBER MET WITH IN SIERRA MORENA, OR BLACK MOUNTAIN.

Most fortunate and happy was the age that ushered into the world that most daring knight Don Quixote de la Mancha! for from his generous resolution to revive and restore the ancient order of knight-errantry, that was not wholly neglected, but almost lost and abolished, our age, barren in itself of pleasant recreations, derives the pleasure it reaps from his true history, and the various tales and episodes thereof, in some respects no less pleasing, artful, and authentic, than the history itself. We told you that as the curate was preparing to give Cardenio some seasonable consolation, he was prevented by a voice, whose doleful complaints reached his ears. "O heavens," cried the unseen mourner, "is it possible I have at last found out a place that will afford a private grave to this miserable body, whose

load I so repine to bear? Yes, if the silence and solitude of these deserts do not deceive me, here I may die concealed from human eyes. Ah me! ah wretched creature! to what extremity has affliction driven me, reduced to think these hideous woods and rocks a kind retreat! it is true, indeed, I may here freely complain to heaven, and beg for that relief which I might ask in vain of false mankind: for it is vain, I find, to seek below either counsel, ease, or remedy." The curate and his company, who heard all this distinctly, justly conjectured they were very near the person who thus expressed his grief, and therefore rose to find him out. They had not gone about twenty paces, before they spied a youth in a country habit, sitting at the foot of a rock behind an ash-tree; but they could not well see his face, being bowed almost upon his knees, as he sat washing his feet in a rivulet that glided by. They approached him so softly that he did not perceive them: and, as he was gently paddling in the clear water, they had time to discern that his legs were as white as alabaster, and so taper, so curiously proportioned, and so fine, that nothing of the kind could appear more beautiful. Our observers were amazed at this discovery, rightly imagining that such

tender feet were not used to trudge in rugged ways, or measure the steps of oxen at the plough, the common employments of people in such apparel; and therefore the curate, who went before the rest, whose curiosity was heightened by this sight, beckoned to them to step aside, and hide themselves behind some of the little rocks that were by; which they did, and from thence making a stricter observation, they found he had on a grey double-skirted jerkin, girt tight about his body with a linen towel. He wore also a pair of breeches, and gamashes of grey cloth, and a grey huntsman's cap on his head. His gamashes were now pulled up to the middle of his leg, which really seemed to be of snowy alabaster. Having made an end of washing his beauteous feet, he immediately wiped them with a handkerchief, which he pulled out from under his cap; and with that, looking up, he discovered so charming a face, so accomplished a beauty, that Cardenio could not forbear saying to the curate, that since this was not Lucinda, it was certainly no human form, but an angel. And then the youth taking off his cap, and shaking his head, an incredible quantity of lovely hair flowed down upon his shoulders, and not only covered them, but

almost all his body; by which they were now convinced, that what they at first took to be a country lad, was a young woman, and one of the most beautiful creatures in the world. Cardenio was not less surprised than the other two, and once more declared, that no face could vie with hers but Lucinda's. To part her dishevelled tresses, she only used her slender fingers, and at the same time discovered so fine a pair of arms, and hands so white and lovely, that our three admiring gazers grew more impatient to know who she was, and moved forward to accost her. At the noise they made, the pretty creature started; and peeping through her hair, which she hastily removed from before her eyes with both her hands, she no sooner saw three men coming towards her, but in a mighty fright she snatched up a little bundle that lay by her, and fled as fast as she could, without so much as staying to put on her shoes, or do up her hair. But alas! scarce had she gone six steps, when her tender feet not being able to endure the rough encounter of the stones, the poor affrighted fair fell on the hard ground; so that those from whom she fled, hastening to help her, "Stay, madam," cried the curate, "whoever you be you have no reason to fly;

we have no other design but to do you service." With that, approaching her, he took her by the hand, and perceiving she was so disordered with fear and confusion, that she could not answer a word, he strove to compose her mind with kind expressions. "Be not afraid, madam," continued he; "though your hair has betrayed what your disguise concealed from us, we are but the more disposed to assist you, and do you all manner of service. Then pray tell us how we may best do it. I imagine it was no slight occasion that made you obscure your singular beauty under so unworthy a disguise, and venture into this desert, where it was the greatest chance in the world that ever you met with us. However, we hope it is not impossible to find a remedy for your misfortunes; since there are none which reason and time will not at last surmount: and therefore, madam, if you have not absolutely renounced all human comfort, I beseech you tell us the cause of your affliction, and assure yourself we do not ask this out of mere curiosity, but a real desire to serve you, and either to condole or assuage your grief."

While the curate endeavoured thus to remove the trembling fair-one's apprehension, she stood amazed, staring, without speaking a

word, sometimes upon one, sometimes upon another, like one scarce well awake, or like an ignorant clown who happens to see some strange sight. But at last the curate, having given her time to recollect herself, and persisting in his earnest and civil entreaties, she fetched a deep sigh, and then unclosing her lips, broke silence in this manner. "Since this desert has not been able to conceal me, and my hair has betrayed me, it would be needless now for me to dissemble with you; and since you desire to hear the story of my misfortunes, I cannot in civility deny you, after all the obliging offers you have been pleased to make me: but yet, gentlemen, I am much afraid, what I have to say will but make you sad, and afford you little satisfaction; for you will find my disasters are not to be remedied. There is one thing that troubles me yet more; it shocks my nature to think I must be forced to reveal to you some secrets which I had a design to have buried in my grave: but yet considering the garb and the place you have found me in, I fancy it will be better for me to tell you all, than to give occasion to doubt of my past conduct and my present designs, by an affected reservedness." The disguised lady having made this answer,

with a modest blush and extraordinary discretion, the curate and his company, who now admired her the more for her sense, renewed their kind offers and pressing solicitations; and then they modestly let her retire a moment to some distance to put herself in decent order. Which done, she returned, and being all seated on the grass, after she had used no small violence to smother her tears, she thus began her story.

"I was born in a certain town of Andalusia,[1] from which a duke takes his title, that makes him a grandee of Spain. This duke has two sons, the eldest, heir to his estate, and, as it may be presumed, of his virtues; the youngest, heir to nothing I know of, but the treachery of Vellido,* and the deceitfulness of Galalon.† My father, who is one of his vassals, is but of low degree; but so very rich, that had fortune equalled his birth to his estate, he could have wanted nothing more, and I, perhaps, had never been so miserable; for I verily believe, my not being of noble blood is the chief occasion of my ruin. True it is my parents are not so meanly born, as to have any cause to be ashamed of their original, nor so high as

[1] See Appendix, Note 1 to Chap. 4, Book IV.

* Who murdered Sancho, King of Castile.

† Who betrayed the French army at Roncesvalles.

to alter the opinion I have that my misfortune proceeds from their lowness. It is true, they have been farmers from father to son, yet without any mixture or stain of infamous or scandalous blood. They are old rusty * Christians (as we call our true primitive Spaniards), and the antiquity of their family, together with their large possessions, and the port they live in, raises them much above their profession, and has by little and little almost universally gained them the name of gentlemen, setting them, in a manner, equal to many such in the world's esteem. As I am their only child, they ever loved me with all the tenderness of indulgent parents; and their great affection made them esteem themselves happier in their daughter, than in the peaceable enjoyment of their large estate. Now as it was my good fortune to be possessed of their love, they were pleased to trust me with their substance. The whole house and estate was left to my management, and I took such care not to abuse the trust reposed in me, that I never forfeited their good opinion of my discretion. The time I had to spare from the care of the family, I commonly employed in the usual

* *Ranciosos* in the original: a metaphor taken from rusty bacon, yellow and mouldy, as it were, with age. It is a farmer's daughter speaks this

exercises of young women, sometimes making bone-lace, or at my needle, and now and then reading some good book, or playing on the harp; having experienced that music was very proper to recreate the wearied mind: and this was the innocent life I led. I have not descended to these particulars out of vain ostentation, but merely that when I come to relate my misfortunes, you may observe I do not owe them to my ill conduct. While I thus lived the life of a nun, unseen, as I thought, by any body but our own family, and never leaving the house but to go to church, which was commonly betimes in the morning, and always with my mother, and so close hid in a veil that I could scarce find my way; notwithstanding all the care that was taken to keep me from being seen, it was unhappily rumoured abroad that I was handsome, and to my eternal disquiet, love intruded into my peaceful retirement. Don Ferdinand, second son to the duke I have mentioned, had a sight of me"—Scarce had Cardenio heard Don Ferdinand named, but he changed colour, and betrayed such a disorder of body and mind, that the curate and the barber were afraid he would have fallen into one of those frantic fits that often used to

take him; but by good fortune it did not come to that, and he only set himself to look stedfastly on the country maid, presently guessing who she was; while she continued her story, without taking any notice of the alteration of his countenance.

"No sooner had he seen me," said she, "but, as he since told me, he felt in his breast that violent passion of which he afterwards gave me so many proofs. But not to tire you with a needless relation of every particular, I will pass over all the means he used to inform me of his love: he purchased the good-will of all our servants with private gifts: he made my father a thousand kind offers of service: every day seemed a day of rejoicing in our neighbourhood, every evening ushered in some serenade, and the continual music was even a disturbance in the night. He got a number of infinite love-letters transmitted to me, I do not know by what means, every one full of the tenderest expressions, promises, vows, and protestations. But all this assiduous courtship was so far from inclining my heart to a kind return, that it rather moved my indignation; insomuch, that I looked upon Don Ferdinand as my greatest enemy, and one wholly bent on my ruin: not but that I was well enough

pleased with his gallantry, and took a secret delight in seeing myself thus courted by a person of his quality. Such demonstrations of love are never altogether displeasing to women, and the most disdainful, in spite of all their coyness, reserve a little complaisance in their hearts for their admirers. But the disproportion between our qualities was too great to suffer me to entertain any reasonable hopes, and his gallantry too singular not to offend me. Besides, my father, who soon made a right construction of Don Ferdinand's pretensions, with his prudent admonitions concurred with the sense I ever had of my honour, and banished from my mind all favourable thoughts of his addresses. However, like a kind parent, perceiving I was somewhat uneasy, and imagining the flattering prospect of so advantageous a match might still amuse me, he told me one day he reposed the utmost trust in my virtue, esteeming it the strongest obstacle he could oppose to Don Ferdinand's dishonourable designs; yet if I would marry, to rid me at once of his unjust pursuit, and prevent the ruin of my reputation, I should have liberty to make my own choice of a suitable match, either in our own town or the neighbourhood; and that he would do for me whatever could be expected

from a loving father. I humbly thanked him for his kindness, and told him, that as I had never yet had any thoughts of marriage, I would try to rid myself of Don Ferdinand some other way. Accordingly I resolved to shun him with so much precaution, that he should never have the opportunity to speak to me; but all my reservedness, far from tiring out his passion, strengthened it the more. In short, Don Ferdinand, either hearing or suspecting I was to be married, thought of a contrivance to cross a design that was likely to cut off all his hopes. One night, therefore, when I was in my chamber, nobody with me but my maid, and the door double-locked and bolted, that I might be secured against the attempts of Don Ferdinand, whom I took to be a man who would stick at nothing to compass his designs, unexpectedly I saw him just before me; which amazing sight so surprised me, that I was struck dumb, and fainted away with fear. So I had not power to call for help, nor do I believe he would have given me time to have done it, had I attempted it; for he presently ran to me, and taking me in his arms, while I was sinking with the fright, he spoke to me in such endearing terms, and with so much address, and pretended tenderness and sin-

cerity, that I did not dare to cry out when I came to myself. His sighs, and yet more his tears, seemed to me undeniable proofs of his vowed integrity; and I being but young, bred up in perpetual retirement, from all society but my virtuous parents, and unexperienced in those affairs, in which even the most knowing are apt to be mistaken, my reluctancy abated by degrees, and I began to have some sense of compassion, yet none but what was consistent with my honour. However, when I was pretty well recovered from my first fright, my former resolution returned; and then, with more courage than I thought I should have had, 'My lord,' said I, 'if at the same time that you offer me your love, and give me such strange demonstrations of it, you would also offer me poison, and leave to take my choice, I would soon resolve which to accept, and convince you by my death, that my honour is dearer to me than my life. To be plain, I can have no good opinion of a presumption that endangers my reputation; and unless you leave me this moment, I will so effectually make you know how much you are mistaken in me, that if you have but the least sense of honour left, you will prevent the driving me to that extremity as long as you live. I was born your

vassal, but not your slave; nor does the greatness of your birth privilege you to injure your inferiors, or exact from me more than the duties which all vassals pay; that excepted, I do not esteem myself less in my low degree, than you have reason to value yourself in your high rank. Do not then think to awe or dazzle me with your grandeur, or fright or force me into a base compliance; I am not to be tempted with titles, pomp and equipage; nor weak enough to be moved with vain sighs and false tears. In short, my will is wholly at my father's disposal, and I will not entertain any man as a lover, but by his appointment. Therefore, my lord, as you would have me believe you so sincerely love me, give over your vain and injurious pursuit; suffer me peaceably to enjoy the benefits of life in the free possession of my honour, the loss of which for ever embitters all life's sweets; and since you cannot be my husband, do not expect from me that affection which I cannot pay to any other.' —'What do you mean, charming Dorothea?' cried the perfidious lord. 'Cannot I be yours by the sacred title of husband? Who can hinder me, if you'll but consent to bless me on those terms? Too happy if I have no other obstacle to surmount. I am yours this moment,

beautiful Dorothea; see, I give you here my hand to be yours, and yours alone for ever: and let all-seeing heaven, and this holy image here on your oratory, witness the solemn truth.'"

Cardenio, hearing her call herself Dorothea, was now fully satisfied she was the person whom he took her to be; however, he would not interrupt her story, being impatient to hear the end of it; only addressing himself to her, "Is then your name Dorothea, madam?" cried he. "I have heard of a lady of that name, whose misfortunes have a great resemblance with yours. But proceed, I beseech you, and when you have done, I may perhaps surprise you with an account of things that have some affinity with those you relate." With that Dorothea made a stop to study Cardenio's face, and his wretched attire, and then earnestly desired him, if he knew anything that concerned her, to let her know it presently; telling him, that all the happiness she had left, was only the courage to bear with resignation all the disasters that might befall her, well assured that no new one could make her more unfortunate than she was already. "Truly, madam," replied Cardenio, "I would tell you all I know, were I sure my conjectures were true; but so

far as I may judge by what I have heard hitherto, I do not think it material to tell it you yet, and I shall find a more proper time to do it." Then Dorothea resuming her discourse: "Don Ferdinand," said she, "repeated his vows of marriage in the most serious manner; and giving me his hand, plighted me his faith in the most binding words, and sacred oaths. But before I would let him engage himself thus, I advised him to have a care how he suffered an unruly passion to get the ascendant over his reason, to the endangering of his future happiness. 'My lord,' said I, 'let not a few transitory and imaginary charms, which could never excuse such an excess of love, hurry you to your ruin. Spare your noble father the shame and displeasure of seeing you married to a person so much below your birth; and do not rashly do a thing of which you may repent, and that may make my life uncomfortable.' I added several other reasons to dissuade him from that hasty match, but they were all unregarded. Don Ferdinand, deaf to every thing but to his desires, engaged and bound himself like an inconsiderate lover, who sacrifices all things to his passion, or rather like a cheat, who does not value a breach of vows. When I saw him so obstinate, I began

to consider what I had to do. I am not the first, thought I to myself, whom marriage has raised to unhoped for greatness, and whose beauty alone has supplied her want of birth and merit. Thousands besides Don Ferdinand have married merely for love, without any regard to the inequality of wealth and birth.—The opportunity was fair and tempting; and as fortune is not always favourable, I thought it an imprudent thing to let it slip. Thought I to myself, while she kindly offers me a husband who assures me of an inviolable affection, why should I, by an unreasonable denial, make myself an enemy of such a friend?—And then there was one thing more; I apprehended it would be dangerous to drive him to despair by an ill-timed refusal; nor could I think myself safe alone in his hands, lest he should resolve to satisfy his passion by force; which done, he might think himself free from performing a promise which I would not accept; and then I should be left without either honour or an excuse: for it would be no easy matter to persuade my father, and the censorious world, that this nobleman was admitted into my chamber without my consent. All these reasons, which in a moment offered themselves in my mind, shook my former

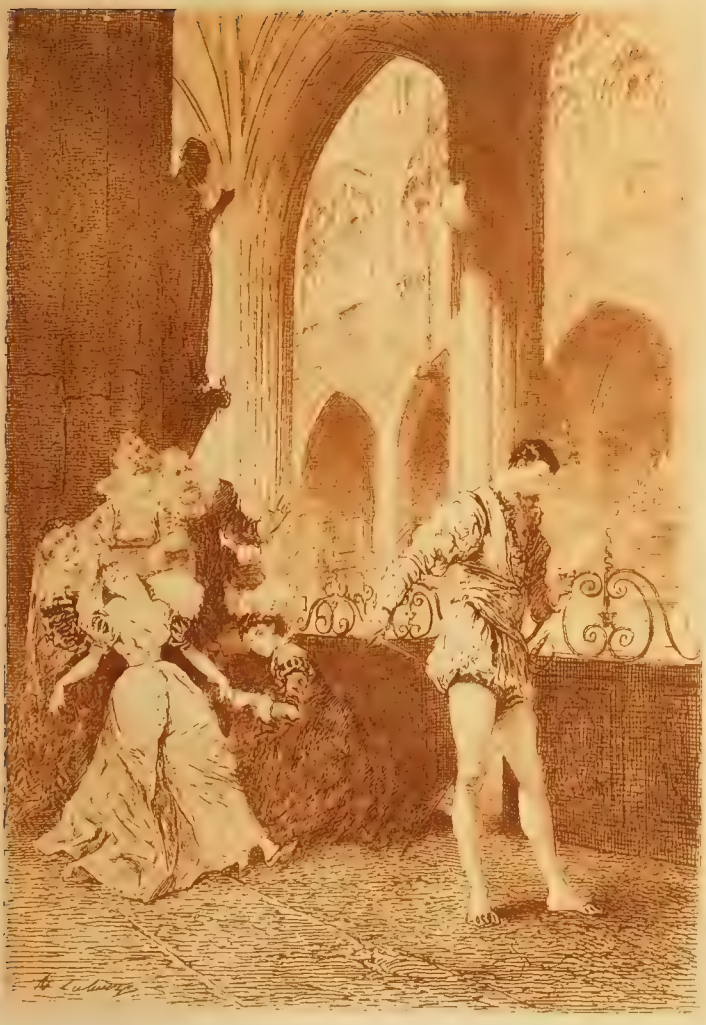
resolves; and Don Ferdinand's sighs, his tears, his vows, and the sacred witnesses by which he swore, together with his graceful mien, his extraordinary accomplishments, and the love which I fancied I read in all his actions, helped to bring on my ruin, as I believe they would have prevailed with any one's heart as free and as well guarded as was mine. Then I called my maid to be witness to Don Ferdinand's vows and sacred engagements, which he reiterated to me, and confirmed with new oaths and solemn promises; he called again on heaven, and on many particular saints, to witness his sincerity, wishing a thousand curses might fall on him, in case he ever violated his word. Again he sighed, again he wept, and moved me more and more with fresh marks of affection; and the treacherous maid having left the room, the perfidious lord, presuming on my weakness, completed his pernicious design. The day which succeeded that unhappy night, had not yet began to dawn, when Don Ferdinand, impatient to be gone, made all the haste he could to leave me. For after the gratifications of brutish appetite are past, the greatest pleasure then is, to get rid of that which entertained it. He told me, though not with so great a show of affection, nor so warmly as

before, that I might rely on his honour, and on the sincerity of his vows and promises; and as a further pledge, he pulled off a ring of great value from his finger, and put it upon mine. In short, he went away, and my maid, who, as she confessed it to me, let him in privately, took care to let him out into the street by break of day, while I remained so strangely concerned at the thoughts of all these passages, that I cannot well tell whether I was sorry or pleased. I was in a manner quite distracted, and either forgot, or had not the heart, to chide my maid for her treachery, not knowing yet whether she had done me good or harm. I had told Don Ferdinand before he went, that seeing I was now his own, he might make use of the same means to come again to see me, till he found it convenient to do me the honour of owning me publicly for his wife; but he came to me only the next night, and from that time I never could see him more, neither at church nor in the street, though for a whole month together I tired myself endeavouring to find him out. Being credibly informed he was still near us, and went a-hunting almost every day, I leave you to think with what uneasiness I passed those tedious hours, when I perceived his neglect,

and had reason to suspect his breach of faith. So unexpected a slight, which I looked upon as the most sensible affliction that could befall me, had like to have quite overwhelmed me. Then it was that I found my maid had betrayed me. I broke out into severe complaints of her presumption, which I had smothered till that time. I exclaimed against Don Ferdinand, and exhausted my sighs and tears without assuaging my sorrow. What was worse, I found myself obliged to set a guard upon my very looks, for fear my father and mother should inquire into the cause of my discontent, and so occasion my being guilty of shameful lies and evasions to conceal my more shameful disaster. But at last I perceived it was in vain to dissemble, and I gave a loose to my resentments; for I could no longer hold, when I heard that Don Ferdinand was married in a neighbouring town to a young lady of rich and noble parentage, and extremely handsome, whose name is Lucinda."—Cardenio hearing Lucinda named, felt his former disorder, but by good fortune it was not so violent as it used to be; and he only shrugged up his shoulders, bit his lips, knit his brows, and a little while after let fall a shower of tears, which did not hinder Dorothea from going on.

"This news," continued she, "instead of freezing up my blood with grief and astonishment, filled me with burning rage. Despair took possession of my soul, and in the transports of my fury I was ready to run raving through the streets, and publish Don Ferdinand's disloyalty, though at the expense of my reputation. I do not know whether a remainder of reason stopped these violent motions, but I found myself mightily eased as soon as I had pitched upon a design that presently came into my head. I discovered the cause of my grief to a young country fellow that served my father, and desired him to lend me a suit of man's apparel, and to go along with me to the town where I heard Don Ferdinand was. The fellow used the best arguments he had to hinder me from so strange an undertaking; but finding I was inflexible in my resolution, he assured me he was ready to serve me. Thereupon I put on this habit which you see, and taking with me some of my own clothes, together with some gold and jewels, not knowing but I might have occasion for them, I set out that very night, attended with that servant, and many anxious thoughts, without so much as acquainting my maid with my design. To tell

you the truth, I did not well know myself what I went about; for as there could be no remedy, Don Ferdinand being actually married to another, what could I hope to get by seeing him, unless it were the wretched satisfaction of upbraiding him with his infidelity? In two days and a half we got to the town, where the first thing I did was to inquire where Lucinda's father lived. That single question produced a great deal more than I desired to hear; for the first man I addressed myself to, showed me the house, and informed me of all that had happened at Lucinda's marriage, which it seems was grown so public, that it was the talk of the whole town. He told me how Lucinda had swooned away as soon as she had answered the priest, that she was contented to be Don Ferdinand's wife; and how after he had approached to open her stays, to give her more room to breathe, he found a letter under her own hand, wherein she declared she could not be Don Ferdinand's wife, because she was already contracted to a considerable gentleman of the same town, whose name was Cardenio; and that she had only consented to that marriage in obedience to her father. He also told me, that it appeared by the letter, and a dagger which



was found about her, that she designed to have killed herself after the ceremony was over: and that Don Ferdinand, enraged to see himself thus deluded, would have killed her himself with that very dagger, had he not been prevented by those that were present. He added, it was reported, that upon this Don Ferdinand immediately left the town; and that Lucinda did not come to herself till next day, and then she told her parents that she was really Cardenio's wife, and that he and she were contracted before she had seen Don Ferdinand. I heard also that this Cardenio was present at the wedding; and that as soon as he saw her married, which was a thing he never could have believed, he left the town in despair, leaving a letter behind him, full of complaints of Lucinda's breach of faith, and to inform his friends of his resolution to go to some place where they should never hear of him more. This was all the discourse of the town when we came thither, and soon after we heard that Lucinda also was missing, and that her father and mother were grieving almost to distraction, not being able to learn what was become of her. For my part, this news revived my hopes, having reason to be pleased to find

Don Ferdinand unmarried. I flattered myself that heaven had perhaps prevented this second marriage, to make him sensible of violating the first, and to touch his conscience, in order to his acquitting himself in his duty like a christian, and a man of honour. So I strove to beguile my cares with an imaginary prospect of a far distant change of fortune, amusing myself with vain hopes that I might not sink under the load of affliction, but prolong life; though this was only a lengthening of my sorrows, since I have now but the more reason to wish to be eased of the trouble of living. But while I staid in that town, not knowing what I had best to do, seeing I could not find Don Ferdinand, I heard a crier publicly describe my person, my clothes, and my age, in the open streets, promising a considerable reward to any that could bring tidings of Dorothea. I also heard that it was rumoured I was run away from my father's house with the servant who attended me; and that report touched my soul as much as Don Ferdinand's perfidiousness; for thus I saw my reputation wholly lost, and that too for a subject so base and so unworthy of my nobler thoughts. Thereupon I made all the haste I could to get out of the town with my servant, who even

then, to my thinking, began by some tokens to betray a faltering in the fidelity he had promised me. Dreading to be discovered, we reached the most desert part of this mountain that night: but, as it is a common saying, that misfortunes seldom come alone, and the end of one disaster is often the beginning of a greater, I was no sooner got to that place, where I thought myself safe, but the fellow, whom I had hitherto found to be modest and respectful, now, rather incited by his own villainy than my beauty, and the opportunity which that place offered, than by anything else, had the impudence to talk to me of love; and seeing I answered him with anger and contempt, he would no longer lose time in clownish courtship, but resolved to use violence to compass his wicked design. But just heaven, which seldom or never fails to succour just designs, so assisted mine, and his brutish passion so blinded him, that, not perceiving he was on the brink of a steep rock, I easily pushed him down, and then, without looking to see what was become of him, and with more nimbleness than could be expected from my surprise and weariness, I ran into the thickest part of the desert to secure myself. The next day I met a countryman, who took me to his

house amidst these mountains, and employed me ever since in quality of his shepherd. There I have continued some months, making it my business to be as much as possible in the fields, the better to conceal my sex. But notwithstanding all my care and industry, he at last discovered I was a woman, which made him presume to importune me with beastly offers; so that fortune not favouring me with the former opportunity of freeing myself, I left his house, and chose to seek a sanctuary among these woods and rocks, there with sighs and tears to beseech heaven to pity me, and to direct and relieve me in this forlorn condition; or at least to put an end to my miserable life, and bury in this desert the very memory of an unhappy creature, who, more through ill fortune than ill intent, has given the idle world occasion to be too busy with her fame."

CHAPTER II.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE BEAUTIFUL DOROTHEA'S DISCRETION, WITH OTHER PLEASANT PASSAGES.

"This, gentlemen," continued Dorothea, "is the true story of my tragical adventure; and now be you judges whether I had reason to make the complaint you overheard, and whether so unfortunate and hopeless a creature be in a condition to admit of comfort. I have only one favour to beg of you; be pleased to direct me to some place where I may pass the rest of my life secure from the search and inquiry of my parents; not but their former affection is a sufficient warrant for my kind reception, could the sense I have of the thoughts they must have of my past conduct permit me to return to them; but when I think they must believe me guilty, and can now have nothing but my bare word to assure them of my innocence, I can never resolve to stand their sight." Here Dorothea stopt, and the blushes that overspread her cheeks were certain signs of the discomposure of her

thoughts, and the unfeigned modesty of her soul. Those who had heard her story were deeply moved with compassion for her hard fate, and the curate would not delay any longer to give her some charitable comfort and advice. But scarce had he begun to speak, when Cardenio, addressing himself to her, interrupted him. "How, madam," said he, taking her by the hand, "are you then the beautiful Dorothea, the only daughter of the rich Cleonardo?" Dorothea was strangely surprised to hear her father named, and by one in so tattered a garb. "And pray who are you, friend,"* said she to him, "that know so well my father's name? for I think I did not mention it once throughout the whole narration of my afflictions."—"I am Cardenio," replied the other, "that unfortunate person, whom Lucinda, as you told us, declared to be her husband. I am that miserable Cardenio, whom the perfidiousness of the man who has reduced you to this deplorable condition, has also brought to this wretched state, to rags, to nakedness, to despair, nay, to madness itself, and all hardships and want of human comforts; only enjoying the privilege of reason by short intervals, to feel and bemoan my miseries

* *Y quien sois vos, hermano;* i.e., And pray, who are you, brother?

the more. I am the man, fair Dorothea, who was the unhappy eye-witness of Don Ferdinand's unjust nuptials, and who heard my Lucinda give her consent to be his wife; that heartless wretch, who, unable to bear so strange a disappointment, lost in amazement and trouble, flung out of the house, without staying to know what would follow her trance, and what the paper that was taken out of her bosom would produce. I abandoned myself to despair, and having left a letter with a person whom I charged to deliver it into Lucinda's own hands, I hastened to hide myself from the world in this desert, resolved to end there a life which from that moment I had abhorred as my greatest enemy. But fortune has preserved me, I see, that I may venture it upon a better cause; for from what you have told us now, which I have no reason to doubt, I am emboldened to hope that providence may yet reserve us both to a better fate than we durst have expected. Heaven will restore you Don Ferdinand, who cannot be Lucinda's, and to me Lucinda, who cannot be Don Ferdinand's. For my part, though my interests were not linked with yours, as they are, I have so deep a sense of your misfortunes, that I would expose myself to any dangers to see you righted

by Don Ferdinand; and here, on the word of a gentleman and a christian, I vow and promise not to forsake you till he has done you justice, and to oblige him to do it at the hazard of my life, should reason and generosity prove ineffectual to force him to be blest with you."

Dorothea, ravished with joy, and not knowing how to express a due sense of Cardenio's obliging offers, would have thrown herself at his feet had he not civilly hindered it. At the same time the curate, discreetly speaking for them both, highly applauded Cardenio for his generous resolution, and comforted Dorothea. He also very heartily invited them to his house, where they might furnish themselves with necessaries, and consult together how to find out Don Ferdinand, and bring Dorothea home to her father, which kind offer they thankfully accepted. Then the barber, who had been silent all this while, put in for a share, and handsomely assured them, he would be very ready to do them all the service that might lie in his power. After these civilities, he acquainted them with the design that had brought the curate and him to that place, and gave them an account of Don Quixote's strange kind of madness, and of their staying there for

his squire. Cardenio, hearing him mentioned, remembered something of the scuffle he had with them both, but only as if it had been a dream; so that though he told the company of it, he could not let them know the occasion. By this time they heard somebody call, and by the voice they knew it was Sancho Panza, who, not finding them where he had left them, tore his very lungs with holloaing. With that, they all went to meet him; which done, they asked him what was become of Don Quixote? "Alas!" answered Sancho, "I left him yonder, in an ill plight. I found him in his shirt, lean, pale, and almost starved, sighing and whining for his lady Dulcinea. I told him, how that she would have him come to her presently to Toboso, where she looked for him out of hand; yet for all this he would not budge a foot, but even told me he was resolved he would never set eyes on her sweet face again, till he had done some feats that might make him worthy of her goodness. So that," added Sancho, "if he leads this life any longer, I fear me my poor master is never like to be an emperor, as he is bound in honour to be, nay, not so much as an archbishop, which is the least thing he can come off with; therefore, good sir, see and get him away by all

means, I beseech you."—The curate bid him be of good cheer, for they would take care to make him leave that place whether he would or not; and then turning to Cardenio and Dorothea, he informed them of the design which he and the barber had laid, in order to his cure, or at least to get him home to his house. Dorothea, whose mind was much eased with the prospect of better fortune, kindly undertook to act the distressed lady herself, which she said she thought would become her better than the barber, having a dress very proper for that purpose; besides she had read many books of chivalry, and knew how the distressed ladies used to express themselves when they came to beg some knight-errant's assistance. "This is obliging, madam," said the curate, "and we want nothing more; so let us to work as fast as we can; we may now hope to succeed, since you thus happily facilitate the design." Presently Dorothea took out of her bundle a petticoat of very rich stuff, and a gown of very fine green silk; also a necklace, and several other jewels out of a box; and with these in an instant she so adorned herself, and appeared so beautiful and glorious, that they all stood in admiration that Don Ferdinand should be so injudicious as to slight so

accomplished a beauty. But he that admired her most was Sancho Panza; for he thought he had never set eyes on so fine a creature, and perhaps he thought right: which made him earnestly ask the curate who that fine dame was, and what wind had blown her thither among the woods and rocks?—"Who is that fine lady, Sancho?" answered the curate; "she is the only heiress in a direct line to the vast kingdom of Micomicon. Moved by the fame of your master's great exploits, that spreads itself over all Guinea, she comes to seek him out, and beg a boon of him; that is, to redress a wrong which a wicked giant has done her." —"Why, that's well," quoth Sancho; "a happy seeking, and a happy finding. Now, if my master be but so lucky as to right that wrong, by killing that son of a whore of a giant you tell me of, I am a made man. Yes, he will kill him, that he will, if he can but come at him, an he be not a hobgoblin; for my master can do no good with hobgoblins. But, Mr Curate, an it please you, I have a favour to ask of you. I beseech you put my master out of conceit with all archbishoprics, for that is what I dread; and therefore, to rid me of my fears, put it into his head to clap up a match with this same princess; for by that means it

will be past his power to make himself archbishop, and he will come to be emperor, and I a great man, as sure as a gun. I have thought well of the matter, and I find it is not at all fitting he should be an archbishop for my good; for what should I get by it? I am not fit for church preferment, I am a married man; and now for me to go trouble my head with getting a licence to hold church livings, it would be an endless piece of business; therefore, it will be better for him to marry out of hand this same princess, whose name I cannot tell, for I never heard it."—"They call her the Princess Micomicona," said the curate; "for her kingdom being called Micomicon, it is a clear case she must be called so."—"Like enough," quoth Sancho; "for I have known several men in my time go by the names of the places where they were born, as Pedro de Alcala,[1] Juan de Ubeda, Diego de Valladolid; and mayhap the like is done in Guinea, and the queens go by the name of their kingdoms."—"It is well observed," replied the curate: "As for the match, I'll promote it to the utmost of my power." Sancho was heartily pleased with this promise; and, on the other side, the curate was amazed to find the poor

[1] See Appendix, Note 1, Chap. II., Book IV.

fellow so strangely infected with his master's mad notions, as to rely on his becoming an emperor. By this time Dorothea being mounted on the curate's mule, and the barber having clapped on his ox-tail beard, nothing remained but to order Sancho to show them the way, and to renew their admonitions to him, lest he should seem to know them, and to spoil the plot, which, if he did, they told him it would be the ruin of all his hopes, and his master's empire. As for Cardenio, he did not think fit to go with them, having no business there; besides, he could not tell but that Don Quixote might remember their late fray. The curate, likewise, not thinking his presence necessary, resolved to stay to keep Cardenio company; so, after he had once more given Dorothea her cue, she and the barber went before with Sancho, while the two others followed on foot at a distance.

Thus they went on for about three quarters of a league, and then among the rocks they spied Don Quixote, who had by this time put on his clothes, though not his armour. Immediately Dorothea, understanding he was the person, whipped her palfrey, and when she drew near Don Quixote, her squire alighted and took her from her saddle. When she was

upon her feet, she gracefully advanced towards the knight, and, with her squire, falling on her knees before him, in spite of his endeavours to hinder her; "Thrice valorous and invincible knight,"[1] said she, "never will I rise from this place, till your generosity has granted me a boon, which shall redound to your honour, and the relief of the most disconsolate and most injured damsel that the sun ever saw: and indeed if your valour and the strength of your formidable arm be answerable to the extent of your immortal renown, you are bound by the laws of honour, and the knighthood which you profess, to succour a distressed princess, who, led by the resounding fame of your marvellous and redoubted feats of arms, comes from the remotest regions, to implore your protection." —"I cannot," said Don Quixote, "make you any answer, most beautiful lady, nor will I hear a word more, unless you vouchsafe to rise."— "Pardon me, noble knight," replied the petitioning damsel; "my knees shall first be rooted here, unless you will courteously condescend to grant me the boon which I humbly request."—"I grant it then, lady," said Don Quixote, "provided it be nothing to the disservice of my king, my country, and that

[1] See Appendix, Note 2, Chap. II., Book IV.

beauty who keeps the key of my heart and liberty."—"It shall not tend to the prejudice or detriment of any of these," cried the lady. With that Sancho closing up to his master, and whispering him in the ear, "Grant it, sir," quoth he, "grant it, I tell ye; it is but a trifle next to nothing, only to kill a great looby of a giant; and she that asks this, is the high and mighty Princess Micomicona, Queen of the huge kingdom of Micomicon in Ethiopia."—"Let her be what she will," replied Don Quixote, "I will discharge my duty, and obey the dictates of my conscience, according to the rules of my profession." With that turning to the damsel, "Rise, lady, I beseech you," cried he; "I grant you the boon which your singular beauty demands."—"Sir," said the lady, "the boon I have to beg of your magnanimous valour, is, that you will be pleased to go with me instantly whither I shall conduct you, and promise not to engage in any other adventure, till you have revenged me on a traitor who usurps my kingdom, contrary to all laws both human and divine."—"I grant you all this, lady," quoth Don Quixote; "and therefore from this moment shake off all desponding thoughts that sit heavy upon your mind, and study to revive your drooping hopes;

for by the assistance of Heaven, and my strenuous arm, you shall see yourself restored to your kingdom, and seated on the throne of your ancestors, in spite of all the traitors that dare oppose your right. Let us then hasten our performance; delay always breeds danger; and to protract a great design is often to ruin it." The thankful princess, to speak her grateful sense of his generosity, strove to kiss the knight's hand;[3] however, he who was in every thing the most gallant and courteous of all knights, would by no means admit of such submission; but having gently raised her up, he embraced her with an awful grace and civility, and then called to Sancho for his arms. Sancho went immediately, and having fetched them from a tree,[4] where they hung like trophies, armed his master in a moment. And now the champion being completely accoutred, "Come on," said he, "let us go and vindicate the rights of this dispossessed princess." The barber was all this while upon his knees, and had enough to do to keep himself from laughing, and his beard from falling, which, if it had dropped off, as it threatened, would have betrayed his face and their whole plot at once.

[3] See Appendix, Note 3, Chap. II., Book IV.
[4] See Appendix, Note 4, Chap. II., Book IV.

But being relieved by Don Quixote's haste to put on his armour, he rose up, and taking the princess by the hand, they both together set her upon her mule. Then the knight mounted his Rozinante, and the barber got on his beast. Only poor Sancho was forced to foot it, which made him fetch many heavy sighs for the loss of his dear Dapple. However, he bore his crosses patiently, seeing his master in so fair a way of being next door to an emperor; for he did not question but he would marry that princess, and so be at least King of Micomicon. But yet it grieved him, to think his master's dominions were to be in the land of the negroes, and that, consequently, the people, over whom he was to be governor, were all to be black. But he presently bethought himself of a good remedy for that: "What care I," quoth he, "though they be blacks? best of all; it is but loading a ship with them, and having them into Spain, where I shall find chapmen enow to take them off my hands, and pay me ready money for them; and so I'll raise a good round sum, and buy me a title or an office to live upon frank and easy all the days of my life. Hang him that has no shifts, say I; it is a sorry goose that will not baste herself. Why, what if I am not so book learned as

other folks, sure I have a head-piece good enough to know how to sell thirty or ten thousand slaves in the turn of a hand.* Let them even go higgledy-piggledy, little and great. What though they be as black as the devil in hell, let me alone to turn them into white and yellow boys; I think I know how to lick my own fingers."

Big with these imaginations, Sancho trudged along so pleased and light-hearted, that he forgot his pain of travelling a-foot. Cardenio and the curate had beheld the pleasant scene through the bushes, and were at a loss what they should do to join companies. But the curate, who had a contriving head, at last bethought himself of an expedient; and pulling out a pair of scissors, which he used to carry in his pocket, he snipped off Cardenio's beard in a trice; and having pulled off his black cloak and a sad-coloured riding-coat which he had on, he equipped Cardenio with them, while he himself remained in his doublet and breeches. In which new garb Cardenio was so strangely altered, that he would not have known himself in a looking-glass. This done, they made to the high-way, and there stayed till Don Quixote and his company were got clear of the rocks

* *Literally*, While one may say, take away these straws; *en quitam alla essas pajas*, i.e., in a moment.

and bad ways, which did not permit horsemen to go so fast as those on foot. When they came near, the curate looked very earnestly upon Don Quixote, as one that was in a study whether he might not know him; and then, like one that had made a discovery, he ran towards the knight with open arms, crying out, "Mirror of chivalry, my noble countryman Don Quixote de la Mancha! the cream and flower of gentility! the shelter and relief of the afflicted, and quintessence of knight-errantry! how overjoyed am I to have found you!" At the same time he embraced his left leg.

Don Quixote, admiring what adorer of his heroic worth this should be, looked on him earnestly; and at last calling him to mind, would have alighted to have paid him his respects, not a little amazed to meet him there. But the curate hindering him, "Reverend sir," cried the knight, "I beseech you, let me not be so rude as to sit on horseback, while a person of your worth and character is on foot."— "Sir," replied the curate, "you shall by no means alight. Let your Excellency be pleased to keep your saddle, since, thus mounted, you every day achieve the most stupendous feats of arms and adventures that were ever seen in

our age. It will be honour enough for an unworthy priest like me to get up behind some of your company, if they will permit me; and I will esteem it as great a happiness as to be mounted upon Pegasus, or the Zebra, or the fleet mare of the famous Moor Muzaraque, who to this hour lies enchanted in the dreary cavern of Zulema, not far distant from the great Compluto."[5]—"Truly, good sir, I did not think of this," answered Don Quixote; "but I suppose my lady the princess will be so kind as to command her squire to lend you his saddle, and to ride behind himself, if his mule be used to carry double."—"I believe it will," cried the princess; "and my squire, I suppose, will not stay for my commands to offer his saddle, for he is too courteous and well-bred to suffer an ecclesiastical person to go a-foot, when we may help him to a mule."—"Most certainly," cried the barber; and with that dismounting, he offered the curate his saddle, which was accepted without much entreaty. By ill fortune the mule was a hired beast, and consequently unlucky; so, as the barber was getting up behind the curate, the resty jade gave two or three jerks with her hinder legs, that, had they met with Master Nicholas's skull or ribs,

[5] See Appendix, Note 5, Chap. II., Book IV.

he would have bequeathed his rambling after Don Quixote to the devil. However, he flung himself nimbly off, and was more afraid than hurt; but yet as he fell his beard dropt off, and being presently sensible of that accident, he could not think of any better shift than to clap both of his hands before his cheeks, and cry out he had broke his jaw-bone. Don Quixote was amazed to see such an overgrown bush of beard lie on the ground without jaws and bloodless. "Bless me," cried he, "what an amazing miracle is this! here is a beard as cleverly taken off by accident, as if a barber had mowed it." The curate, perceiving the danger they were in of being discovered, hastily caught up the beard, and, running to the barber, who lay all the while roaring and complaining, he pulled his head close to his own breast, and then muttering certain words, which he said were a charm appropriated to the fastening on of fallen beards, he fixed it on again so handsomely, that the squire was presently then as bearded and as well as ever he was before; which raised Don Quixote's admiration, and made him engage the curate to teach him the charm at his leisure, not doubting but its virtue extended further than to the fastening on of beards, since it was impossible that such

a one could be torn off without fetching away flesh and all; and consequently such a sudden cure might be beneficial to him upon occasion. And now, everything being set to rights, they agreed that the curate should ride first by himself, and then the other two by turns relieving one another, sometimes riding, sometimes walking, till they came to their inn, which was about two leagues off. So Don Quixote, the princess, and the curate, being mounted, and Cardenio, the barber, and Sancho, ready to move forwards on foot, the knight, addressing himself to the distressed damsel, "Now, lady," said he, "let me entreat your greatness to tell me which way we must go, to do you service?" The curate, before she could answer, thought fit to ask her a question, that might the better enable her to make a proper reply. "Pray, madam," said he, "towards what country is it your pleasure to take your progress? is it not towards the kingdom of Micomicon? I am very much mistaken if that be not the part of the world whither you desire to go." The lady having got her cue, presently understood the curate, and answered that he was in the right. "Then," said the curate, "your way lies directly through the village where I live, from

whence we have a straight road to Carthagena, where you may conveniently take shipping; and if you have a fair wind and good weather, you may in something less than nine years, reach the vast lake Meona, I mean the Palus Maeotis, which lies somewhat more than a hundred days' journey from your kingdom."—"Surely, sir," replied the lady, "you are under a mistake; for it is not quite two years since I left the place; and besides, we have had very little fair weather all the while, and yet I am already got thither, and have so far succeeded in my designs, as to have obtained the sight of the renowned Don Quixote de la Mancha, the fame of whose achievements reached my ears as soon as I landed in Spain, and moved me to find him out, to throw myself under his protection, and commit the justice of my cause to his invincible valour."—"No more, madam, I beseech you," cried Don Quixote; "spare me the trouble of hearing myself praised, for I mortally hate whatever may look like adulation; and though your compliments may deserve a better name, my ears are too modest to be pleased with any such discourse: it is my study to deserve and to avoid applause. All I will venture to say is, that whether I have any valour or no, I am wholly at your ser-

vice, even at the expense of the last drop of my blood; and therefore, waiving all these matters till a fit opportunity, I would gladly know of this reverend clergyman, what brought him hither, unattended by any of his servants, alone, and so slenderly clothed; for I must confess I am not a little surprised to meet him in this condition."—"To tell you the reason in few words," answered the curate, "you must know, that Master Nicholas, our friend and barber, went with me to Seville, to receive some money which a relation of mine sent me from the Indies, where he has been settled these many years. Neither was it a small sum, for it was no less than seventy thousand pieces of eight, and all of due weight, which is no common thing, you may well judge; but upon the road hereabouts we met four highwaymen, that robbed us of all we had, even to our very beards, so that the poor barber was forced to get him a chin-periwig. And for that young gentleman whom you see there," continued he, pointing to Cardenio, "after they had stripped him to his shirt, they transfigured him as you see.* Now everybody hereabouts says, that those who robbed us were certainly a pack of rogues condemned to the galleys, who, as they were going to punishment, were

* The priest had clipped off Cardenio's beard in haste.

rescued by a single man, not far from this place, and that with so much courage, that in spite of the king's officer and his guards, he alone set them all at liberty. Certainly this man was either mad, or as great a rogue as any of them; for would any one that had a grain of sense or honesty, have let loose a company of wolves among sheep, foxes among innocent poultry, and wasps among the honey-pots? He has hindered public justice from taking its course, broke his allegiance to his lawful sovereign, disabled the strength of his galleys, rebelled against him, and opposed his officers in contempt of the law, and alarmed the holy brotherhood, that had lain quiet so long; nay, what is yet worse, he has endangered his life upon earth, and his salvation hereafter." Sancho had given the curate an account of the adventure of the galley-slaves, and this made him lay it on thick in the relation, to try how Don Quixote would bear it. The knight changed colour at every word, not daring to confess he was the pious knight-errant who had delivered those worthy gentlemen out of bondage. "These," said the curate, by way of conclusion, "were the men that reduced us to this condition; and may heaven in mercy forgive him who freed them from the punishment they so well deserved!"

CHAPTER III.

THE PLEASANT STRATAGEMS USED TO FREE THE ENAMOURED KNIGHT FROM THE RIGOROUS PENANCE WHICH HE HAD UNDERTAKEN.

Scarce had the curate made an end, when Sancho addressing himself to him, "Faith and truth," quoth he, "Master Curate, he that did that rare job was my master his nown self, and that not for want of fair warning; for I bid him have a care what he did, and told him over and over, it would be a grievous sin to put such a gang of wicked wretches out of durance, and that they all went to the galleys for their roguery."—"You buffle-headed clown," cried Don Quixote, "is it for a knight-errant, when he meets with people laden with chains, and under oppression, to examine whether they are in those circumstances for their crimes, or only through misfortune? We are only to relieve the afflicted, to look on their distress, and not on their crimes. I met a company of poor wretches, who went along

sorrowful, dejected, and linked together like the beads of a rosary; thereupon I did what my conscience and my profession obliged me to. And what has any man to say to this? If any one dares say otherwise, saving this reverend clergyman's presence and the holy character he bears, I say, he knows little of knight-errantry, and lies like a son of a whore, and a base-born villain; and this I will make him know more effectually, with the convincing edge of my sword!" This said with a grim look, he fixed himself in his stirrups, and pulled his helm over his brows; for the basin, which he took to be Mambrino's helmet, hung at his saddle-bow, in order to have the damage repaired which it had received from the galley-slaves. Thereupon Dorothea, by this time well acquainted with his temper, seeing him in such a passion, and that everybody, except Sancho Panza, made a jest of him, resolved with her native sprightliness and address, to carry on the humour.—"I beseech you, sir," cried she, "remember the promise you have made me, and that you cannot engage in any adventure whatsoever, till you have performed that we are going about. Therefore, pray assuage your anger; for had Master Curate known the galley-slaves were rescued by your

invincible arm, I am sure he would rather have stitched up his lips, or bit off his tongue, than have spoken a word, that should make him incur your displeasure."—"Nay, I assure you," cried the curate, "I would sooner have twitched off one of my mustachoes[1] into the bargain."—"I am satisfied, madam," cried Don Quixote, "and for your sake the flame of my just indignation is quenched; nor will I be induced to engage in any quarrel, till I have fulfilled my promise to your highness. Only, in recompense of my good intentions, I beg you will give us the story of your misfortunes, if this will not be too great a trouble to you; and let me know who and what, and how many are the persons of whom I must have due and full satisfaction on your behalf."—"I am very willing to do it," replied Dorothea; "but yet I fear a story like mine, consisting wholly of afflictions and disasters, will prove but a tedious entertainment."—"Never fear that, madam," cried Don Quixote.—"Since then it must be so," said Dorothea, "be pleased to lend me your attention." With that Cardenio and the barber gathered up to her, to hear what kind of story she had provided so soon; Sancho also hung his ears upon her side-

[1] See Appendix, Note 1, Book IV, Chapter III.

saddle, being no less deceived in her than his master; and the lady having seated herself well on her mule, after coughing once or twice, and other preparations, very gracefully began her story.

"First, gentlemen," said she, "you must know my name is"—here she stopped short, and could not call to mind the name the curate had given her; whereupon finding her at a non-plus, he made haste to help her out. "It is not at all strange," said he, "madam, that you should be so discomposed by your disasters, as to stumble at the very beginning of the account you are going to give of them; extreme affliction often distracts the mind to that degree, and so deprives us of memory, that sometimes we for a while can scarce think on our very names: no wonder then, that the Princess Micomicona, lawful heiress to the vast kingdom of Micomicon, disordered with so many misfortunes, and perplexed with so many various thoughts for the recovery of her crown, should have her imagination and memory so encumbered; but I hope you will now recollect yourself, and be able to proceed."—"I hope so too," said the lady, "and I will try to go through with my story, without any further hesitation. Know then, gentlemen, that the

king, my father, who was called Tinacrio the sage, having great skill in the magic art, understood by his profound knowledge in that science, that Queen Xaramilla, my mother, should die before him, that he himself should not survive her long, and I should be left an orphan. But he often said, that this did not so much trouble him, as the foresight he had by his speculations, of my being threatened with great misfortunes, which would be occasioned by a certain giant, lord of a great island near the confines of my kingdom; his name Pandafilando, sirnamed of the Gloomy Sight; because though his eye-balls are seated in their due place, yet he affects to squint and look askew on purpose to fright those on whom he stares. My father, I say, knew that this giant, hearing of his death, would one day invade my kingdom with a powerful army, and drive me out of my territories, without leaving me so much as the least village for a retreat; though he knew withal that I might avoid that extremity, if I would but consent to marry him; but as he found out by his art, he had reason to think I never would incline to such a match. And indeed I never had any thoughts of marrying this giant, nor really any other giant in the world, how immeasurably great and mighty soever he were. My father therefore

charged me patiently to bear my misfortunes, and abandon my kingdom to Pandafilando for a time, without offering to keep him out by force of arms, since this would be the best means to prevent my own death and the ruin of my subjects, considering the impossibility of withstanding the devilish force of the giant. But withal, he ordered me to direct my course towards Spain, where I should be sure to meet with a powerful champion, in the person of a knight-errant, whose fame should at that time be spread over all the kingdom; and his name, my father said, should be, if I forget not, Don Azote, or Don Gigote."—"And it please you, forsooth," quoth Sancho, "you would say Don Quixote, otherwise called the Knight of the Woeful Figure."—"You are right," answered Dorothea, "and my father also described him, and said he should be a tall thin-faced man, and that on his right side, under the left shoulder, or somewhere thereabouts, he should have a tawny mole[2] overgrown with a tuft of hair, not much unlike that of a horse's mane." —With that Don Quixote calling for his squire to come to him, "Here," said he, "Sancho, help me off with my clothes, for I am resolved to see whether I be the knight of whom the necromantic king has prophesied."—"Pray, sir,

[1] See Appendix, Note 2, Chapter III., Book IV.

why would you pull off your clothes," cried Dorothea?—"To see whether I have such a mole about me as your father mentioned," replied the knight.—"Your worship need not strip to know that," quoth Sancho, "for to my knowledge, you have just such a mark as my lady says, on the small of your back, which betokens you to be a strong-bodied man."—"That's enough," said Dorothea; "friends may believe one another without such a strict examination; and whether it be on the shoulder or on the back-bone, it is not very material. In short, I find my father aimed right in all his predictions, and so do I in recommending myself to Don Quixote, whose stature and appearance so well agree with my father's description, and whose renown is so far spread, not only in Spain, but over all La Mancha, that I had no sooner landed at Ossuna, but the fame of his prowess reached my ears; so that I was satisfied in myself he was the person in quest of whom I came."

"But pray, madam," cried Don Quixote, "how did you do to land at Ossuna, since it is no seaport town?"—"Doubtless, sir," said the curate, before Dorothea could answer for herself, "the princess would say, that after she landed at Malaga, the first place where she heard of

your feats of arms, was Ossuna."—"That is what I would have said," replied Dorothea.—"It is easily understood," said the curate; "then pray let your majesty be pleased to go on with your story."—"I have nothing more to add," answered Dorothea, "but that fortune has at last so far favoured me, as to make me find the noble Don Quixote, by whose valour I look upon myself as already restored to the throne of my ancestors; since he has so courteously and magnanimously vouchsafed to grant me the boon I begged, to go with me wheresoever I should guide him. For all I have to do is, to show him this Pandafilando of the Gloomy Sight, that he may slay him, and restore that to me of which he has so unjustly deprived me. For all this will certainly be done with the greatest ease in the world, since it was foretold by Tinacrio the sage, my good and royal father, who has also left a prediction written either in Chaldean or Greek characters (for I cannot read them) which denotes, that after the knight of the prophecy has cut off the giant's head, and restored me to the possession of my kingdom, if he should ask me to marry him, I should by no means refuse him, but instantly put him in possession of my person and kingdom." "Well, friend Sancho," said Don

Quixote, hearing this, and turning to the squire, "what thinkest thou now? Dost thou not hear how matters go? Did not I tell thee as much before? See now, whether we have not a kingdom which we may command, and a queen whom we may espouse."—"Ah, marry have you," replied Sancho, "and a pox take the son of a whore, I say, that will not wed and bed her majesty's grace as soon as master Pandafilando's wind-pipes are slit. Look what a dainty bit she is! ha! would I never had a worse flea in my bed!" With that, to show his joy, he cut a couple of capers in the air; and turning to Dorothea, laid hold on her mule by the bridle, and flinging himself down on his knees, begged she would be graciously pleased to let him kiss her hand, in token of his owning her for his sovereign lady.

There was none of the beholders but was ready to burst for laughter, having a sight of the master's madness, and the servant's simplicity. In short, Dorothea was obliged to comply with his entreaties, and promised to make him a grandee, when fortune should favour her with the recovery of her lost kingdom. Whereupon Sancho gave her his thanks, in such a manner as obliged the company to a fresh laughter. Then going on with her relation, "Gentlemen,"

said she, "this is my history; and among all my misfortunes, this only has escaped a recital, that not one of the numerous attendants I brought from my kingdom has survived the ruins of my fortune, but this good squire with the long beard: the rest ended their days in a great storm, which dashed our ship to pieces in the very sight of the harbour; and he and I had been sharers in their destiny, had we not laid hold of two planks, by which assistance we were driven to land, in a manner altogether miraculous, and agreeable to the whole series of my life, which seems, indeed, but one continued miracle. And if in any part of my relation I have been tedious, and not so exact as I should have been, you must impute it to what Master Curate observed to you, in the beginning of my story, that continual troubles oppress the senses, and weaken the memory."—"Those pains and afflictions, be they ever so intense and difficult," said Don Quixote, "shall never deter me, most virtuous and high-born lady, from adventuring for your service, and enduring whatever I shall suffer in it: and therefore I again ratify the assurances I have given you, and swear that I will bear you company, though to the end of the world, in search of this implacable enemy of yours, till I shall

find him; whose insulting head, by the help of heaven, and my own invincible arm, I am resolved to cut off, with the edge of this (I will not say good) sword; a curse on Gines de Passamonte, who took away my own!" This he spoke murmuring to himself, and then prosecuted his discourse in this manner: "And after I have divided it from the body, and left you quietly possessed of your throne, it shall be left at your own choice to dispose of your person, as you shall think convenient: for as long as I shall have my memory full of her image, my will captivated, and my understanding wholly subjected to her, whom I now forbear to name, it is impossible I should in the least deviate from the affection I bear to her, or be induced to think of marrying, though it were a Phœnix."

The close of Don Quixote's speech, which related to his not marrying, touched Sancho so to the quick, that he could not forbear bawling out his resentments: "Body o' me, Sir Don Quixote," cried he, "you are certainly out of your wits, or how is it possible you should stick at striking a bargain with so great a lady as this? Do you think, sir, fortune will put such dainty bits in your way at every corner? Is my lady Dulcinea handsomer, do you think? No,

marry, is she not half so handsome: I could almost say she is not worthy to tie this lady's shoe-latchets. I am likely, indeed, to get the earldom I have fed myself with hopes of, if you spend your time in fishing for mushrooms in the bottom of the sea. Marry, marry out of hand, or Old Nick take you for me. Lay hold of the kingdom which is ready to leap into your hands; and as soon as you are a king, e'en make me a marquis, or a peer of the land, and afterwards, let things go at sixes and sevens, it will be all a case to Sancho."—Don Quixote, quite divested of all patience, at the blasphemies which were spoken against his lady Dulcinea, could bear with him no longer; and therefore, without so much as a word to give him notice of his displeasure, gave him two such blows with his lance, that poor Sancho measured his length on the ground, and had certainly there breathed his last, had not the knight desisted, through the persuasions of Dorothea. "Thinkest thou," said he, after a considerable pause, "most infamous peasant, that I shall always have leisure and disposition to put up with thy affronts; and that thy whole business shall be to study new offences, and mine to give thee new pardons? Dost thou not know, excommunicated traitor (for certainly excommuni-

cation is the least punishment can fall upon thee after such profanations of the peerless Dulcinea's name), and art thou not assured, vile slave and ignominious vagabond, that I should not have strength sufficient to kill a flea, did not she give strength to my nerves, and infuse vigour into my sinews? Speak, thou villain with the viper's tongue; who dost thou imagine has restored the queen to her kingdom, cut off the head of a giant, and made thee a marquis (for I count all this as done already), but the power of Dulcinea, who makes use of my arm as the instrument of her act in me? She fights and overcomes in me, and I live and breathe in her, holding life and being from her. Thou base-born wretch! art thou not possessed of the utmost ingratitude, thou who seest thyself exalted from the very dregs of the earth, to nobility and honour, and yet dost repay so great a benefit with obloquies against the person of thy benefactress."

Sancho was not so mightily hurt, but he could hear what his master said well enough; wherefore, getting upon his legs in all haste, he ran for shelter behind Dorothea's palfrey, and being got thither, "Hark you, sir," cried he to him, "if you have no thought of marrying this same lady, it is a clear case that the

kingdom will never be yours; and if it be not, what good can you be able to do me? Then let any one judge whether I have not cause to complain. Therefore, good your worship, marry her once for all, now we have her rained down, as it were, from heaven to us, and you may after keep company with my lady Dulcinea; for I guess you will not be the only king in the world that has kept a miss or two in a corner. As for beauty, do you see, I'll not meddle nor make; for (if I must say the truth), I like both the gentlewomen well enough in conscience; though now I think on it, I have never seen the lady Dulcinea."—"How, not seen her, blasphemous traitor!" replied Don Quixote; "when just now thou broughtest me a message from her!"—"I say," answered Sancho, "I have not seen her so leisurely as to take notice of her features and good parts one by one; but yet, as I saw them at a blush, and all at once, methought I had no reason to find fault with them."—"Well, I pardon thee now," quoth Don Quixote, "and thou must excuse me for what I have done to thee; for the first motions are not in our power."—"I perceive that well enough," said Sancho, "and that is the reason my first motions are always in my tongue;

and I cannot for my life help speaking what comes uppermost."—"However, friend Sancho," said Don Quixote, "thou hadst best think before thou speakest; for the pitcher never goes so oft to the well—I need say no more."—"Well, what must be must be," answered Sancho; "there is somebody above who sees all, and will one day judge which has most to answer for, whether I for speaking amiss or you for doing so."—"No more of this, Sancho," said Dorothea; "but run and kiss your lord's hands, and beg his pardon; and, for the time to come, be more advised and cautious how you run into the praise or dispraise of any person; but especially take care you do not speak ill of that lady of Toboso, whom I do not know, though I am ready to do her any service; and for your own part, trust in heaven; for you shall infallibly have a lordship, which shall enable you to live like a prince." Sancho shrugged up his shoulders, and in a sneaking posture went and asked his master for his hand, which he held out to him with a grave countenance; and after the squire had kissed the back of it, the knight gave him his blessing, and told him he had a word or two with him, bidding him come nearer, that he might have the better convenience of speaking to

him. Sancho did as his master commanded, and going a little from the company with him; "Since thy return," said Don Quixote, applying himself to him, "I have neither had time nor opportunity to inquire into the particulars of thy embassy, and the answer thou hast brought; and therefore, since fortune has now befriended us with convenience and leisure, deny me not the satisfaction thou mayest give me by the rehearsal of thy news."—"Ask what you will," cried Sancho, "and you shall not want for an answer; but, good your worship, for the time to come, I beseech you, do not be too hasty."—"What occasion hast thou, Sancho, to make this request?" replied Don Quixote.—"Reason good enough truly," said Sancho; "for the blows you gave me even now, were rather given me on account of the quarrel which the devil stirred up between your worship and me the other night, than for your dislike of anything which was spoken against my lady Dulcinea."—"Pr'ythee, Sancho," cried Don Quixote, "be careful of falling again into such irreverent expressions; for they provoke me to anger, and are highly offensive. I pardoned thee then for being a delinquent, but thou art sensible that a new offence must be attended with a new punishment."

As they were going on in such discourse as this, they saw at a distance a person riding up to them on an ass, who, as he came near enough to be distinguished, seemed to be a gipsy by his habit. But Sancho Panza, who, whenever he got sight of any asses, followed them with his eyes and his heart, as one whose thoughts were ever fixed on his own, had scarce given him half an eye, but he knew him to be Gines de Passamonte, and by the looks of the gipsy found out the visage of his ass; as really it was the very same which Gines had got under him; who, to conceal himself from the knowledge of the public, and have the better opportunity of making a good market of his beast, had clothed himself like a gipsy;[1] the cant of that sort of people, as well as the languages of other countries, being as natural and familiar to them as their own. Sancho saw him and knew him; and scarce had he seen and taken notice of him, when he cried out as loud as his tongue would permit him: "Ah! thou thief, Genesillo, leave my goods and chattels behind thee: get off from the back of my own dear life: thou hast nothing to do with my poor beast, without whom I cannot enjoy a moment's ease: away from my Dapple, away from my

[1] See Appendix, Note 3, Chapter III., Book IV.

comfort; take to thy heels, thou villain; hence thou hedge bird, leave what is none of thine!" He had no occasion to use so many words; for Gines dismounted as soon as he heard him speak, and taking to his heels, got from them, and was out of sight in an instant. Sancho ran immediately to his ass, and embraced him: "How hast thou done," cried he, "since I saw thee, my darling and treasure, my dear Dapple, the delight of my eyes, and my dearest companion?" And then he stroked and slabbered him with kisses, as if the beast had been a rational creature. The ass, for his part, was as silent as could be, and gave Sancho the liberty of as many kisses as he pleased, without the return of so much as one word to the many questions he had put to him. At sight of this the rest of the company came up with him, and paid their compliments of congratulation to Sancho, for the recovery of his ass, especially Don Quixote, who told him, that though he had found his ass again, yet would not he revoke the warrant he had given him for three asses; for which favour Sancho returned him a multitude of thanks.

While they were travelling together, and discoursing after this manner, the curate addressed himself to Dorothea, and gave her to

understand, that she had excellently discharged herself of what she had undertaken, as well in the management of the history itself, as in her brevity, and adapting her style to the particular terms made use of in books of knight-errantry. She returned for answer, that she had frequently conversed with such romances, but that she was ignorant of the situation of the provinces, and the sea-ports, which occasioned the blunder she had made, by saying that she landed at Ossuna. "I perceived it," replied the curate, "and therefore I put in what you heard, which brought matters to rights again. But is it not an amazing thing, to see how ready this unfortunate gentleman is to give credit to these fictitious reports, only because they have the air of the extravagant stories in books of knight-errantry?" Cardenio said, "that he thought this so strange a madness, that he did not believe the wit of man, with all the liberty of invention and fiction, capable of hitting so extraordinary a character."—"The gentleman," replied the curate, "has some qualities in him, even as surprising in a madman, as his unparalleled frenzy: for, take him but off his romantic humour, discourse with him of any other subject, you will find him to handle it with a great deal of reason, and show himself,

by his conversation, to have very clear and entertaining conceptions: insomuch, that if knight-errantry bears no relation to his discourse, there is no man but will esteem him for his vivacity of wit, and strength of judgment." While they were thus discoursing, Don Quixote, prosecuting his converse with his squire "Sancho," said he, "let us lay aside all manner of animosity; let us forget and forgive injuries;* and answer me as speedily as thou canst, without any remains of thy last displeasure, how, when, and where didst thou find my lady Dulcinea? What was she doing when thou first paid'st thy respects to her? How didst thou express thyself to her? What answer was she pleased to make thee? What countenance did she put on at the perusal of my letter? Who transcribed it fairly for thee? And every thing else which has any relation to this affair, without addition, lies or flattery. On the other side, take care thou losest not a tittle of the whole matter, by abbreviating it, lest thou rob me of part of that delight, which I propose to myself from it."—"Sir," answered Sancho, "if I must speak the truth, and nothing but the truth, nobody copied out the letter for me; for I carried none at all."—"That's

* In the original Spanish it is,—*Echemos pelilos a la mar:* i.e. literally, let us throw small little hairs into the sea.

right," cried Don Quixote, "for I found the pocket-book, in which it was written, two days after thy departure, which occasioned exceeding grief in me, because I knew not what thou could'st do, when thou found'st thyself without the letter; and I could not but be induced to believe that thou would'st have returned, in order to take it with thee."—"I had certainly done so," replied Sancho, "were it not for this head of mine, which kept it in remembrance ever since your worship read it to me, and helped me to say it over to a parish-clerk, who writ it out for me word for word so purely, that he swore, though he had written out many a letter of excommunication in his time, he never in all the days of his life had read or seen any thing so well spoken as it was."—"And dost thou still retain the memory of it, my dear Sancho?" cried Don Quixote.—"Not I," quoth Sancho; "for as soon as I had given it her, and your turn was served, I was very willing to forget it. But if I remember any thing, it is what was on the top; and it was thus: High and subterrene, I would say, sovereign lady: and at the bottom, yours until death, the Knight of the Woeful Figure; and I put between these two things, three hundred souls and lives and pigsnyes."

CHAPTER IV.

THE PLEASANT DIALOGUE BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE AND HIS SQUIRE, CONTINUED, WITH OTHER ADVENTURES.

"ALL this is mighty well," said Don Quixote; "proceed therefore; you arrived, and how was that queen of beauty then employed? On my conscience, thou found'st her stringing of orient pearls, or embroidering some curious device in gold for me her captive knight; was it not so, my Sancho?"—"No faith," answered the squire, "I found her winnowing a parcel of wheat very seriously in the back-yard."—"Then," said the Don, "you may rest assured, that every corn of that wheat was a grain of pearl, since she did it the honour of touching it with her divine hand. Didst thou observe the quality of the wheat, was it not of the finest sort?"—"Very indifferent, I thought," said the squire.—"Well, this, at least, you must allow; it must make the finest whitest bread, if sifted by her white hands. But go on; when you delivered my letter, did she kiss it? Did she treasure it in her bosom, or what ceremony did

she use worthy such a letter? How did she behave herself?"—"Why truly, sir," answered Sancho, "when I offered her the letter, she was very busy handling her sieve; 'and, pr'ythee honest friend,' said she, 'do so much as lay that letter down upon that sack there; I cannot read it till I have winnowed out what is in my hands.'"—"O unparalleled discretion!" cried Don Quixote; "she knew that a perusal required leisure, and therefore deferred it, for her more pleasing and private hours. But oh! my squire, while she was thus employed, what conference passed? What did she ask about her knight, and what did you reply? Say all, say all, my dearest Sancho, let not the smallest circumstance escape the tongue; speak all that thought can frame, or pen describe."—"Her questions were easily answered, sir," said Sancho, "for she asked me none at all: I told her indeed, in what a sad pickle I had left you for her sake, naked to the waist; that you eat and slept like the brute beasts; that you would let a razor as soon touch your throat as your beard; that you were still blubbering and crying, or swearing and cursing your fortune."—"There you mistook," replied Don Quixote, "I rather bless my fortune, and always shall, while life affords me breath, since I am thought to merit the esteem

of so high a lady as Dulcinea del Toboso."—"There you hit it," said Sancho; "she is a high lady indeed, sir, for she is taller than I am by a foot and half."*—"Why, how now, Sancho," said the knight, "hast thou measured with her?"—"Ah marry did I, sir," said the squire; "for you must know that she desired me to lend her a hand in lifting a sack of wheat on an ass; so we buckled about it, and I came so close to her, that I found she was taller than I by a full span at least."—"Right," answered Don Quixote; "but thou art also conscious that the uncommon stature of her person is adorned with innumerable graces and endowments of soul. But, Sancho, when you approached the charming she, did not an aromatic smell strike thy sense, a scent so odoriferous, pleasing and sweet, that I want a name for it; sweet as——you understand me, as the richest fragrancy diffused around a perfumer's magazine of odours? This, at least, you must grant me."—"I did indeed feel a sort of scent a little unsavoury," said Sancho, "somewhat vigorous or so; for I suppose she had wrought hard, and sweat somewhat plentifully."—"It is false," answered the knight,

* *Coto* in Spanish, which Sobrino says is but a handful, so says Stevens in his Dictionary, though he translates it in this place a cubit. Oudin says, it is the breadth of four fingers, and the height of the thumb when raised up in clenching the fist.

"thy smelling has been debauched by thy own scent, or some canker in thy nose: if thou could'st tell the scent of opening roses, fragrant lilies, or the choicest amber, then thou might'st guess at hers."—"Cry mercy, sir," said Sancho; "it may be so indeed, for I remember that I myself have smelt very oft just as Madam Dulcinea did then; and that she should smell like me, is no such wondrous thing neither, since there is never a barrel the better herring of us."—"But now," said the knight, "supposing the corn winnowed and despatched to the mill, what did she after she had read my letter?"—"Your letter, sir," answered Sancho, "your letter was not read at all, sir; as for her part, she said, she could neither read nor write, and she would trust nobody else, lest they should tell tales, and so she cunningly tore your letter. She said, that what I told her by word of mouth of your love and penance was enough: to make short now, she gave her service to you, and said she had rather see you than hear from you; and she prayed you, if ever you loved her, upon sight of me, forthwith to leave your madness among the bushes here, and come straight to Toboso (if you be at leisure), for she has something to say to you, and has a huge mind to see you: she had like to burst with laughing

when I called you the Knight of the Woeful Figure. She told me the Biscayan whom you mauled so was there, and that he was a very honest fellow; but that she heard no news at all of the galley-slaves."

"Thus far all goes well," said Don Quixote; "but tell me, pray, what jewel did she present you at your departure, as a reward for the news you brought? for it is a custom of ancient standing among knights and ladies errand, to bestow on squires, dwarfs, or damsels, who bring them good news of their ladies or servants, some precious jewel as a grateful reward of their welcome tidings."—"Ah! sir," said Sancho, "that was the fashion in the days of yore, and a very good fashion, I take it: but all the jewels Sancho got was a luncheon of bread and a piece of cheese, which she handed to me over the wall, when I was taking my leave, by the same token (I hope there's no ill luck in it), the cheese was made of sheep's milk."—"It is strange," said Don Quixote, "for she is liberal, even to profuseness; and if she presented thee not a jewel, she had certainly none about her at that time; but what is deferred is not lost, sleeves are good after Easter.* I shall see her,

* A proverbial expression, signifying that a good thing is always seasonable.

and matters shall be accommodated. Knowest thou, Sancho, what raises my astonishment? it is thy sudden return; for, proportioning thy short absence to the length of thy journey, Toboso being, at least, thirty leagues distant, thou must have ridden on the wind. Certainly the sagacious enchanter, who is my guardian and friend (for doubtless such a one there is and ought to be, or I should not be a true knight-errant); certainly, I say, that wise magician has furthered thee on thy journey unawares; for there are sages of such incredible power, as to take up a knight-errant sleeping in his bed, and waken him next morning a thousand leagues from the place where he fell asleep. By this power knights-errant succour one another in their most dangerous exigents, when and where they please. For instance, suppose me fighting in the mountains of Armenia, with some hellish monster, some dreadful sprite, or fierce gigantic knight, where perhaps I am like to be worsted (such a thing may happen), when just in the very crisis of my fate, when I least expect it, I behold on the top of a flying cloud, or riding in a flaming chariot, another knight, my friend, who, but a minute before, was in England perhaps—he sustains me, delivers me from death, and returns that night to his own lodging,

where he sups with a very good appetite after his journey, having rid you two or three thousand leagues that day; and all this performed by the industry and wisdom of these knowing magicians, whose only business and charge is glorious knight-errantry. Some such expeditious power, I believe, Sancho, though hidden from you, has promoted so great a despatch in your late journey."—"I believe, indeed," answered Sancho, "that there was witchcraft in the case, for Rozinante went without spur all the way, and was as mettlesome as though he had been a gipsy's ass, with quicksilver in his ears."—"Quicksilver! you coxcomb," said the knight, "ay, and a troop of devils besides; and they are the best horse-coursers in nature, you must know, for they must needs go whom the devil drives; but no more of that. What is thy advice as to my lady's commands to visit her? I know her power should regulate my will. But then my honour, Sancho, my solemn promise has engaged me to the princess's service that comes with us, and the law of arms confines me to my word. Love draws me one, and glory t'other way: on this side Dulcinea's strict commands, on the other my promised faith; but——it is resolved. I'll travel night and day, cut off this giant's head, and, having settled

the princess in her dominions, will presently return to see that sun which enlightens my senses. She will easily condescend to excuse my absence, when I convince her it was for her fame and glory; since the past, present, and future success of my victorious arms, depends wholly on the gracious influences of her favour, and the honour of being her knight."—"Oh sad! oh sad!" said Sancho; "I doubt your worship's head is much the worse for wearing. Are you mad, sir, to take so long a voyage for nothing? why don't you catch at this preferment that now offers, where a fine kingdom is the portion, twenty thousand leagues round, they say; nay, bigger than Portugal and Castile both together. Good your worship, hold your tongue, I wonder you are not ashamed. Take a fool's counsel for once, marry her by the first priest you meet; here is our own curate can do the job most curiously.* Come, master, I have hair enough in my beard to make a counsellor, and my advice is as fit for you as your shoe for your foot:—a bird in hand is worth two in the bush, and

> He that will not when he may,
> When he would, he shall have nay."

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* As if it was done with pearl, in the original: *lo hará de parlas.* i.e., to a nicety.

"Thou advisest me thus," answered Don Quixote, "that I may be able to promote thee according to my promise; but that I can do without marrying this lady; for I shall make this the condition of entering into battle, that after my victory, without marrying the princess, she shall leave part of her kingdom at my disposal, to gratify whom I please; and who can claim any such gratuity but thyself?"—"That's plain," answered Sancho; "but pray, sir, take care that you reserve some part near the seaside for me; that if the air does not agree with me, I may transport my black slaves, make my profit of them, and go live somewhere else; so that I would have you resolve upon it presently, leave the lady Dulcinea for the present, and go kill this same giant, and make an end of that business first; for I dare swear it will yield you a good market."—"I am fixed in thy opinion," said Don Quixote; "but I admonish thee not to whisper to any person the least hint of our conference; for since Dulcinea is so cautious and secret, it is proper that I and mine should follow her example."—"Why the devil then," said Sancho, "should you send every body you overcome, packing to Madam Dulcinea, to fall down before her, and tell her, they came from you to pay their obedience, when this tells all

the world that she is your mistress, as much as if they had it under your own hand?"—"How dull of apprehension and stupid thou art," said the knight; "hast thou not sense to find that all this redounds to her greater glory? Know, that in proceedings of chivalry, a lady's honour is calculated from the number of her servants, whose services must not tend to any reward but the favour of her acceptance, and the pure honour of performing them for her sake, and being called her servants."—"I have heard our curate," answered Sancho, "preach up this doctrine of loving for love's sake, and that we ought to love our Maker so for his own sake, without either hope of good, or fear of pain: though, for my part, I would love and serve him for what I could get."—"Thou art an unaccountable fellow," cried Don Quixote; "thou talkest sometimes with so much sense, that one would imagine thee to be something of a scholar."—"A scholar, sir?" answered Sancho, "lack-a-day, I do not know, as I am an honest man, a letter in the book."

Master Nicholas, seeing them so deep in discourse, called to them to stop and drink at a little fountain by the road. Don Quixote halted, and Sancho was very glad of the interruption, his stock of lies being almost spent,

and he stood in danger besides of being trapped in his words, for he had never seen Dulcinea, though he knew she lived at Toboso. Cardenio by this had changed his clothes[1] for those Dorothea wore when they found her in the mountains; and though they made but an ordinary figure, they looked much better than those he had put off.* They all stopped at the fountain, and fell aboard the curate's provision, which was but a snap among so many, for they were all very hungry. While they sat refreshing themselves, a young lad, travelling that way, observed them, and, looking earnestly on the whole company, ran suddenly and fell down before Don Quixote, addressing him in a very doleful manner. "Alas! good sir," said he, "don't you know me? don't you remember poor Andrew, whom you caused to be untied from the tree?" With that the knight knew him; and, raising him up, turned to the company: "That you may all know," said he, "of how great importance, to the redressing of injuries, punishing vice, and the universal benefit of mankind, the business of knight-errantry may be, you must understand, that, riding through a desert some days ago, I heard certain

[1] See Appendix, Note 1, Chapter IV., Book IV.

* These must be the ragged apparel Cardenio wore before he was dressed in the priest's short cassock and cloak.

lamentable shrieks and outcries. Prompted by the misery of the afflicted, and borne away by the zeal of my profession, I followed the voice, and found this boy, whom you all see, bound to a great oak: I am glad he is present, because he can attest the truth of my relation. I found him, as I told you, bound to an oak; naked from the waist upwards, and a bloody-minded peasant scourging his back unmercifully with the reins of a bridle. I presently demanded the cause of his severe chastisement. The rude fellow answered, that he had liberty to punish his own servant, whom he thus used for some faults that argued him more knave than fool. 'Good sir,' said the boy, 'he can lay nothing to my charge, but demanding my wages.' His master made some reply, which I would not allow as a just excuse, and ordered him immediately to unbind the youth, and took his oath that he would take him home, and pay him all his wages upon the nail, in good and lawful coin. Is not this literally true, Andrew? did you not mark, besides, with what face of authority I commanded, and with how much humility he promised to obey all I imposed, commanded and desired? Answer me, boy; and tell boldly all that passed to this worthy company, that it may appear how

necessary the vocation of knights-errant is up and down the high roads."

"All you have said is true enough," answered Andrew; "but the business did not end after that manner you and I hoped it would."—"How!" said the knight, "has not the peasant paid you?"—"Ay, he has paid me with a vengeance," said the boy; "for no sooner was your back turned, but he tied me again to the same tree, and lashed me so cursedly, that I looked like St Bartholomew flay'd alive; and at every blow he had some joke or another to laugh at you; and had he not laid me on as he did, I fancy I could not have helped laughing myself. At last he left me in so pitiful a case, that I was forced to crawl to an hospital, where I have lain ever since to get cured, so wofully the tyrant had lashed me. And now, I may thank you for this, for had you rid on your journey, and neither meddled nor made, seeing nobody sent for you, and it was none of your business, my master, perhaps, had been satisfied with giving me ten or twenty lashes, and after that would have paid me what he owed me; but you was so huffy, and called him so many names, that it made him mad, and so he vented all his spite against you upon my poor back, as soon as

yours was turned, insomuch that I fear I shall never be mine own man again."—"The miscarriage," answered the knight, "is only chargeable on my departure before I saw my orders executed; for I might by experience have remembered, that the word of a peasant is regulated, not by honour, but by profit. But you remember, Andrew, how I swore, if he disobeyed, that I would return and seek him through the universe, and find him, though hid in a whale's belly."—"Ah! sir," answered Andrew, "but that's no cure for my sore shoulders."—"You shall be redressed," answered the knight, starting fiercely up, and commanding Sancho immediately to bridle Rozinante, who was baiting as fast as the rest of the company. Dorothea asked what he intended to do: he answered, that he intended to find out the villain, and punish him severely for his crimes, then force him to pay Andrew his wages to the last maravedi,* in spite of all the peasants in the universe. She then desired him to remember his engagements to her, which withheld him from any new achievement till that was finished; that he must therefore suspend his resentments till his return from her kingdom. "It is but just and reasonable," said the knight;

* Near the value of a farthing.

"and therefore Andrew must wait with patience my return: but when I do return, I do hereby ratify my former oath and promise, never to rest till he be fully satisfied and paid."—"I dare not trust to that," answered Andrew; "but if you will bestow on me as much money as will bear my charges to Seville, I shall thank your worship more than for all the revenge you tell me of. Give me a snap to eat, and a bit in my pocket, and so heaven be with you and all other knights-errant, and may they prove as arrant fools in their own business as they have been in mine."

Sancho took a crust of bread and a slice of cheese, and, reaching it to Andrew, "There, friend," said he, "there is something for thee; on my word, we have all of us a share of thy mischance."—"What share?" said Andrew.—"Why, the curst mischance of parting with this bread and cheese to thee; for my head to a half-penny, I may live to want it; for thou must know, friend of mine, that we, the squires of knights-errant, often pick our teeth without a dinner, and are subject to many other things, which are better felt than told." Andrew snatched at the provender, and, seeing no likelihood of any more, he made his leg and marched off. But, looking over his shoulder at

Don Quixote, "Hark ye, you Sir Knight-errant," cried he, "if ever you meet me again in your travels, which I hope you never shall, though I were torn in pieces, do not trouble me with your plaguy help, but mind your own business; and so fare you well, with a curse upon you and all the knights-errant that ever were born." The knight thought to chastise him, but the lad was too nimble for any there, and his heels carried him off, leaving Don Quixote highly incensed at his story, which moved the company to hold their laughter, lest they should raise his anger to a dangerous height.

CHAPTER V.

WHAT BEFEL DON QUIXOTE AND HIS COMPANY AT THE INN.

When they had eaten plentifully, they left that place, and travelled all that day and the next, without meeting any thing worth notice, till they came to the inn, which was so frightful a sight to poor Sancho, that he would willingly not have gone in, but could by no means avoid it. The inn-keeper, the hostess, her daughter, and Maritornes, met Don Quixote and his squire with a very hearty welcome. The knight received them with a face of gravity and approbation, bidding them prepare him a better bed than their last entertainment afforded him. "Sir," said the hostess, "pay us better than you did then, and you shall have a bed for a prince." And upon the knight's promise that he would, she promised him a tolerable bed, in the large room where he lay before. He presently undressed, and being heartily crazed in body as well as in mind, he went to bed. He was scarcely got to his chamber, when the hostess flew suddenly

at the barber, and, catching him by the beard, "On my life," said she, "you shall use my tail no longer for a beard: Pray, sir, give me my tail; my husband wants it to stick his thing into—his comb I mean, and my tail will I have, sir." The barber held tug with her till the curate advised him to return it, telling him, that he might now undisguise himself, and tell Don Quixote, that after the galley-slaves had pillaged him, he fled to that inn; and if he should ask for the princess's squire, he should pretend that he was despatched to her kingdom before her, to give her subjects an account of her arrival, and of the power she brought to free them all from slavery. The barber, thus schooled, gave the hostess her tail, with the other trinkets which he had borrowed, to decoy Don Quixote out of the desert. Dorothea's beauty, and Cardenio's handsome shape, surprised every body. The curate bespoke supper, and the host, being pretty secure of his reckoning, soon got them a tolerable entertainment. They would not disturb the knight, who slept very soundly, for his distemper wanted rest more than meat; but they diverted themselves with the hostess's account of his encounter with the carriers, and of Sancho's being tossed in a blanket. Don

Quixote's unaccountable madness was the principal subject of their discourse; upon which the curate insisting, and arguing it to proceed from his reading romances, the inn-keeper took him up.

"Sir," said he, "you cannot make me of your opinion; for, in my mind, it is the pleasantest reading that ever was. I have now in the house two or three books of that kind, and some other pieces, that really have kept me, and many others, alive. In harvest time, a great many of the reapers come to drink here in the heat of the day, and he that can read best among us takes up one of these books, and all the rest of us, sometimes thirty or more, sit round about him, and listen with such pleasure, that we think neither of sorrow nor care. As for my own part, when I hear the mighty blows and dreadful battles of those knights-errant, I have half a mind to be one myself, and am raised to such a life and briskness, that I could frighten away old age. I could sit and hear them from morning till night."—"I wish you would, husband," said the hostess; "for then we should have some rest; for at all other times you are so out of humour, and so snappish, that we lead a hellish life with you."—"That is true enough," said

Maritornes; "and for my part, I think there are mighty pretty stories in those books, especially that one about the young lady who is hugged so sweetly by her knight under the orange-tree, when the damsel watches lest somebody comes, and stands with her mouth watering all the while; and a thousand such stories, which I would often forego my dinner and supper to hear."—"And what think you of this matter, young miss?" said the curate to the inn-keeper's daughter.—"Alack-a-day, sir," said she, "I do not understand those things, and yet I love to hear them: but I do not like that frightful ugly fighting, that so pleases my father. Indeed, the sad lamentations of the poor knights, for the loss of their mistresses, sometimes makes me cry like anything."—"I suppose, then, young gentlewoman," said Dorothea, "you will be tender-hearted, and will never let a lover die for you."—"I do not know what may happen as to that," said the girl; "but this I know, that I will never give any body reason to call me tigress and lioness, and I do not know how many other ugly names, as those ladies are often called; and I think they deserve yet worse, so they do; for they can never have soul nor conscience, to let such fine gentlemen

die or run mad for a sight of them. What signifies all their fiddling and coyness? If they are civil women, why do not they marry them; for that is all their knights would be at?"—"Hold your prating, mistress," said the hostess, "how came you to know all this? It is not for such as you to talk of these matters."—"The gentleman only asked me a question," said she, "and it would be uncivil not to answer him."—"Well," said the curate, "do me the favour, good landlord, to bring out these books, that I may have a sight of them."

"With all my heart," said the inn-keeper; and with that, stepping to his chamber, he opened a little portmantle that shut with a chain, and took out three large volumes, with a parcel of manuscripts, in a fair legible letter. The title of the first was Don Cirongilio of Thrace;[1] the second, Felixmarte of Hircania; and the third was the History of the great Captain Gonçalo Hernandes de Corduba, and the Life of Diego Garcia de Paredes,[2] bound together.* The curate, reading the title, turned to the barber, and told him, they wanted

* There were such famous leaders as the Great Captain, who conquered Naples for King Ferdinand of Spain, and Diego Garcia before him. But romantic authors have added monstrous fables to their true actions.

[1] See Appendix, Note 1, Book IV., Chapter V.

[2] See Appendix, Note 2, Book IV., Chapter V.

now Don Quixote's house-keeper and his niece. "I shall do as well with the books," said the barber, "for I can find the way to the back-yard, or to the chimney; there is a good fire that will do their business."—"Business!" said the inn-keeper, "I hope you would not burn my books?"—"Only two of them," said the curate; "this same Don Cirongilio, and his friend Felixmarte."—"I hope, sir," said the host, "they are neither heretics nor phlegmatics."—"Schismatics, you mean," said the barber.—"I mean so," said the inn-keeper; "and if you must burn any, let it be this of Gonçalo Hernandes, and Diego Garcia; for you should sooner burn one of my children than the others."—"These books, honest friend," said the curate, "that you appear so concerned for, are senseless rhapsodies of falsehood and folly; and this which you so despise is a true history, and contains a true account of two celebrated men. The first, by his bravery and courage, purchased immortal fame, and the name of the Great General, by the universal consent of mankind; the other, Diego Garcia de Paredes, was of noble extraction, and born in Truxillo, a town of Estremadura, and was a man of singular courage, and of such mighty strength, that with one of his hands he could stop a

mill-wheel in its most rapid motion; and with his single force defended the passage of a bridge against a great army. Several other great actions are related in the memoirs of his life, but all with so much modesty and unbiassed truth, that they easily pronounce him his own historiographer; and had they been written by any one else, with freedom and impartiality, they might have eclipsed your Hectors, Achilleses, and Orlandos, with all their heroic exploits."—"That's a fine jest, faith," said the inn-keeper; "my father could have told you another tale, sir. Holding a mill-wheel! why, is that such a mighty matter? Odds fish, do but turn over a leaf of Felixmarte there; you will find how with one single back-stroke he cut five swinging giants off by the middle, as if they had been so many bean-cods, of which the children make little puppet-friars;* and read how, at another time, he charged a most mighty and powerful army of above a million and six hundred thousand fighting men, all armed cap-a-pie, and routed them all like so many sheep. And what can you say of the worthy Cirongilio of Thrace?

* Children, in Spain, make puppets, resembling friars, out of bean-cods, by breaking as much of the upper end as to discover part of the first bean, which is to represent the bald head, and letting the broken cod hang back like a cowl.

who, as you may read there, going by water one day, was assaulted by a fiery serpent in the middle of the river; he presently leaped nimbly upon her back, and, hanging by her scaly neck, grasped her throat fast with both his arms, so that the serpent, finding herself almost strangled, was forced to dive into the water to save herself, and carried the knight, who would not quit his hold, to the very bottom, where he found a stately palace, and such pleasant gardens, that it was a wonder; and straight the serpent turned into a very old man, and told him such things as were never heard nor spoken. Now, a fig for your Great Captain, and your Diego Garcia." Dorothea, hearing this, said softly to Cardenio, that the host was capable of making a second part to Don Quixote. "I think so too," cried Cardenio, "for it is plain he believes every tittle contained in those books; nor can all the Carthusian friars in the world persuade him otherwise."—"I tell thee, friend," said the curate, "there were never any such persons as your books of chivalry mention, upon the face of the earth; your Felixmarte of Hircania, and your Cirongilio of Thrace, are all but chimeras, and fictions of idle and luxuriant wits, who wrote them for the same reason that you read

them, because they had nothing else to do." —"Sir," said the inn-keeper, "you must angle with another bait, or you will catch no fish;* I know what's what, as well as another; I can tell where my own shoe pinches me; and you must not think, sir, to catch old birds with chaff. A pleasant jest, faith, that you should pretend to persuade me now that these notable books are lies and stories! why, sir, are they not in print? Are they not published according to order? licensed by authority from the privy council? And do you think that they would permit so many untruths to be printed, and such a number of battles and enchantments, to set us all a-madding?"—"I have told you already, friend," replied the curate, "that this is licensed for our amusement in our idle hours; for the same reason that tennis, billiards, chess, and other recreations are tolerated, that men may find a pastime for those hours they cannot find employment for. Neither could the government foresee this inconvenience from such books, that you urge, because they could not reasonably suppose any rational person would believe their absurdities. And were this a proper time, I could say a great

* In the original, *A otro perro con esse huesso, &c.*, i.e., To another dog with this bone.

deal in favour of such writings; and how, with some regulations, they might be made both instructive and diverting. But I design, upon the first opportunity, to communicate my thoughts on this head to some that may redress it. In the mean time, honest landlord, you may put up your books, and believe them true if you please, and much good may they do you. And I wish you may never halt of the same foot as your guest, Don Quixote."—"There's no fear of that," said the inn-keeper, "for I never design to turn knight-errant; because I find the customs that supported the noble order are quite out of doors."

About the middle of their discourse entered Sancho, who was very uneasy at hearing that knights-errant were out of fashion, and books of chivalry full of nothing but folly and fiction; he resolved, however, in spite of all their contempt of chivalry, still to stick by his master; and if his intended expedition failed of success, then to return to his family and plough. As the inn-keeper was carrying away the books, the curate desired his leave to look over those manuscripts which appeared in so fair a character; he reached them to him, to the number of eight sheets, on one of which there was written in a large hand, *The Novel of the Curious*

Impertinent. "The title," said the curate, "promises something, perhaps it may be worth reading through."—"Your reverence," said the inn-keeper, "may be worse employed; for that novel has received the approbation of several ingenious guests of mine who have read it, and who would have begged it of me; but I would by no means part with it, till I deliver it to the owner of this portmantle, who left it here with these books and papers; I may perhaps see him again, and restore them honestly; for I am as much a Christian as my neighbours, though I am an inn-keeper."—"But I hope," said the curate, "if it pleases me you will not deny me a copy of it."—"Nay, as to that matter," said the host, "we shall not fall out."

Cardenio having by this perused it a little, recommended it to the curate, and entreated him to read it for the entertainment of the company. The curate would have excused himself, by urging the unseasonable time of night, and that sleep was then more proper, especially for the lady. "A pleasant story," said Dorothea, "will prove the best repose for some hours to me; for my spirits are not composed enough to allow me to rest, though I want it, Master Nicholas;" and Sancho joined

in the request.—"To please ye then, and satisfy my own curiosity," said the curate, "I will begin, if you will but give your attention."

CHAPTER VI.

THE NOVEL OF THE CURIOUS IMPERTINENT.

Anselmo and Lothario, considerable gentlemen of Florence, the capital city of Tuscany in Italy, were so eminent for their friendship, that they were called nothing but the Two Friends. They were both young and unmarried, of the same age and humour, which did not a little concur to the continuance of their mutual affection, though, of the two, Anselmo was the most amorously inclined, and Lothario the greater lover of hunting; yet they loved one another above all other considerations; and mutually quitted their own pleasure for their friend's; and their very wills, like the different motions of a well regulated watch, were always subservient to their unity, and still kept time with one another. Anselmo, at last, fell desperately in love with a beautiful lady of the same city; so eminent for her fortune and family, that he resolved by the consent of his friend, (for he did nothing without his advice), to demand her in marriage. Lothario was the person employed in this affair, which he man-

aged with that address, that in few days he put his friend into possession of Camilla, for that was the lady's name; and this so much to their satisfaction, that he received a thousand acknowledgments from both, for the equal happiness they derived from his endeavours. Lothario, as long as the nuptials lasted, was every day at Anselmo's, and did all he could to add to the sports and diversions of the occasion. But as soon as the new-married pair had received the congratulation of their friends, and the nuptial ceremonies were over, Lothario retired with the rest of their acquaintance, and forbore his visits, because he prudently imagined that it was not at all proper to be so frequent at his friend's house after marriage as before; for though true friendship entirely banishes all suspicion and jealousy, yet the honour of a married man is of so nice and tender a nature, that it has been sometimes sullied by the conversation of the nearest relations, and therefore more liable to suffer from that of a friend. Anselmo observed this remissness of Lothario; and, fond as he was of his wife, shewed by his tender complaints how much it affected him. He told him, that if he could have believed he must also have left so dear a correspondence by marriage, as much as he

loved, he would never have paid so great a price for the satisfaction of his passion; and that he would never, for the idle reputation of a cautious husband, suffer so tender and agreeable a name to be lost, as that of the Two Friends, which, before his marriage, they had so happily obtained; and therefore he begged him, if that were a term lawful to be used betwixt them two, to return to his former familiarity and freedom of conversation; assuring him, that his wife's will and pleasure were entirely formed by his; and that being acquainted with their ancient and strict friendship, she was equally surprised at so unexpected a change.

Lothario replied to these endearing persuasions of his friend, with such prudence and discretion, that he convinced him of the sincerity of his intentions in what he had done; and so, in conclusion, they agreed that Lothario should dine twice a-week at his house, besides holidays. Yet Lothario's compliance with this resolution being only not to disoblige his friend, he designed to observe it no farther than he should find it consistent with Anselmo's honour, whose reputation was as dear to him as his own; and he used to tell him, that the husband of a beautiful wife ought to be as cautious

of the friends whom he carried home to her himself, as other female acquaintance and visitants. For a friend's or relation's house often renders the contrivance of those things easy and not suspected, which could not be compassed either in the church, the markets, or at public entertainments and places of resort, which no man can entirely keep a woman from frequenting. To this Lothario said also, that every married man ought to have some friend to put him in mind of the defects of his conduct; for a husband's fondness many times makes him either not see, or at least, for fear of displeasing his wife, not command or forbid her what may be advantageous or prejudicial to his reputation. In all which, a friend's warning and advice might supply him with a proper remedy. But where shall we find a friend so qualified with wisdom and truth as Anselmo demands? I must confess I cannot tell, unless it were Lothario, whose care of his friend's honour made him so cautious as not to comply with his promised visiting days, lest the malicious observers should give a scandalous censure of the frequent admission of so well qualified a gentleman, both for his wit, fortune, youth and address, to the house of a lady of so celebrated a beauty as Camilla: for

though his virtue was sufficiently known to check the growth of any malignant report, yet he would not suffer his friend's honour nor his own, to run the hazard of being called in question; which made him spend the greatest part of those days, he had by promise devoted to his friend's conversation, in other places and employments; yet excusing his absence so agreeably, that Anselmo could not deny the reasonableness of what he alleged. And thus the time passed away in pathetic accusations of want of love and friendship on one side, and plausible excuses on the other.

"I know very well," said Anselmo, walking one day in the fields with his friend, "that of all the favours and benefits for which heaven commands my gratitude, as the advantage of my birth, fortune, and nature, the greatest and most obliging is the gift of such a wife, and such a friend; being both of you pledges of so great value, that though it is impossible for me to raise my esteem and love equal to your deserts, yet is no man capable of having a greater. And yet while I am in possession of all that can or usually does make a man happy, I live the most discontented life in the world. I am not able to tell you when my misery began, which now inwardly torments me with so strange,

extravagant, and singular a desire, that I never reflect on it, but I wonder at myself, and condemn and curb my folly, and would fain hide my desires even from myself: and yet I have received no more advantage from this private confusion, than if I had published my extravagance to all the world. Since therefore it is evident that it will at last break out, dear Lothario, I would have it go no farther than thy known fidelity and secrecy; for that and my own industry, which as my friend thou wilt turn to my assistance, will quickly, I hope, free me from the anguish it now gives me, and restore me that tranquillity of which my own folly has now deprived me."

Lothario stood in great suspense, unable to guess at the consequence of so strange and prolix an introduction. In vain he racked his imagination for the causes of his friend's affliction, the truth was the last thing he could think of; but no longer to remain in doubt, he told Anselmo, that he did his friendship a particular injury, in not coming directly to the point in the discovery of his thoughts to him, since his counsels might enable him to support, and, perhaps, to lose or compass such importunate desires.

"It is very true," replied Anselmo; "and

with that assurance I must inform you, that the desire that gives me so much pain, is to know whether Camilla be really as virtuous as I think her. Nor can this be made evident but by such a trial, that, like gold by the fire, the standard and degree of her worth be discovered. For, in my opinion, no woman has more virtue than she retains, after the force of the most earnest solicitations. *Casta est quam nemo rogavit:* and she only may be said to be chaste, who has withstood the force of tears, vows, promises, gifts, and all the importunities of a lover that is not easily denied: for where is the praise of a woman's virtue whom nobody has ever endeavoured to corrupt? Where is the wonder if a wife be reserved, when she has no temptation nor opportunity of being otherwise, especially if she have a jealous husband, with whom the least suspicion goes for a reality, and who therefore punishes the least appearance with death. Now I can never so much esteem her who owes her virtue merely to fear or want of opportunity of being false, as I would one who victoriously surmounts all the assaults of a vigorous and watchful lover, and yet retains her virtue entire and unshaken. These, and many other reasons, which I could urge to strengthen my opinion, make me desire that my

Camilla's virtue may pass through the fiery trial of vigorous solicitations and addresses, and these offered by a gallant, who may have merit enough to deserve her good opinion; and if, as I am confident she will, she be able to resist so agreeable a temptation, I shall think myself the most happy man in the world, and attain to the height and utmost aim of my desires, and shall say, that a virtuous woman is fallen to my lot, of whom the wise man says, who can find her? If she yields, I shall, at least, have the satisfaction of finding my opinion of women justified; and not be imposed on by a foolish confidence, that abuses most men; which consideration will be sufficient to make me support the grief I shall derive from so expensive an experiment. And assuring myself, that nothing which you can say can dissuade me from my resolution, I desire that you yourself, my dear friend, would be the person to put my design in execution. I will furnish you with opportunities enough of making your addresses, in which I would have you omit nothing you may suppose likely to prevail with, and work upon a woman of quality, who is modest, virtuous, reserved, and discreet by nature. The most prevailing reason that makes me choose you for this affair above all others, is, because if she should prove so frail,

as to be overcome by addresses and importunities, the victory will not cost me so dear, since I am secured from your taking that advantage, of which another might make no scruple. And so my honour will remain untouched, and the intended injury a secret, in the virtue of thy silence; for I know my friend so well, that death and the grave will as soon divulge my affairs. Wherefore, if you would give me life indeed, and deliver me from the most perplexing torment of doubt, you will immediately begin this amorous assault, with all that warmth, assiduity, and courage, I expect from that confidence I put in your friendship."

Lothario gave so great an attention to Anselmo's reasons, that he gave him no other interruption, than what we mentioned. But now, finding his discourse was at an end, full of amazement at the extravagance of the proposal, he thus replied: "Could I, my dear Anselmo, persuade myself that what you have said were any more than a piece of raillery, I should not have been so long silent; no, I should have interrupted you at the beginning of your speech. Sure you know neither yourself nor me, Anselmo, or you would never have employed me on such an affair, if you had not thought me as much altered from what I was, as you seem to

be; for as the poet has it, *usque ad aras;* a true friend ought to desire nothing of his friend that is offensive to heaven. But should a man so far exert his friendship, as to deviate a little from the severity of religion, in compliance to his friend, no trifling motives can excuse the transgression, but such only as concern, at least, his friend's life and honour. Which therefore of these, Anselmo, is in danger, to warrant my undertaking so detestable a thing as you desire? Neither, I dare engage. On the contrary, you would make me the assaulter of both, in which my own is included; for to rob you of your reputation, is to take away your life, since an infamous life is worse than death; and by making me the guilty instrument of this, as you would have me, you make me worse than a dead man, by the murder of my reputation. Therefore I desire you would hear with patience what I have to urge against your extravagant desire, and I shall afterwards hear your reply, without interruption."

Anselmo having promised his attention, Lothario proceeded in this manner. "In my opinion, you are not unlike the Moors, who are incapable of being convinced of the error of their religion, by scripture, speculative reasons, or those drawn immediately from the articles of

our faith; and will yield to nothing but demonstrations, as evident as those of the mathematics, and which can as little be denied, as when we say, if from two equal parts, we take away two equal parts, the parts that remain are also equal. And when they do not understand this proposition, which they seldom do, we are obliged by operation, to make it yet more plain and obvious to their senses: and yet all this labour will at last prove ineffectual to the convincing them of the verities of our religion. The same must be my method with you, since your strange desire is so very foreign to all manner of reason, that I very much fear I shall spend my time and labour in vain, in endeavouring to convince you of your own folly, for I can afford it no other name. Nay, did I not love you as I do, I should leave you to the prosecution of your own odd humour, which certainly tends to your ruin. But to lay your folly a little more open, you bid me, Anselmo, attempt a woman of honour, cautious of her reputation, and one who is not much inclined to love; for all these good qualifications you allowed her. If therefore you already know your wife is possessed of all these advantages of prudence, discretion, honour, and reservedness, what have you more to inquire after? And if

you believe, as I myself do, that she will be impregnable to all my assaults; what greater and better names will you give her, than she already deserves? Either you pretend to think better of her, than really you do, or else you desire you know not what yourself. But then if you do not believe her as virtuous as you pretend, why would you put it to the trial, why do you not rather use her as you think she deserves? On the other hand, if she be as good as you profess you believe her, why would you go to tempt truth and goodness itself, without any reasonable prospect of advantage? For when the trial is over, she will be but the same virtuous woman she was before. Wherefore it is allowed that it is the effect of temerity, and want of reason, to attempt what is likely to produce nothing but danger and detriment to the undertaker, especially when there is no necessity for it, and when we may easily foresee the folly of the undertaking. There are but these motives to incite us to difficult attempts, religion, interest, or both together. The first makes the saints endeavour to lead angelic lives in these frail bodies. The second makes us expose ourselves to the hazards of long voyages and travels in pursuit of riches. The third motive is compounded of both, and prompts us

to act as well for the honour of God, as for our own particular glory and interest; as for example, the daring adventures of the valiant soldier, who, urged by his duty to God, his prince, and his country, fiercely runs into the midst of a dreadful breach, unterrified with any considerations of the danger that threatens him. These are things done every day, and let them be never so dangerous, they bring honour, glory, and profit, to those that attempt them. But by the project you design to reduce to an experiment, you will never obtain either the glory of heaven, profit, or reputation: for should the experiment answer your expectation, it will make no addition, either to your content, honour, or riches; but if it disappoint your hopes, it makes you the most miserable man alive. And the imaginary advantage of no man's knowing your disgrace will soon vanish, when you consider, that to know it yourself, will be enough to supply you perpetually with all the tormenting thoughts in the world. A proof of this is what the famous poet Ludovico Tansilo, at the end of his first part of St Peter's Tears, says, in these words:

"Shame, grief, remorse in Peter's breast increase,
Soon as the blushing morn his crime betrays.
When most unseen, then most himself he sees,
And with due horror all his soul surveys.

"For a great spirit needs no censuring eyes
To wound his soul, when conscious of a fault;
But self-condemned and even self-punish'd lies,
And dreads no witness like upbraiding thought."[1]

So that your boasted secrecy, far from alleviating your grief, will only serve to increase it; and if your eyes do not express it by outward tears, they will flow from your very heart in blood. So wept that simple doctor, who, as our poet tells us, made that experiment on the brittle vessel, which the more prudent Reynoldus excused himself from doing.[2] This, indeed, is but a poetical fiction, but yet the moral which it enforces is worthy being observed and imitated. And accordingly I hope you will discover the strange mistake into which you would run, principally when you have heard what I have farther to say to you.

"Suppose, Anselmo, you had a diamond, as valuable, in the judgment of the best jewellers, as such a stone could be, would you not be satisfied with their opinion, without trying its hardness on the anvil? You must own, that should it be proof against your blows, it would not be one jot the more valuable than really it was before your foolish trial; but should it happen to break, as well it might, the jewel

[1] See Appendix, Note 1, Chapter VI.
[2] See Appendix, Note 2, Chapter VI.

was then entirely lost, as well as the sense and reputation of the owner. This precious diamond, my friend, is your Camilla, for so she ought to be esteemed in all men's opinions as well as your own. Why then would you imprudently put her in danger of falling, since your trial will add no greater value to her than she has already? But if she should prove frail, reflect with yourself on the unhappiness of your condition, and how justly you might complain of your being the cause of both her ruin and your own. Consider, that as a modest and honest woman is the most valuable jewel in the world, so all women's virtue and honour consist in the opinion and reputation they maintain with other people; and since that of your wife is perfect, both in your own and all other men's opinion, why will you go, to no purpose, to call the reality of it in question? You must remember, my friend, that the nature of women is, at best, but weak and imperfect; and for that reason we should be so far from casting rubs in its way, that we ought, with all imaginable care, to remove every appearance that might hinder its course to that perfection it wants, which is virtue.

"If you believe the naturalists, the ermine is a very white little creature; when the hun-

ters have found its haunts, they surround it almost with dirt and mire, towards which the ermine being forced to fly, rather than sully its native white with dirt, it suffers itself to be taken, preferring its colour to its liberty and life. The virtuous woman is our ermine, whose chastity is whiter than snow; but to preserve its colour unsullied, you must observe just a contrary method: the addresses and services of an importunate lover, are the mire into which you should never drive a woman; for it is ten to one she will not be able to free herself and avoid it, being but too apt to stumble into it; and therefore that should be always removed, and only the candour and beauty of virtue, and the charms of a good fame and reputation placed before her. A good woman is also not unlike a mirror of crystal, which will infallibly be dimmed and stained by breathing too much upon it: she must rather be used like the reliques of saints, adored but not touched; or like a garden of curious tender flowers, that may at a distance gratify the eye, but are not permitted by the master to be trampled on or touched by every beholder. I shall add but a few verses out of a late new play, very fit for our present purpose, where a prudent old man advised his

neighbour, that had a daughter, to lock her up close; and gives these reasons for it, besides several others:

'Since nothing is frailer than woman and glass,
He that would expose them to fall is an ass;
And sure the rash mortal is yet more unwise,
Who on bodies so ticklish experiments tries.
With ease both are damaged; then keep that with care
Which no art can restore, nor no solder repair.
Fond man, take my counsel, watch what is so frail;
For, where Danaes lie, golden showers will prevail.'

"All I have hitherto urged relates only to you; I may now at last be allowed to consider what regards myself, and if I am tedious, I hope you will pardon me; for, to draw you out of the labyrinth into which you have run yourself, I am forced on that prolixity. You call me friend, yet, which is absolutely inconsistent with friendship, you would rob me of my honour; nay, you stop not here, but would oblige me to destroy yours. First, that you would rob me of mine is evident; for what will Camilla think, when I make a declaration of love to her, but that I am a perfidious villain, that makes no scruple of violating the most sacred laws of friendship, and who sacrifices the honour and reputation of my friend to a criminal passion. Secondly, that I destroy yours is as evident; for, when she sees me take such a liberty with her, she will imagine

that I have discovered some weakness in her, that has given me assurance to make her so guilty a discovery, by which she, esteeming herself injured in her honour, you being the principal part of her, must of necessity be affected with the affronts she receives. For this is the reason why the husband, though never so deserving, cautious, and careful, suffers the infamy of a scandalous name if his wife goes astray; whereas, in reason, he ought rather to be an object of compassion than contempt, seeing the misfortune proceeds from the vice and folly of the wife, not his own defects. But since the reason and justice of the man's suffering for the wife's transgression may be serviceable to you, I'll give you the best account of it I can; and pray, do not think me tedious, since this is meant for your good. When woman was given to man, and marriage first ordained in paradise, man and wife were made and pronounced one flesh; the husband, therefore, being of a piece with the wife, whatever affects her affects him, as a part of her; though, as I have said, he has been no occasion of it: for, as the whole body is affected by the pain of any part, as the head will share the pain of the foot, though it never caused that pain, so is the husband touched with his

wife's infamy, because she is part of him. And since all worldly honours and dishonours are derived from flesh and blood, and the scandalous baseness of an unfaithful wife proceeds from the same principle, it necessarily follows, that the husband, though no party in the offence, and entirely ignorant and innocent of it, must have his share of the infamy. Let what I have said, my dear Anselmo, make you sensible of the danger into which you would run, by endeavouring thus to disturb the happy tranquillity and repose that your wife at present enjoys; and for how vain a curiosity, and extravagant a caprice, you would rouse and awake those peccant humours which are now lulled asleep by the power of an unattempted chastity. Reflect farther, how small a return you can expect from so hazardous a voyage, and such valuable commodities as you venture; for the treasure you will lose is so great, and ought to be so dear, that all words are too inexpressive to show how much you ought to esteem it. But if all I have said be too weak to destroy your foolish resolve, employ some other instrument of your disgrace and ruin: for, though I should lose your friendship, a loss which I must esteem the greatest in the world, I will have no hand in an affair so prejudicial to your honour."

Lothario said no more; and Anselmo, discovering a desponding melancholy in his face, remained a great while silent and confounded. At last, "I have," said he, "my friend, listened to your discourse, as you might observe, with all the attention in nature, and every part of what you have said convinces me of the greatness of your wisdom and friendship; and I must own, that if I suffer my desires to prevail over your reasons, I shun the good and pursue the evil. But yet, my friend, you ought, on the other side, to reflect, that my distemper is not much unlike that of those women, who sometimes long for coals, lime, nay, some things that are loathsome to the very sight; and therefore, some little arts should be used to endeavour my cure, which might easily be effected, if you would but consent to solicit Camilla, though it were but weakly and remissly; for I am sure she will not be so frail as to surrender at the first assault, which yet will be sufficient to give me the satisfaction I desire; and in this you will fulfil the duty of our friendship, in restoring me to life, and securing my honour, by your powerful and persuasive reasons. And you are indeed bound as my friend to do thus much to secure me from betraying my defects and follies to a

stranger, which would hazard that reputation which you have taken so much pains to preserve; since I am so bent on this experiment, that, if you refuse me, I shall certainly apply myself elsewhere: and though a while your reputation may suffer in Camilla's opinion, yet, when she has once proved triumphant, you may cure that wound, and recover her good opinion, by a sincere discovery of your design. Wherefore, I conjure you to comply with my importunity, in spite of all the obstacles that may present themselves to you, since what I desire is so little, and the pleasure I shall derive from it so great; for, as I have promised, your very first attempt shall satisfy me as much as if you had gone through the whole experiment."

Lothario plainly saw that Anselmo's resolution was too much fixed for any thing he could say to alter it, and finding that he threatened to betray his folly to a stranger, if he persisted in a refusal, to avoid greater inconveniences, he resolved to seem to comply with his desires, privately designing to satisfy Anselmo's caprice, without giving Camilla any trouble; and therefore he desired him to break the matter to nobody else, since he would himself undertake it, and begin as soon as he pleased. Anselmo

embraced him with all the love and tenderness imaginable, and was as prodigal of his thanks, as if the very promise had been the greatest obligation that could be laid on him. They immediately agreed on the next day for the trial, at which time Anselmo should give him the opportunity of being alone with her, and gold and jewels to present her with. He advised him to omit no point of gallantry, as serenades and songs, and verses in her praise; offering to make them himself, if Lothario would not be at the trouble. But Lothario promised him to do all himself, though his design was far different from Anselmo's.

Matters being thus adjusted, they returned to Anselmo's house, where they found the beautiful Camilla sad with concern for the absence of her husband beyond his usual hour. Lothario left him there, and retired home, as pensive how to come off handsomely in this ridiculous affair, as he had left Anselmo pleased and contented with his undertaking it. But that night, he contrived a way of imposing on Anselmo to his satisfaction, without offending Camilla. So next day he goes to Anselmo's, and was received by Camilla with a civility and respect answerable to the uncommon friendship she knew was between him and her

husband. Dinner being over, Anselmo desired his friend to keep his lady company till his return from an extraordinary affair, that would require his absence about an hour and a half. Camilla desired him not to go; Lothario offered to go with him; but he pleaded peculiar business, entreated his friend to stay, and enjoined his wife not to leave him alone till his return. In short, he knew so well how to counterfeit a necessity for his absence, though that necessity proceeded from his own folly, that no one could perceive it was feigned. And so he left them together, without any one to observe their actions, all the servants being retired to dinner.

Thus Lothario found himself entered the lists, his adversary before him terribly armed with a thousand piercing beauties, sufficient to overcome all the men she should encounter, which gave him cause enough to fear his own fate. The first thing he did in this first onset, was to lean his head carelessly on his hand, and beg her leave to take a nap in his chair, till his friend came back; Camilla told him she thought he might rest with more ease on the couch* in the next room; he declared

* *Estrado.* A space of the visiting rooms of ladies, raised a foot above the floor of the rest of the room, covered with carpets or mats,

himself satisfied with the place where he was, and so slept till his friend came back. Anselmo finding his wife in her chamber, and Lothario asleep at his return, concluded that he had given them time enough both for discourse and repose; and therefore waited with a great deal of impatience for his friend's awaking, that they might retire, and he might acquaint him with his success. Lothario at last awaked, and going out with his friend, he answered his inquiry to this purpose, that he did not think it convenient to proceed farther, at that time, than some general praise of her wit and beauty, which would best prepare his way for what he might do hereafter, and dispose her to give a more easy and willing ear to what he should say to her: as the devil, by laying a pleasing and apparent good at first before us, insinuates himself into our inclinations so that he generally gains his point before we discover the cloven foot, if his disguise pass on us in the beginning. Anselmo was extremely satisfied with what Lothario said, and promised him every day as good an opportunity; and though he could not go every day abroad, yet he would manage his

on which the ladies sit on cushions laid along by the wall, or low stools; being a Moorish fashion retained by the Spaniards.

conduct so well, that Camilla should have no cause of suspicion. He took care to do as he said. But Lothario wilfully lost the frequent opportunities he gave him; however, he soothed him still with assurances, that his lady was inflexible, her virtue not to be surmounted, and that she had threatened to discover his attempts to her husband, if ever he presumed to be so insolent again; so far was she from giving the least hope of encouragement. "Thus far it is well," said Anselmo; "but yet Camilla has resisted nothing but words, we must now see what proof she is against more substantial temptations. To-morrow I will furnish you with two thousand crowns in gold, to present her with; and as a farther bait you shall have as much more for jewels. For women, especially if they are handsome, naturally love to go gaily and richly dressed, be they never so chaste and virtuous; and if she have power to overcome this temptation, I will give you no farther trouble."—"Since I have begun this adventure," replied Lothario, "I will make an end of it, though I am sure her repulses will tire out my patience, and her virtue overcome any temptation, and baffle my endeavours."

The next day Anselmo delivered him the

four thousand crowns, and with them as many perplexing thoughts, not knowing how to supply his invention with some new story to amuse his friend. However, at last he resolved to return the money, with assurance that Camilla was as unmoved with presents as with praise, and as untouched with promises as with vows and sighs of love; and therefore all farther attempts would be but a fruitless labour. This was his intention; but fortune, that meddled too much in these affairs, disappointed his designs. For Anselmo having left him alone with his wife one day as he used to do, privately conveyed himself into the closet, and through the chinks of the door set himself to observe what they did. He found that for one half hour Lothario said not one word to Camilla, from whence he concluded that all the addresses, importunities, and repulses, with which he had amused him, were pure fictions. But, that he might be fully satisfied in the truth of his surmise, coming from his covert he took his friend aside, and inquired of him what Camilla had then said to him, and how he now found her inclined? Lothario replied, that he would make no further trial of her, since her answer had now been so severe and awful, that he durst not for

the future venture upon a discourse so evidently her aversion.

"Ah! Lothario, Lothario!" cried Anselmo, "is it thus that you keep your promises? is this what I should expect from your friendship? I observed you through that door, and found that you said not a word to Camilla; and from thence I am very well satisfied, that you have only imposed on me all the answers and relations you have made. Why did you hinder me from employing some other, if you never intended to satisfy my desire?" Anselmo said no more, but this was enough to confound Lothario, and cover him with shame for being found in a lie. Therefore to appease his friend, he swore to him, from that time forward, to set in good earnest about the matter, and that so effectually, that he himself, if he would again give himself the trouble of observing him, should find proof enough of his sincerity. Anselmo believed him; and to give him the better opportunity, he engaged a friend of his to send for him, with a great deal of importunity, to come to his house at a village near the city, where he meant to spend eight days, to take away all apprehension and fear from both his friend and his wife.

Was ever man so unhappy as Anselmo, who

industriously contrived the plot of his own ruin and dishonour? he had a very good wife, and possessed her in quiet, without any other man's mingling in his pleasures; her thoughts were bounded with her own house, and her husband, the only earthly good she hoped or thought on, and her only pleasure and desire; his will the rule of hers, and measure of her conduct. When he possessed love, honour, beauty and discretion, without pain or toil, what should provoke him to seek with so much danger and hazard of what he had already, that which was not to be found in nature! He that aims at things impossible, ought justly to lose those advantages which are within the bounds of possibility, as the poet sings:

I.

"In death I seek for life,
In a disease for health,
For quietness in strife,
In poverty for wealth,
And constant truth in an inconstant wife.

II.

"But sure the fates disdain
My mad desires to please,
Nor shall I e'er obtain
What others get with ease,
Since I demand what no man e'er could gain."

The next day Anselmo went out of town,

having first informed Camilla, that his friend Lothario would look after his affairs, and keep her company in his absence, and desired her to make as much of him as of himself. His lady, like a discreet woman, begged him to consider how improper a thing it was for any other to take his place in his absence; and told him, that if he doubted her ability in managing her house, he should try her but this time, and she questioned not but he would find she had capacity to acquit herself to his satisfaction in greater matters. Anselmo replied, that it was her duty not to dispute, but obey his command: to which she returned, that she would comply, though much against her will. In short, her husband left the town; Lothario, the next day, was received at her house with all the respect that could be paid a friend so dear to her husband; but yet with so much caution, that she never permitted herself to be left alone with him, but kept perpetually some of her maids in the room, and chiefly Leonela, for whom she had a particular love, as having been bred in her father's house with her from her infancy.

Lothario said nothing to her the three first days, notwithstanding he might have found an opportunity when the servants were gone to

dinner: for though the prudent Camilla had ordered Leonela to dine before her, that she might have no occasion to go out of the room; yet she, who had other affairs to employ her thoughts, more agreeable to her inclinations (to gratify which that was usually the only convenient time she could find), was not so very punctually obedient to her lady's commands, but that she sometimes left them together. Lothario did not yet make use of these advantages, as I have said, being awed by the virtue and modesty of Camilla. But this silence which she thus imposed on Lothario, had at last a quite contrary effect. For though he said nothing, his thoughts were active, his eyes were employed to see and survey the outward charms of a form so perfect, that it was enough to fire the most cold, and soften the most obdurate heart. In these intervals of silence, he considered how much she deserved to be beloved; and these considerations by little and little undermined and assaulted the faith which he owed to his friend. A thousand times he resolved to leave the city and retire where Anselmo should never see him, and where he should never more behold the dangerous face of Camilla; but the extreme pleasure he found in seeing her, soon destroyed

so feeble a resolve. When he was alone, he would accuse his want of friendship and religion, and run into frequent comparisons betwixt himself and Anselmo, which generally concluded that Anselmo's folly and madness were greater than his breach of faith; and that would heaven as easily excuse his intentions as man, he had no cause to fear any punishment for the crime he was going to commit. In fine, Camilla's beauty, and the opportunity given him by the husband himself, wholly vanquished his faith and friendship. And now, having an eye only to the means of obtaining that pleasure, to which he was prompted with so much violence; after he had spent the three first days of Anselmo's absence, in a conflict betwixt love and virtue, he attempted, by all means possible, to prevail with Camilla, and discovered so much passion in his words and actions, that Camilla, surprised with the unexpected assault, flung from him out of the room, and retired with haste to her chamber. Hope is always born with love, nor did this repulse in the least discourage Lothario from farther attempts on Camilla, who by this appeared more charming, and more worthy his pursuit. She, on the other hand, knew not what to do upon the discovery of that in Lothario, which

she never could have imagined. The result of her reflections was this, that since she could not give him any opportunity of speaking to her again, without the hazard of her reputation and honour, she would send a letter to her husband to solicit his return to his house. The letter she sent by a messenger that very night; and it was to this purpose.

CHAPTER VII.

IN WHICH THE HISTORY OF THE CURIOUS IMPERTINENT IS PURSUED.

"As it is very improper to leave an army without a general, and a garrison without its governor; so to me it seems much more imprudent to leave a young married woman without her husband; especially when there are no affairs of consequence to plead for his absence. I find myself so ill in your's, and so impatient, and unable to endure it any longer, that if you come not home very quickly, I shall be obliged to return to my father's, though I leave your house without any one to look after it: for the person to whom you have entrusted the care of your family, has, I believe, more regard to his own pleasure than your concerns. You are wise and prudent, and therefore I shall say no more, nor is it convenient I should."

Anselmo was not a little satisfied at the receipt of this letter, which assured him that Lothario had begun the attempt, which she had repelled according to his hopes; and there-

fore he sent her word not to leave his house, assuring her it should not be long before he returned. Camilla was surprised with his answer, and more perplexed than before, being equally afraid of going to her father, and of staying at home; in the first she disobeyed her husband, in the latter ran the risk of her honour. The worst resolution prevailed, which was to stay at her own house, and not avoid Lothario's company, lest it should give some cause of suspicion to her servants. And now she repented her writing to Anselmo, lest he should suspect that Lothario had observed some indiscretion in her, that made him lose the respect due to her, and gave him assurance to offer at the corrupting her virtue; but confiding in heaven and her own innocence, which she thought proof against all Lothario's attempts, she resolved to make no answer to whatever he should say to her, and never more trouble her husband with complaints, for fear of engaging him in disputes and quarrels with his friend. For that reason she considered how she might best excuse him to Anselmo, when he should examine the cause of her writing to him in that manner. With a resolution so innocent and dangerous, the next day she gave ear to all that Lothario said: and he gave the assault with such force and vigour,

that Camilla's constancy could not stand the shock unmoved, and her virtue could do no more than guard her eyes from betraying that tender compassion, of which his vows and entreaties, and all his sighs and tears, had made her heart sensible. Lothario discovered this with an infinite satisfaction, and no less addition to his flame; and found that he ought to make use of this opportunity, of Anselmo's absence, with all his force and importunity to win so valuable a fortress. He began with the powerful battery of the praise of her beauty, which being directly pointed on the weakest part of woman, her vanity, with the greatest ease and facility in the world makes a breach as great as a lover would desire. Lothario was not unskilful or remiss in the attack, but followed his fire so close, that let Camilla's integrity be built on never so obdurate a rock, it must at last have fallen. He wept, prayed, flattered, promised, swore, vowed, and showed so much passion and truth in what he said, that beating down the care of her honour, he, at last, triumphed over what he scarce durst hope, though what he most of all desired; for she, at last, surrendered, even Camilla surrendered! Nor ought we to wonder if she yielded, since even Lothario's friendship and virtue were not

able to withstand the terrible assault; an evident proof that love is a power too strong to be overcome by any thing but flying, and that no mortal creature ought to be so presumptuous as to stand the encounter, since there is need of something more than human, and indeed a heavenly force, to confront and vanquish that human passion. Leonela was the only confidante of this amour, which these new lovers and faithless friends could not by any means conceal from her knowledge. Lothario would not discover to Camilla, that her husband, for her trial, had designedly given him this opportunity, to which he owed so extreme a happiness; because she should not think he wanted love to solicit her himself with importunity, or that she was gained on too easy terms.

Anselmo came home in a few days, but discovered not what he had lost, though it was what he most valued and esteemed: from thence he went to Lothario, and embracing him, begged of him to let him know his fate. "All I can tell you, my friend," answered Lothario, "is that you may boast yourself of the best wife in the world, the ornament of her sex, and the pattern which all virtuous women ought to follow. Words, offers, presents, all is ineffectual; the tears I pretended to shed, moved only

her laughter. Camilla is not only mistress of the greatest beauty, but of modesty, discretion, sweetness of temper, and every other virtue and perfection, that add to the charms of a woman of honour. Therefore, my friend, take back your money; I have had no occasion to lay it out, for Camilla's integrity cannot be corrupted by such base and mercenary things as gifts and promises. And now, Anselmo, be at last content with the trial you have already made; and having so luckily got over the dangerous quicksands of doubts and suspicions that are to be met with in the ocean of matrimony, do not venture out again, with another pilot, that vessel, whose strength you have sufficiently experienced; but believe yourself, as you are, securely anchored in a safe harbour, at pleasure and ease, till death, from whose force, no title, power nor dignity can secure us, does come and cut the cable."

Anselmo was extremely satisfied with Lothario's discourse, and believed it as firmly as if it had been an oracle; yet desired him to continue his pursuit, if it were but to pass away the time: he did not require he should press Camilla with those importunities he had before used, but only make some verses in her praise, under the name of Cloris; and he would make Camilla believe he celebrated a lady he loved,

under that name, to secure her honour and reputation from the censure which a more open declaration would expose her to; he added, that if Lothario would not be at the expense of so much trouble and time, as to compose them himself, he would do it for him with a great deal of pleasure. Lothario told him there was no need of that, since he himself was sometimes poetically given; "do you but tell Camilla of my pretended love, as you say you will, and I will make the verses as well as I can, though not so well as the excellency of the subject requires."

The curious impertinent, and his treacherous friend, having thus agreed the matter, Anselmo went home, and then asked Camilla on what occasion she sent him the letter? Camilla, who wondered that this question had not been asked her before, replied, that the motive that prevailed with her to write in that manner to him, was a jealousy she had entertained, that Lothario, in his absence, looked on her with more criminal and desiring eyes than he used to do when he was at home; but that since she had reason to believe that suspicion but weakly grounded, seeing he discovered rather an aversion than love, as avoiding all occasions of being alone with her. Anselmo told her she

had nothing to apprehend from Lothario on that account, since he knew his affections engaged on one of the noblest young ladies of the city, whose praise he writ under the name of Cloris; but were he not thus engaged, there was no reason to suspect Lothario's virtue and friendship. Camilla, at this discourse, without doubt, would have been very jealous of Lothario, had he not told her his design of abusing her husband, with the pretence of another love, that he might, with the greater liberty and security, express her praise and his passion. The next day, at dinner, Anselmo desired him to read some of the verses he had made on his beloved Cloris; telling him, he might say anything of her before Camilla, since she did not know who the lady was. "Did Camilla know her," replied Lothario, " that should not make me pass over in silence any part of that praise which was her due; for if a lover complains of his mistress's cruelty, while he is praising her perfections, she can never suffer in her reputation. Therefore, without any fear, I shall repeat a sonnet which I made yesterday on the ingratitude of Cloris."

A SONNET.

"At dead of night, when every troubled breast
By balmy sleep is eased of anxious pain,
When slaves themselves, in pleasing dreams are blest,
Of heaven and Cloris, restless I complain.

The rosy morn dispels the shades of night,
The sun, the pleasures, and the day return;
All nature 's cheer'd with the reviving light;
I, only I, can never cease to mourn.
At noon, in vain, I bid my sorrow cease,
The heat increases, and my pains increase,
And still my soul in the mild evening grieves:
The night returns, and my complaints renew,
No moment sees me free; in vain I sue,
Heaven ne'er relents, and Cloris ne'er relieves." *

Camilla was mightily pleased with the sonnet, but Anselmo transported; he was lavish of his commendation, and added that the lady must be barbarously cruel that made no return to so much truth, and so violent a passion. "What, must we then believe all that a poet in love tells us for truth?" said Camilla.—"Madam," replied Lothario, "though the poet may exceed, yet the lover corrects his fondness for fiction, and makes him speak truth." Anselmo, to advance Lothario's credit with Camilla, confirmed whatever he said; but she, not minding her husband's confirmations, was sufficiently persuaded, by her passion for Lothario, to an implicit faith in all he said; and therefore pleased with this composition, and more satisfied in the knowledge she had that all was addressed to herself, as the true

* This sonnet occurs also in the second act of Cervantes' comedy, "La Casa de los Zelos."

Cloris, she desired him to repeat some other verses he had made on that subject, if he could remember any. "I remember some," replied Lothario; "but, madam, in my opinion, they are not so tolerable as the former; but you shall judge yourself."

A SONNET.

"I die your victim, cruel fair;
And die without reprieve,
If you can think your slave can bear
Your cruelty, and live.

"Since all my hopes of ease are vain,
To die I now submit;
And that you may not think I feign;
It must be at your feet.

"Yet when my bleeding heart you view,
Bright nymph, forbear to grieve;
For I had rather die for you,
Than for another live.

"In death and dark oblivion's grave,
Oh! let me lie forlorn,
For my poor ghost would pine and rave,
Should you relent and mourn."

Anselmo was not less profuse in his praise of this sonnet, than he had been of the other, and so added new fuel to the fire that was to consume his reputation. He contributed to his own abuse, in commending his false friend's

attempts on his honour, as the most important service he could do it; and this made him believe, that every step Camilla made down to contempt and disgrace, was a degree she mounted towards that perfection of virtue which he desired she should attain.

Some time after, Camilla being alone with her maid, "I am ashamed," said she, "my Leonela, that I gave Lothario so easy a conquest over me, and did not know my own worth enough to make him undergo some greater fatigues, before I made him so entire a surrender. I am afraid he will think my hasty consent the effect of the looseness of my temper, and not at all consider that the force and violence he used, deprived me of the power of resisting."—"Ah! madam," returned Leonela, "let not that disquiet you; for the speedy bestowing a benefit of an intrinsic value, and which you design to bestow at last, can never lessen the favour; for according to the proverb, He that gives quickly gives twice."—"To answer your proverb with another," replied Camilla, "That which costs little is less valued."—"But this has nothing to do with you," answered Leonela, "since it is said of love that it sometimes goes, sometimes flies; runs with one, walks gravely with

another; turns a third into ice, and sets a fourth into a flame; it wounds one, another it kills: like lightning, it begins and ends in the same moment: it makes that fort yield at night which is besieged but in the morning; for there is no force able to resist it. Since this is evident, what cause have you to be surprised at your own frailty? And why should you apprehend anything from Lothario, who has felt the same irresistible power, and yielded to it as soon? For love, to gain a conquest, took the short opportunity of my master's absence, which being so short and uncertain, love, that had before determined this should be done, added force and vigour to the lover, not to leave anything to time and chance, which might, by Anselmo's return, cut off all opportunities of accomplishing so agreeable a work. The best and most officious servant of love's retinue, is occasion or opportunity: this it is that love improves in all its progress, but most in the beginning and first rise of an amour. I trust not in what I have said to the uncertainty of report, but to experience, which affords the most certain and most valuable knowledge, as I will inform you, madam, some day or other; for I am, like you, made of frail flesh and blood, fired by youth and youth-

ful desires. But, madam, you did not surrender to Lothario till you had sufficient proof of his love, from his eyes, his vows, his promises, and gifts; till you had seen the merit of his person, and the beauty of his mind; all which convinced you how much he deserved to be loved. Then trouble yourself no more, madam, with these fears and jealousies; but thank your stars, that since you were doomed a victim to love, you fell by the force of such valour and merit that cannot be doubted. You yielded to one who has not only the four S's,[1] which are required in every good lover, but even the whole alphabet; as for example, he is, in my opinion, agreeable, bountiful, constant, dutiful, easy, faithful, gallant, honourable, ingenious, kind, loyal, mild, noble, officious, prudent, quiet, rich, secret, true, valiant, wise; the X, indeed, is too harsh a letter to agree with him, but he is young and zealous for your honour and service." Camilla laughed at her woman's alphabet, and thought her (as indeed she was) more learned in the practical art of love, than she had yet confessed. She then informed her mistress of an affair that had been betwixt her and a young man of the town. Camilla was not a little concerned at what she said, being

[1] See Appendix, Note I., Chap. VII.

apprehensive that her honour might suffer by her woman's indiscretion; and therefore asked her if the amour had passed any farther than words? Leonela, without any fear or shame, owned her guilty correspondence with all the freedom in the world; for the mistress's guilt gives the servant impudence; and generally they imitate their ladies' frailties without any fear of the public censure.

Camilla, finding her error past remedy, could only beg Leonela to disclose nothing of her affair to her lover, and manage her amour with secrecy and discretion, for fear Lothario or Anselmo should hear of it. Leonela promised to obey her; but she did it in such a manner, that Camilla was perpetually in fear of the loss of her reputation by her folly; for she grew so confident on her knowledge of her lady's transgression, that she admitted the gallant into the house, not caring if her lady knew it, being certain that she durst not make any discovery to her master; for when once a mistress has suffered her virtue to be vanquished, and admits of any criminal correspondence, it subjects her to her own servants, and makes her subservient to their lewd practices, which she is slavishly bound to conceal. Thus it was with Camilla, who was forced to wink at the

visible rendezvous, which Leonela had with her lover, in a certain chamber of the house which she thought proper for the occasion; nor was that all, she was constrained to give her the opportunity of hiding him, that he might not be seen by her husband.

But all this caution did not secure him from being seen by Lothario one morning, as he was getting out of the house by break of day. His surprise had made him think it a spirit, had not his haste away, and his muffling himself up as he did, that he might not be known, convinced him of his error, and thrown him into a fit of jealousy, that had certainly undone them all, had not Camilla's wit and address prevented it. For Lothario concluded that Camilla, that had made no very obstinate resistance to him, had as easily surrendered to some other; and he fancied that the person he saw come from her house was the new favoured lover; never remembering there was such a person as Leonela in the house, and that he might be a lover of her's. For when once a woman parts with her virtue, she loses the esteem even of the man whose vows and tears won her to abandon it; and he believes she will with as little, if not less difficulty, yield to another; he perverts the least suspicions

into reality, and takes the slightest appearance for the most evident matter of fact.

Thus Lothario, distracted by the most violent jealousy in the world, without allowing himself time to consider, gave way to the transports of his rage and desire of revenge on Camilla, who had not injured him. He goes immediately to Anselmo, and having found him a-bed: "I have, my friend," said he to him, "these several days undergone a most severe conflict within my mind, and used all the force and violence I was capable of to conceal an affair from you, which I can no longer forbear discovering, without an apparent wrong to justice, and my friendship. Know, then, that Camilla is now ready to do whatsoever I shall desire of her; and the reason that most prevailed with me to delay this discovery, was, that I would be satisfied whether she were in earnest, or only pretended this compliance to try me; but had she been so virtuous as you and I believed her, she would, by this time, have informed you of that importunity which, by your desire, I used; but finding that she is silent, and takes no notice of that to you, I have reason to believe that she is but too sincere in those guilty promises she has made me, of meeting me to my satisfaction, in the

wardrobe, the next time your absence from the town should furnish her with an opportunity." This was true indeed, for that was the place of their common rendezvous. "Yet I would not have you," continued he, "take a rash and inconsiderate revenge, since it is possible, before the time of assignation, her virtue may rally, and she repent her folly. Therefore, as you have hitherto taken my advice, be ruled by me now, that you may not be imposed on, but have a sufficient conviction, before you put your resolves into execution. Pretend two or three days' absence, and then privately convey yourself behind the hangings in the wardrobe, as you easily may, whence you may, without difficulty, be an eye-witness with me of Camilla's conduct; and if it be as criminal as we may justly fear, then you may with secrecy and speed punish her, as the injury deserves."

Anselmo was extremely surprised at so unexpected a misfortune, to find himself deceived in those imaginary triumphs he pleased himself with, in Camilla's supposed victory over all Lothario's assaults. A great while he was in a silent suspense, with his eyes dejected, without force, and without spirit; but turning at last to his friend, "You have done all,"

said he, "Lothario, that I could expect from so perfect a friendship; I will therefore be entirely guided by your advice; do therefore what you please, but use all the secrecy a thing of this nature requires." Lothario, assuring him of that, left him; but full of repentance for the rashness he had been guilty of in telling him so much as he had, since he might have taken a sufficient revenge, by a less cruel and dishonourable way. He cursed his want of sense, and the weakness of his resolution, but could not find out any way to produce a less fatal event of his treachery, than he could justly expect from the experiment. But at last he concluded to inform Camilla of all he had done; which his freedom of access gave him opportunity to do that very day, when he found her alone; and she began thus to him: —"I am so oppressed, my Lothario, with a misfortune which I lie under, that it will certainly for ever destroy my quiet and happiness, if there be not some speedy remedy found for it: Leonela is grown so presumptuous, on her knowledge of my affairs, that she admits her lover all night to her chamber, and so exposes my reputation to the censure of any that shall see him go out at unseasonable hours from my house; and the greatest, and most

remediless part of my grief is, that I dare not correct or chide her for her imprudence and impudence; for, being conscious of our correspondence, she obliges me to conceal her failings, which I am extremely apprehensive will in the end be very fatal to my happiness." Lothario was at first jealous that Camilla designed cunningly thus to impose her own privado on him for Leonela's; but being convinced by her tears, and the apparent concern in her face, he began to believe her, and at the same time to be infinitely confounded and grieved for what he had done. Yet he comforted Camilla, assuring her he would take effectual care for the future, that Leonela's impudence should do her no prejudice, and therefore begged her not to torment herself any more about it. Then he told all the unhappy effects of his jealous rage, and that her husband had agreed behind the arras to be witness of her weakness. He asked her pardon for the folly, and her counsel how to redress and prevent the ill effect of it, and bring them out of those difficulties into which his madness had plunged them.

Camilla expressed her resentment and her fears; and accused his treachery, baseness, and want of consideration; yet her anger and fears

being appeased, and a woman's wit being always more pregnant in difficulties than a man's, she immediately thought of a way to deliver them from the dangers that bore so dismal and helpless a face. She therefore bid him engage Anselmo to be there the next day, assuring him she did not question but by that means to get a more frequent and secure opportunity of enjoying one another than they hitherto had had. She would not make him privy to her whole design, but bid him be sure to come after her husband was hid, as soon as Leonela should call him, and that he should answer as directly to whatsoever she should ask him, as if Anselmo were not within hearing. Lothario spared no importunity to get from her her whole design, that he might act his part with the greater assurance, and the better to contribute to the imposing on her husband.—"All you have to do," replied Camilla, "is to answer me directly what I shall demand." Nor would she discover any more, for fear he should not acquiesce in her opinion, which she was so well satisfied in, but raise difficulties, and by consequence, obstacles, that might hinder her design from having the desired event, or run her upon some less successful project. Lothario complied, and Anselmo in appearance left the

town to retire to his friend in the country, but secretly returned to hide himself in the wardrobe, which he did with the greater ease, because Camilla and Leonela wilfully gave him opportunity.

We may easily imagine the grief with which Anselmo hid himself, since it was to be a spectator of his own dishonour, and the loss of all that happiness he possessed in the embraces of his beautiful and beloved Camilla. On the other hand, she being now certain that Anselmo was hid, entered the wardrobe with Leonela, and fetching a deep and piteous sigh, thus addressed herself to her.—"Ah! my Leonela! would it not be much better that thou pierce this infamous bosom with Anselmo's dagger, before I execute what I design, which I have kept from thee that thou might'st not endeavour to disappoint me? Yet not so; for, where is the justice that I should suffer for another's offence? No, I will first know of Lothario what action of mine has given him assurance to make me a discovery of a passion so injurious to his friend, and my honour. Go to the window, Leonela, and call the wicked man to me, who doubtless is waiting in the street the signal for his admission to accomplish his villainous design; yet first my resolution shall be performed, which, though it be cruel, is what my

honour strictly demands of me."—"Alas! my dear lady," cried the cunning Leonela, "alas! what do you intend to do with that dagger? Is your fatal design against yourself or Lothario? Alas! you can attack neither without the ruin of your fame and reputation. You had better give no opportunity to that bad man by admitting him while we are thus alone in the house: consider, madam, we are but two weak and helpless women, he a strong and resolute man, whose force is redoubled by the passion and desire that possess him; so that before you may be able to accomplish what you design, he may commit a crime that will be more injurious to you than the loss of your life. We have reason to curse my master Anselmo, who gives such frequent opportunities to impudence and dishonesty to pollute our house. But, madam, suppose you should kill him, as I believe you design, what shall we do with his dead body?"—"What!" said Camilla, "why we would leave him in this place to be buried by Anselmo; for it must be a grateful trouble to him to bury with his own hand his own infamy and dishonour. Call him therefore quickly, for methinks every moment my revenge is deferred, I injure that loyalty I owe to my husband."

Anselmo gave great attention to all that was

said, and every word of Camilla's made a strange alteration in his sentiments, so that he could scarce forbear coming out to prevent his friend's death, when he heard her desperate resolution against his life; but his desire of seeing the end of so brave a resolve withheld him, till he saw an absolute necessity of discovering himself to hinder the mischief. Now Camilla put on a fear and weakness which resembled a swoon; and having thrown herself on a bed in the room, Leonela began a most doleful lamentation over her. —"Alas!" said she, "how unfortunate should I be, if my lady, so eminent for virtue and chastity, as well as beauty, should thus perish in my arms?" This and much more she uttered with that force of perfect dissimulation, that whoever had seen her would have concluded her one of the most innocent virgins in the world; and her lady a mere persecuted Penelope. Camilla soon came to herself, and cried to Leonela, "Why do not you call the most treacherous and unfaithful of friends? Go, fly, and let not thy delays waste my revenge and anger in mere words, and idle threats and curses."—"Madam," replied Leonela, "I will go, but you must first give me that dagger, lest you commit some outrage upon yourself in my absence, which may give an eternal cause of sorrow to all your friends that

love and value you."—"Let not those fears detain you," said Camilla, "but assure yourself I will not do anything till your return; for though I shall not fear to punish myself in the highest degree, yet I shall not, like Lucretia, punish myself, without killing him that was the principal cause of my dishonour. If I must die, I shall not refuse it; but I will first satisfy my revenge on him that has tempted me to come to this guilty assignation, to make him lament his crime without being guilty of any myself."

Camilla could scarce prevail with Leonela to leave her alone, but at last she obeyed her and withdrew; when Camilla entertained herself and her husband with the following soliloquy. "Good heaven," said she, "had I not better have continued my repulses, than by this seeming consent suffer Lothario to think scandalously of me, till my actions shall convince him of his error? That, indeed, might have been better in some respects; but then I should have wanted this opportunity of revenge, and the satisfaction of my husband's injured honour, if he were permitted, without any correction, to go off with the insolence of offering such criminal assaults to my virtue. No, no; let the traitor's life atone for the guilt of his false and unfaithful attempts, and his blood quench

that lewd fire he was not content should burn in his own breast. Let the world be witness, if it ever comes to know my story, that Camilla thought it not enough to preserve her virtue and loyalty to her husband entire, but also revenged the hateful affront, and the intended destruction of it. But it might be most convenient, perhaps, to let Anselmo know of this before I put my revenge in execution; yet, on the first attempt, I sent him word of it to the village, and I can attribute his not resenting so notorious an abuse, to nothing but his generous temper, and confidence in his friend, incapable of believing so tried a friend could be guilty of so much as a thought against his honour and reputation. Nor is this incredulity so strange, since I for so long together could not persuade myself of the truth of what my eyes and ears conveyed to me; and nothing could have convinced me of my generous error, had his insolence kept within any bounds, and not dared to proceed to large gifts, large promises, and a flood of tears which he shed, as the undissembled testimony of his passion. But to what purpose are these considerations? or is there indeed any need of considering, to persuade me to a brave resolve? Avaunt, false thoughts! Revenge is now my task; let the

treacherous man approach; let him come, let him die, let him perish. Let him but perish, no matter what is the fatal consequence. My dear Anselmo received me to his bosom spotless and chaste, and so shall the grave receive me from his arms. Let the event be as fatal as it will, the worst pollution I can this way suffer, is of mingling my own chaste blood with the impure and corrupted blood of the most false and treacherous of friends." Having said this, she traversed the room in so passionate a manner, with the drawn dagger in her hand, and showed such an agitation of spirits in her looks and motion, that she appeared like one distracted, or more like a murderer, than a tender and delicate lady.

Anselmo, not a little to his satisfaction, very plainly saw and heard all this from behind the arras, which, with the greatest reason and evidence in the world, removed all his past doubts and jealousies, and he, with abundance of concern, wished that Lothario would not come, that he might by that means escape the danger that so apparently threatened him; to prevent which he had discovered himself, had he not seen Leonela at that instant bring Lothario into the room. As soon as Camilla saw him enter, she described a line with the

poniard on the ground, and told him, the minute he presumed to pass that, she would strike the dagger to his heart. "Hear me," said she, "and observe what I say without interruption: when I have done, you shall have liberty to make what reply you please. Tell me first, Lothario, do you know my husband, and do you know me? The question is not so difficult, but you may give me immediate answer; there is no need of considering, speak, therefore, without delay." Lothario was not so dull as not to guess at her design in having her husband hid behind the hangings, and therefore adapted his answers so well to her questions, that the fiction was lost in the appearance of reality.—"I did never imagine, fair Camilla," said Lothario, "that you would make this assignation, to ask questions so distant from the dear end of my coming. If you had a mind still to delay my promised happiness, you should have prepared me for the disappointment; for, the nearer the hope of possession brings us to the good we desire, the greater is the pain to have those hopes destroyed. But, to answer your demands, I must own, madam, that I do know your husband, and he me; that this knowledge has grown up with us from our childhood; and, that I

may be a witness against myself for the injury I am compelled by love to do him, I do also own, divine Camilla, that you do too well know the tenderness of our mutual friendship; yet love is a sufficient excuse for all my errors, if they were much more criminal than they are. And, madam, that I know you is evident, and love you equal to him, for nothing but your charms could have power enough to make me forget what I owe to my own honour, and what to the holy laws of friendship, all which I have been forced to break by the resistless tyranny of love. Ah! had I known you less, I had been more innocent."—"If you confess all this," said Camilla, "if you know us both, how dare you violate so sacred a friendship, injure so true a friend, and appear thus confidently before me, whom you know to be esteemed by him the mirror of his love, in which that love so often views itself with pleasure and satisfaction, and in which you ought to have surveyed yourself so far, as to have seen how small the temptation is, that has prevailed on you to wrong him. But, alas! this points me to the cause of your transgression; some suspicious action of mine, when I have been least on my guard, as thinking myself alone; but assure yourself whatever it was, it proceeds not

from looseness or levity of principle, but a negligence and liberty which the sex sometimes innocently fall into, when they think themselves unobserved. If this were not the cause, say, traitor, when did I listen to your prayers, or in the least regard your tears and vows, so that you might derive from thence the smallest hope of accomplishing your infamous desires? Did I not always with the last aversion and disdain reject your criminal passion? Did I ever betray a belief in your lavish promises, or admit of your prodigal gifts? But since, without some hope, no love can long subsist, I will lay that hateful guilt on some unhappy inadvertency of mine, and therefore will inflict the same punishment on myself that your crime deserves. And to show you that I cannot but be cruel to you, who will not spare myself, I sent for you to be a witness of that just sacrifice I shall make to my dear husband's injured honour, on which you have fixed the blackest mark of infamy that your malice could suggest; and which I, alas! have sullied too by my thoughtless neglect of depriving you of the occasion, if, indeed, I gave any, of nourishing your wicked intentions. Once more I tell you, that the bare suspicion that my want of caution, and setting so severe a guard

on my actions as I ought, has made you harbour such wild and infamous intentions, is the sharpest of my afflictions, and what with my own hands I resolve to punish with the utmost severity. For, should I leave that punishment to another, it would but increase my guilt. Yes, I will die; but first, to satisfy my revenge and impartial justice, I will, unmoved and unrelenting, destroy the fatal cause that has reduced me to this desperate condition."

At these words she flew with so much violence, and so well-acted a fury, on Lothario, with her naked dagger, that he could scarce think it feigned, and therefore secured himself from her blow by avoiding it, and holding her hand. Thereupon, to give more life to the fiction, as in a rage at her disappointed revenge on Lothario, she cried out, "Since my malicious fortune denies a complete satisfaction to my just desires, at least it shall not be in its power entirely to defeat my resolution."— With that, drawing back her dagger-hand from Lothario who held it, she struck it into that part of her body where it might do her the least damage, and then fell down, as fainting away with the wound. Lothario and Leonela, surprised at the unexpected event, knew not

yet what to think, seeing her still lie all bloody on the ground. Lothario, pale and trembling, ran to take out the dagger; but was delivered of his fears when he saw so little blood follow it; and more than ever admired the cunning and wit of the beautiful Camilla. Yet, to play his part as well, and show himself a friend, he lamented over Camilla's body in the most pathetic manner in the world, as if she had been really dead; he cursed himself, and cursed his friend, that had put him on that fatal experiment; and knowing that Anselmo heard him, he said such things that were able to draw a greater pity for him than even for Camilla, though she seemed to have lost her life in the unfortunate adventure. Leonela removed her body to the bed, and begged Lothario to seek some surgeon, that might with all the secrecy in the world cure her lady's wound. She also asked his advice how to excuse it to her master, if he should return before it was perfectly cured. He replied, They might say what they pleased, that he was not in a humour of advising, but bid her endeavour to staunch her mistress's blood, for he would go where they should never hear more of him. And so he left them, with all the appearance of grief and concern that the occasion required. He was no sooner gone, but

he had leisure to reflect, with the greatest wonder imaginable, on Camilla's and her woman's conduct in this affair, and on the assurance which this scene had given Anselmo of his wife's virtue; since now, he could not but believe he had a second Portia; and he longed to meet him, to rejoice over the best dissembled imposture that ever bore away the opinion of truth. Leonela staunched the blood, which was no more than necessary for covering the cheat, and washing the wound with wine only as she bound it up, her discourse was so moving, and so well acted, that it had been alone sufficient to have convinced Anselmo that he had the most virtuous wife in the world. Camilla was not silent, but added fresh confirmations. In every word she spoke, she complained of her cowardice and baseness of spirit, that denied her time and force to despatch that life which was now so hateful to her. She asked her too, whether she should inform her husband of what had passed, or not? Leonela was for her concealing it, since the discovery must infallibly engage her husband in a revenge on Lothario, which must as certainly expose him too; for those things were never accomplished without the greatest danger; and that a good wife ought to the best of her power

prevent involving her husband in quarrels. Camilla yielded to her reasons; but added, that they must find out some pretended cause of her wound, which he would certainly see at his return. Leonela replied, that it was a difficult task, since she was incapable, even in jest, to dissemble the truth. "Am I not," answered Camilla, "under the same difficulty, who cannot save my life by the odious refuge of a falsehood? Had we not better, then, confess the real truth, than be caught in a lie?"—"Well, madam," returned Leonela, "let this give you no further trouble; by to-morrow morning I shall find out some expedient or other; though I hope the place where the wound is, may conceal it enough from his observation to secure us from all apprehension; leave, therefore, the whole event to heaven, which always favours and assists the innocent."

Anselmo saw and heard this formal tragedy of his ruined honour with all the attention imaginable, in which all the actors performed their parts so to the life, that they seemed the truth they represented. He wished with the last impatience for the night, that he might convey himself from his hiding-place to his friend's house, and there rejoice for this happy discovery of his wife's experienced virtue.

Camilla and her maid took care to furnish him with an opportunity of departing, of which he soon took hold, for fear of losing it. It is impossible to tell you all the embraces he gave Lothario, and the joy and extreme satisfaction he expressed at his good fortune, or the extravagant praises he gave Camilla. Lothario heard all this without taking a friend's share in the pleasure, for he was shocked with the concern he had to see his friend so grossly imposed on, and the guilt of his own treachery in injuring his honour. Though Anselmo easily perceived that Lothario was not touched with any pleasure at his relation, yet he believed Camilla's wound, caused by him, was the true motive of his not sharing his joy; and therefore assured him, he need not too much trouble himself for it, since it could not be dangerous, she and her woman having agreed to conceal it from him. This cause of his fear being removed, he desired him to put on a face of joy, since, by his means, he should now possess a perfect happiness and content; and therefore he would spend the rest of his life in conveying Camilla's virtue to posterity, by writing her praise in verse. Lothario approved his resolution, and promised to do the same. Thus Anselmo remained the most delightfully

deceived of any man alive. He therefore carried Lothario immediately to his house, as the instrument of his glory, though he was, indeed, the only cause of his infamy and dishonour. Camilla received him with a face that ill expressed the satisfaction of her mind, being forced to put on frowns in her looks, while her heart prompted nothing but smiles of joy for his presence.

For some months the fraud was concealed; but then fortune, turning her wheel, discovered to the world the wickedness they had so long and artificially disguised; and Anselmo's impertinent curiosity cost him his life.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CONCLUSION OF THE NOVEL OF THE CURIOUS IMPERTINENT; WITH THE DREADFUL BATTLE BETWIXT DON QUIXOTE AND CERTAIN WINE-SKINS.

The novel was come near a conclusion, when Sancho Panza came running out of Don Quixote's chamber in a terrible fright, crying out, "Help, help, good people, help my master! He is just now at it, tooth and nail, with that same giant, the Princess Micomicona's foe: I never saw a more dreadful battle in my born-days. He has lent him such a sliver, that whip off went the giant's head, as round as a turnip."—"You are mad, Sancho," said the curate, interrupted in his reading; "is thy master such a devil of a hero, as to fight a giant at two thousand leagues' distance?" Upon this, they presently heard a noise and bustle in the chamber, and Don Quixote bawling out, "Stay, villain, robber, stay; since I have thee here, thy scimitar shall but little avail thee;" and with this, they heard him strike with his sword, with all his force against the walls.—"Good folks,"

said Sancho, "my master does not want your hearkening; why do not you run in and help him? though I believe it is after meat mustard, for sure the giant is by this time gone to pot, and giving an account of his ill life: for I saw his blood run all about the house, and his head sailing in the middle of it: but such a head! it is bigger than any wine-skin* in Spain."— "Death and hell!" cries the innkeeper, "I will be cut like a cucumber, if this Don Quixote, or Don Devil, has not been hacking my wine-skins[1] that stood filled at his bed's-head, and this coxcomb has taken the spilt liquor for blood." Then running with the whole company into the room, they found the poor knight in the most comical posture imaginable.

He was standing in his shirt, the fore-part of it scarcely reaching to the bottom of his belly, and about a span shorter behind; this added a very peculiar air to his long lean legs, as dirty and hairy as a beast's. To make him all of a piece, he wore on his head a little red greasy cast night-cap of the innkeeper's; he had wrapped one of the best blankets about his left arm for a shield; and wielded his drawn sword in the right, laying about him pell-mell; with

* In Spain they keep their wines in the skin of a hog, goat, sheep, or other beast, pitched within, and sewed close without.

[1] See Appendix, Note 1, Chapter VIII., Book IV.

now and then a start of some military expression, as if he had been really engaged with some giant. But the best jest of all, he was all this time fast asleep; for the thoughts of the adventure he had undertaken, had so wrought on his imagination, that his depraved fancy had in his sleep represented to him the kingdom of Micomicon, and the giant: and dreaming that he was then fighting him, he assaulted the wine-skins so desperately, that he set the whole chamber afloat with good wine. The innkeeper, enraged to see the havoc, flew at Don Quixote with his fists; and had not Cardenio and the curate taken him off, he had proved a giant indeed against the knight. All this could not wake the poor Don, till the barber, throwing a bucket of cold water on him, wakened him from his sleep, though not from his dream.

The shortness of her champion's shirt gave Dorothea a surfeit of the battle. Sancho ran up and down the room searching for the giant's head, till, finding his labour fruitless, "Well, well," said he, "now I see plainly that this house is haunted, for when I was here before, in this very room was I beaten like any stock-fish, but knew no more than the man in the moon who struck me; and now the giant's head that I saw

cut off with these eyes, is vanished; and I am sure I saw the body spout blood like a pump."— "What a prating and a nonsense does this damned son of a whore keep about blood and a pump, and I know not what," said the innkeeper; "I tell you, rascal, it is my wine-skins that are slashed, and my wine that runs about the floor here, and I hope to see the soul of him that spilt it swimming in hell for his pains."— "Well, well," said Sancho, "do not trouble me; I only tell you, that I cannot find the giant's head, and my earldom is gone after it, and so I am undone, like salt in water." And truly Sancho's waking dream was as pleasant as his master's when asleep. The innkeeper was almost mad to see the foolish squire harp so on the same string with his frantic master, and swore they should not come off now as before, that their chivalry should be no satisfaction for his wine, but that they should pay him sauce for the damage, and for the very leathern patches which the wounded wine-skins would want.

Don Quixote, in the meanwhile, believing he had finished his adventure, and mistaking the curate, that held him by the arms, for the Princess Micomicona, fell on his knees before him, and with a respect due to a royal presence,

"Now may your highness," said he, "great and illustrious princess, live secure, free from any further apprehensions from your conquered enemy; and now I am acquitted of my engagement, since, by the assistance of heaven, and the influence of her favour, by whom I live and conquer, your adventure is so happily achieved." —"Did not I tell you so, gentlefolks?" said Sancho; "who is drunk or mad now? See if my master has not already put the giant in pickle? Here are the bulls,* and I am an earl."[1] The whole company (except the innkeeper, who gave himself to the devil) were like to split at the extravagances of master and man. At last, the barber, Cardenio, and the curate, having, with much ado, got Don Quixote to bed, he presently fell asleep, being heartily tired; and then they left him, to comfort Sancho Panza for the loss of the giant's head; but it was no easy matter to appease the innkeeper, who was at his wit's end for the unexpected and sudden fate of his wine-skins.

The hostess, in the meantime, ran up and down the house crying and roaring: "In an ill hour," said she, "did this unlucky knight-errant come into my house; I wish, for my

* In allusion to the joy of the mob in Spain, when they see the bulls coming.

[1] See Appendix, Note 2, Chapter VIII., Book IV.

part, I had never seen him, for he has been a dear guest to me. He and his man, his horse and his ass, went away last time without paying me a cross for their supper, their bed, their litter and provender; and all, forsooth, because he was seeking adventures. What, in the devil's name, have I to do with his statutes of chivalry? If they oblige him not to pay, they should oblige him not to eat neither. It was upon this score that the t'other fellow took away my good tail; it is clear spoiled, the hair is all torn off, and my husband can never use it again. And now to come upon me again, with destroying my wine-skins, and spilling my liquor; may somebody spill his heart's blood for it for me! But I will be paid, so I will, to the last maravedis, or I will disown my name,[1] and forswear the mother that bore me." Her honest maid Maritornes seconded her fury; but Master Curate stopped their mouths by promising that he would see them satisfied for their wine and their skins, but especially for the tail which they kept such a clatter about. Dorothea comforted Sancho, assuring him, that whenever it appeared that his master had killed the giant, and restored her to her dominions, he should be sure of the best earldom in her

[1] See Appendix, Note 3, Chapter VIII., Book IV.

disposal. With this he huckled up again, and swore "that he himself had seen the giant's head, by the same token that it had a beard that reached down to his middle; and if it could not be found it must be hid by witchcraft, for every thing went by enchantment in that house, as he had found to his cost when he was there before."—Dorothea answered, that she believed him; and desired him to pluck up his spirits, for all things would be well. All parties being quieted, Cardenio, Dorothea, and the rest, entreated the curate to finish the novel, which was so near a conclusion; and he, in obedience to their commands, took up the book and read on.

Anselmo grew so satisfied in Camilla's virtue, that he lived with all the content and security in the world; to confirm which, Camilla ever in her looks seemed to discover her aversion to Lothario, which made him desire Anselmo to dispense with his coming to his house, since he found how averse his wife was to him, and how great a disgust she had to his company; but Anselmo would not be persuaded to yield to his request; and was so blind, that, seeking his content, he perpetually promoted his dishonour. He was not the only person pleased with the condition he lived in; Leonela was so transported with her amour, that, secured by

her lady's connivance, she perfectly abandoned herself to the indiscreet enjoyment of her gallant: so that one night her master heard somebody in her chamber, and coming to the door to discover who it was, he found it held fast against him; but at last forcing it open, he saw one leap out of the window the instant he entered the room: he would have pursued him, but Leonela clinging about him, begged him to appease his anger and concern, since the person that made his escape was her husband. Anselmo would not believe her, but drawing his dagger, threatened to kill her if she did not immediately make full discovery of the matter. Distracted with fear, she begged him to spare her life, and she would discover things that more nearly related to him than he imagined.—"Speak quickly then," replied Anselmo, "or you die."—"It is impossible," returned she, "that in this confusion and fright I should say anything that can be understood; but give me but till to-morrow morning, and I will lay such things before you, as will surprise and amaze you: but believe me, sir, the person that leaped out of the window, is a young man of this city, who is contracted to me." This something appeased Anselmo, and prevailed with him to allow her till the next morning to

make her confession: for he was too well assured of Camilla's virtue, by the past trial, to suspect that there could be anything relating to her in what Leonela had to tell him: wherefore fastening her in her room, and threatening that she should never come out till she had done what she had promised, he returned to his chamber to Camilla, and told her all that had passed, without omitting the promise she had given him to make some strange discovery the next morning. You may easily imagine the concern this gave Camilla; she made no doubt but that the discovery Leonela had promised was of her disloyalty; and without waiting to know whether it was so or not, that very night, as soon as Anselmo was asleep, taking with her all her jewels, and some money, she got undiscovered out of the house, and went to Lothario, informed him of all that had passed, and desired him either to put her in some place of safety, or to go with her where they might enjoy each other secure from the fears of Anselmo. This surprising relation so confounded Lothario, that for some time he knew not what he did, or what resolution to take; but at last, with Camilla's consent, he put her into a nunnery, where a sister of his was abbess, and immediately, without

acquainting anybody with his departure, left the city.

Anselmo, as soon as it was day, got up, without missing his wife, and hurried away to Leonela's chamber, to hear what she had to say to him; but he found nobody there, only the sheets tied together, and fastened to the window, showed which way she had made her escape; on which he returned very sad to tell Camilla the adventure, but was extremely surprised when he found her not in the whole house, nor could hear any news of her from his servants; but finding in his search her trunks open, and most of her jewels gone, he no longer doubted of his dishonour: so, pensive and half-dressed as he was, he went to Lothario's lodging to tell him his misfortune; but when his servants informed him that he was gone that very night, with all his money and jewels, his pangs were redoubled, and his grief increased almost to madness. To conclude, he returned home, found his house empty, for fear had driven away all his servants. He knew not what to think, say, or do. He saw himself forsaken by his friend, his wife, and his very servants, with whom he imagined that Heaven itself had abandoned him; but his greatest trouble was to find himself robbed of his honour and repu-

tation, for Camilla's crime was but too evident from all these concurring circumstances. After a thousand distracting thoughts, he resolved to retreat to that village whither he formerly retired, to give Lothario an opportunity to ruin him; wherefore, fastening up his doors, he took horse, full of despair and languishing sorrow, the violence of which was so great, that he had scarce rid half way, when he was forced to alight, and, tying his horse to a tree, he threw himself beneath it, and spent, in that melancholy posture, a thousand racking reflections, most part of the day; till, a little before night, he discovered a passenger coming the same road, of whom he inquired what news at Florence? The traveller replied, that the most surprising news that had been heard of late, was now all the talk of the city, which was, that Lothario had that very night carried away the wealthy Anselmo's wife Camilla, which was all confessed by Camilla's woman, who was apprehended that night as she slipped from the window of Anselmo's house, by a pair of sheets. "The truth of this story I cannot affirm," continued the traveller; "but every body is astonished at the accident; for no man could ever suspect such a crime from a person engaged in so strict a friendship with Anselmo as Lothario

was; for they were called the Two Friends."—"Is it yet known," replied Anselmo, "which way Lothario and Camilla are gone?"—"No, sir," returned the traveller, "though the governor has made as strict a search after them as is possible."—Anselmo asked no more questions, but after they had taken their leaves of each other, the traveller left him and pursued his journey.

This mournful news so affected the unfortunate Anselmo, that he was struck with death almost that very moment. Getting therefore on his horse as well as he could, he arrived at his friend's house. He knew nothing yet of his disgrace; but seeing him so pale and melancholy, concluded that some great misfortune had befallen him. Anselmo desired to be immediately led to his chamber, and furnished with pen, ink, and paper, and to be left alone with his door locked: when, finding that his end approached, he resolved to leave in writing the cause of his sudden and unexpected death. Taking therefore the pen, he began to write; but, unable to finish what he designed, he died a martyr to his impertinent curiosity. The gentleman, finding he did not call, and that it grew late, resolved to enter his chamber, and see whether his friend was better or worse. He

found him half out of bed, lying on his face, with the pen in his hand, and a paper open before him. Seeing him in this posture, he drew near him, called and moved him, but soon found he was dead; which made him call his servants to behold the unhappy event; and then took up the paper, which he saw was written in Anselmo's own hand, and was to this effect:—

"A foolish and impertinent desire has robbed me of life. If Camilla hear of my death, let her know that I forgive her; for she was not obliged to do miracles, nor was there any reason I should have desired or expected it; and since I contrived my own dishonour, there is no cause"——

Thus far Anselmo writ; but life would not hold out till he could give the reasons he designed. The next day the gentleman of the house sent word of Anselmo's death to his relations, who already knew his misfortunes, as well as the nunnery whither Camilla was retired. She herself was indeed very near that death which her husband had passed; though not for the loss of him, but Lothario; of which she had lately heard a flying report; but though she was a widow now, she would neither take the veil, nor leave the nunnery; till, in a few days, the

news was confirmed[1] of his being slain in a battle betwixt Monsieur de Lautrec, and that great general, Gonzalo Fernandes de Cordona, in the kingdom of Naples.[2] This was the end of the offending and too late penitent friend; the news of which made Camilla immediately profess herself, and soon after, overwhelmed with grief and melancholy, pay for her transgression with the loss of her life. This was the unhappy end of them all, proceeding from so impertinent a beginning.

"I like this novel well enough," said the curate; "yet, after all, I cannot persuade myself that there is anything of truth in it; and if it be purely invention, the author was in the wrong; for it is not to be imagined there could ever be a husband so foolish, as to venture on so dangerous an experiment. Had he made his husband and wife a gallant and a mistress, the fable had appeared more probable; but, as it is, it is next to impossible. However, I must confess, I have nothing to object against his manner of telling it."

[1] See Appendix, Note 4, Chapter VIII., Book IV.
[2] *Ibid*, Note 5.

CHAPTER IX.

CONTAINING AN ACCOUNT OF MANY SURPRISING ACCIDENTS IN THE INN.

At the same time the innkeeper, who stood at the door, seeing company coming, "More guests," cried he; "a brave jolly troop, on my word. If they stop here, we may sing, O be joyful."--"What are they?" said Cardenio.—"Four men," said the host, "on horseback, *à la Gineta*,* with black masks† on their faces, and armed with lances and targets; a lady too all in white, that rides single and masked; and two running footmen."—"Are they near?" said the curate.—"Just at the door," replied the innkeeper."—Hearing this, Dorothea veiled herself, and Cardenio had just time enough to step into the next room, where Don Quixote lay, when the strangers came into the yard. The four horsemen, who made a very genteel

* A kind of riding with short stirrups, which the Spaniards took from the Arabians, and is still used by all the African and Eastern nations.

† *Antifaz;* a piece of thin black silk, which the Spaniards wear before their faces in travelling, not for disguise, but to keep off the dust and sun.

appearance, dismounted and went to help down the lady, whom one of them taking in his arms, carried into the house; where he seated her in a chair by the chamber-door, into which Cardenio had withdrawn. All this was done without discovering their faces, or speaking a word; only the lady, as she sat down in the chair, breathed out a deep sigh, and let her arms sink down, in a weak and fainting posture. The curate, marking their odd behaviour, which raised in him a curiosity to know who they were, went to their servants in the stable, and asked what their masters were? "Indeed,* sir," said one of them, "that is more than we can tell you; they seem of no mean quality, especially that gentleman who carried the lady into the house, for the rest pay him great respect, and his word is a law to them."—"Who is the lady?" said the curate.—"We know no more of her than the rest," answered the fellow, "for we could never see her face all the time, and it is impossible we should know her or them any otherwise. They picked us up on the road, my comrade and myself, and prevailed with us to wait on them to Andalusia, promising to pay us well for our trouble; so

* It is in the original *par diez* (*i.e.*, by ten) instead of *par Dios* (*i.e.*, by God), thinking to cheat the devil of an oath.

that, bating the two days travelling in their company, they are utter strangers to us."—"Could you not hear them name one another all this time?" asked the curate.—"No, truly, sir," answered the footman, "for we heard them not speak a syllable all the way; the poor lady, indeed, used to sigh and grieve so piteously, that we are persuaded she has no stomach to this journey: whatever may be the cause we know not; by her garb she seems to be a nun, but by her grief and melancholy, one might guess they are going to make her one, when perhaps the poor girl has not a bit of nun's flesh about her."—"Very likely," said the curate; and with that leaving them, he returned to the place where he left Dorothea, who, hearing the masked lady sigh so frequently, moved by the natural pity of the soft sex, could not forbear inquiring the cause of her sorrow.—"Pardon me, madam," said she, "if I beg to know your grief; and assure yourself, that my request does not proceed from mere curiosity, but an earnest inclination to serve and assist you, if your misfortune be any such as our sex is naturally subject to, and in the power of a woman to cure."—The melancholy lady made no return to her compliment, and Dorothea pressed her in vain with new reasons, when

the gentleman, whom the foot-boy signified to be the chief of the company, interposed: "Madam," said he, "do not trouble yourself to throw away any generous offer on that ungrateful woman, whose nature cannot return an obligation; neither expect any answer to your demands, for her tongue is a stranger to truth." —"Sir," said the disconsolate lady, "my truth and honour have made me thus miserable, and my sufferings are sufficient to prove you the falsest and most base of men."—Cardenio being only parted from the company by Don Quixote's chamber-door, overheard these last words very distinctly; and immediately cried out, "Good heaven, what do I hear! what voice struck my ear just now?" The lady, startled at his exclamation, sprung from the chair, and would have bolted into the chamber whence the voice came; but the gentleman perceiving it, laid hold on her, to prevent her, which so disordered the lady that her mask fell off, and discovered an incomparable face, beautiful as an angel's, though very pale, and strangely discomposed, her eyes eagerly rolling on every side, which made her appear distracted. Dorothea and the rest, not guessing what her eyes sought by their violent motion, beheld her with grief and wonder. She struggled so hard,

and the gentleman was so disordered by beholding her, that his mask dropped off too, and discovered to Dorothea, who was assisting to hold the lady, the face of her husband Don Ferdinand. Scarce had she known him, when, with a long and dismal oh! she fell in a swoon, and would have reached the floor with all her weight, had not the barber, by good fortune, stood behind and supported her. The curate ran presently to help her, and pulling off her veil to throw water in her face, Don Ferdinand presently knew her, and was struck almost as dead as she at the sight; nevertheless, he did not quit Lucinda, who was the lady that struggled so hard to get out of his hands. Cardenio hearing Dorothea's exclamation, and imagining it to be Lucinda's voice, flew into the chamber in great disorder, and the first object he met was Don Ferdinand holding Lucinda, who presently knew him. They were all struck dumb with amazement: Dorothea gazed on Don Ferdinand; Don Ferdinand on Cardenio; and Cardenio and Lucinda on one another.

At last Lucinda broke silence, and addressing Don Ferdinand, "Let me go," said she; "unloose your hold, my lord: by the generosity you should have, or by your inhumanity, since

it must be so, I conjure you, leave me, that I may cling like ivy to my old support; and from whom neither your threats, nor prayers, nor gifts, nor promises, could ever alienate my love. Contend not against heaven, whose power alone could bring me to my dear husband's sight, by such strange and unexpected means: you have a thousand instances to convince you, that nothing but death can make me ever forget him: let this, at least, turn your love into rage, which may prompt you to end my miseries with my life, here before my dear husband, where I shall be proud to lose it, since my death may convince him of my unshaken love and honour, till the last minute of my life." Dorothea by this time had recovered, and finding, by Lucinda's discourse who she was, and that Don Ferdinand would not unhand her, she made a virtue of necessity, and falling at his feet, "My lord," cried she, all bathed in tears, "if that beauty which you hold in your arms, has not altogether dazzled your eyes, you may behold at your feet the once happy, but now miserable Dorothea. I am the poor and humble villager, whom your generous bounty, I dare not say your love, did condescend to raise to the honour of calling you her own: I am she, who,

once confined to peaceful innocence, led a contented life, till your importunity, your shew of honour, and deluding words, charmed me from my retreat, and made me resign my freedom to your power. How I am recompensed may be guessed by my grief, and my being found here in this strange place, whither I was led, not through any dishonourable ends, but purely by despair and grief to be forsaken of you. It was at your desire I was bound to you by the strictest tie, and whatever you do, you can never cease to be mine. Consider, my dear lord, that my matchless love may balance the beauty and nobility of the person for whom you would forsake me; she cannot share your love, for it is only mine; and Cardenio's interest in her will not admit a partner. It is easier far, my lord, to recall your wandering desires, and fix them upon her that adores you, than to draw her to love who hates you. Remember how you did solicit my humble state, and conscious of my meanness, ye paid a veneration to my innocence, which, joined with the honourable condition of my yielding to your desires, pronounce me free from ill design or dishonour. Consider these undeniable truths: have some regard to your honour! remember you are a

Christian! Why should you then make her life end so miserably, whose beginning your favour made so happy? If I must not expect the usage and respect of a wife, let me but serve you as a slave; so I belong to you, though in the meanest rank, I never shall complain: let me not be exposed to the slandering reflections of the censorious world by so cruel a separation from my lord: afflict not the declining years of my poor parents, whose faithful services to you and yours have merited a more suitable return. If you imagine the current of your noble blood should be defiled by mixing with mine, consider how many noble houses have run in such a channel; besides, the woman's side is not essentially requisite to ennoble descent. But chiefly think on this, that virtue is the truest nobility, which, if you stain by basely wronging me, you bring a greater blot upon your family than marrying me could cause. In fine, my lord, you cannot, must not disown me for your wife: to attest which truth, I call your own words, which must be true, if you prize yourself for honour, and that nobility, whose want you so despise in me. Witness your oaths and vows, witness that Heaven which you so oft invoked to ratify your promises; and if all these should

fail, I make my last appeal to your own conscience, whose sting will always represent my wrongs fresh to your thoughts, and disturb your joys amidst your greatest pleasures."

These, with many such arguments, did the mournful Dorothea urge, appearing so lovely in her sorrow, that Don Ferdinand's friends, as well as all the rest, sympathized with her; Lucinda, particularly, as much admiring her wit and beauty, as moved by the tears, the piercing sighs and moans that followed her entreaties; and she would have gone nearer to have comforted her, had not Ferdinand's arms, that still held her, prevented it. He stood full of confusion, with his eyes fixed attentively on Dorothea a great while; at last, opening his arms, he quitted Lucinda, "Thou hast conquered," cried he, "charming Dorothea, thou hast conquered me; it is impossible to resist so many united truths and charms." Lucinda was still so disordered and weak, that she would have fallen when Ferdinand quitted her, had not Cardenio, without regard to his safety, leaped forward and caught her in his arms, and embracing her with eagerness and joy: "Thanks, gracious Heaven!" cried he aloud; "my dear, my faithful wife, thy sorrows are now ended; for where canst thou rest more

safe than in my arms, which now support thee, as once they did when my blessed fortune first made thee mine?" Lucinda then opening her eyes, and finding herself in the arms of her Cardenio, without regard to ceremony or decency, threw her arms about his neck, and, laying her face to his, "Yes," said she, "thou art he, thou art my lord indeed! It is even you yourself, the right owner of this poor, harassed captive. Now, fortune, act thy worst; nor fears nor threats shall ever part me from the sole support and comfort of my life."— This sight was very surprising to Don Ferdinand and the other spectators. Dorothea perceiving, by Don Ferdinand's change of countenance, and laying his hand to his sword, that he prepared to assault Cardenio, fell suddenly on her knees, and, with an endearing embrace, held Don Ferdinand's leg so fast, that he could not stir. "What means," cried she, all in tears, "the only refuge of my hope? See here thy own and dearest wife at thy feet, and her you would enjoy in her true husband's arms. Think then, my lord, how unjust is your attempt to dissolve that knot which Heaven has tied so fast. Can you ever think or hope success in your design on her, who, contemning all dangers, and confirmed in strictest constancy

and honour, before your face lies bathed in tears of joy and passion in her true lover's bosom? For Heaven's sake I entreat you, by your own words I conjure you, to mitigate your anger, and permit that faithful pair to consummate their joys, and spend their remaining days in peace. Thus may you make it appear that you are generous and truly noble, giving the world so strong a proof that you have your reason at command, and your passion in subjection." All this while Cardenio, though he still held Lucinda in his arms, had a watchful eye on Don Ferdinand; resolving, if he had made the least offer to his prejudice, to make him repent it and all his party, if possible, though at the expense of his life. But Don Ferdinand's friend the curate, the barber, and all the company (not forgetting honest Sancho Panza), got together about Don Ferdinand, and entreated him to pity the beautiful Dorothea's tears; that, considering what she had said, the truth of which was apparent, it would be the highest injustice to frustrate her lawful hopes; that their strange and wonderful meeting could not be attributed to chance, but the peculiar and directing providence of Heaven; that nothing (as Mr Curate very well urged) but death could part Cardenio

from Lucinda; and that though the edge of his sword might separate them, he would make them happier by death, than he could hope to be by surviving; that, in irrecoverable accidents, a submission to fate, and a resignation of our wills, showed not only the greatest prudence, but also the highest courage and generosity; that he should not envy those happy lovers what the bounty of Heaven had conferred on them, but that he should turn his eyes on Dorothea's grief, view her incomparable beauty, which, with her true and unfeigned love, made large amends for the meanness of her parentage; but principally it lay upon him, if he gloried in the titles of nobility and Christianity, to keep his promise unviolated; that the more reasonable part of mankind could not otherwise be satisfied, or have any esteem for him. Also, that it was the special prerogative of beauty, if heightened by virtue, and adorned with modesty, to lay claim to any dignity, without disparagement or scandal to the person that raises it; and that the strong dictates of delight having been once indulged, we are not to be blamed for following them afterwards, provided they be not unlawful. In short, to these reasons they added so many enforcing arguments, that Don Ferdinand, who

was truly a gentleman, could no longer resist reason, but stooped down, and, embracing Dorothea, "Rise, madam," said he, "it is not proper that she should lie prostrate at my feet, who triumphs over my soul. If I have not hitherto paid you all the respect I ought, it was perhaps so ordered by Heaven, that, having by this a stronger conviction of your constancy and goodness, I may henceforth set the greater value on your merit. Let the future respects and services I shall pay you, plead a pardon for my past transgressions; and let the violent passions of my love, that first made me yours, be an excuse for that which caused me to forsake you. View the now happy Lucinda's eyes, and there read a thousand farther excuses; but I promise henceforth never to disturb her quiet; and may she live long and contented with her dear Cardenio, as I hope to do with my dearest Dorothea."—Thus concluding, he embraced her again so lovingly, that it was with no small difficulty that he kept in his tears, which he endeavoured to conceal, being ashamed to discover so effeminate a proof of his remorse.

Cardenio, Lucinda, and the greatest part of the company, could not so well command their passions, but all wept for joy: even

Sancho Panza himself shed tears, though, as he afterwards confessed, it was not for downright grief, but because he found not Dorothea to be the Queen of Micomicona, as he supposed, and of whom he expected so many favours and preferments. Cardenio and Lucinda fell at Don Ferdinand's feet, giving him thanks, with the strongest expressions which gratitude could suggest; he raised them up, and received their acknowledgments with much modesty; then begged to be informed by Dorothea, how she came to that place. She related to him all she had told Cardenio, but with such a grace, that what were misfortunes to her, proved an inexpressible pleasure to those that heard her relation. When she had done, Don Ferdinand told all that had befallen him in the city, after he found the paper in Lucinda's bosom, which declared Cardenio to be her husband; how he would have killed her, had not her parents prevented him; how afterwards, mad with shame and anger, he left the city, to wait a more commodious opportunity of revenge; how, in a short time, he learned that Lucinda was fled to a nunnery, resolving to end her days there, if she could not spend them with Cardenio; that, having desired those three gentlemen to go with him, they went to the

nunnery, and, waiting till they found the gate open, he left two of the gentlemen to secure the door, while he, with the other, entered the house, where they found Lucinda talking with a nun in the cloister. They forcibly brought her thence to a village, where they disguised themselves for their more convenient flight, which they more easily brought about, the nunnery being situate in the fields, distant a good way from any town. He likewise added, how Lucinda, finding herself in his power, fell into a swoon; and that after she came to herself, she continually wept and sighed, but would not speak a syllable; and that, accompanied with silence only and tears, they had travelled till they came to that inn, which proved to him as his arrival at heaven, having put a happy conclusion to all his earthly misfortunes.

CHAPTER X.

THE HISTORY OF THE FAMOUS PRINCESS MICOMICONA CONTINUED, WITH OTHER PLEASANT ADVENTURES.

The joy of the whole company was unspeakable by the happy conclusion of this perplexed business. Dorothea, Cardenio, and Lucinda thought the sudden change of their affairs too surprising to be real; and through a disuse of good fortune, could hardly be induced to believe their happiness. Don Ferdinand thanked Heaven a thousand times for its propitious conduct in leading him out of a labyrinth, in which his honour and virtue were like to have been lost. The curate, as he was very instrumental in the general reconciliation, had likewise no small share in the general joy; and that no discontent might sour their universal satisfaction, Cardenio and the curate engaged to see the hostess satisfied for all the damages committed by Don Quixote: only poor Sancho drooped pitifully. He found his lordship and his hopes vanished into smoke, the Princess

Micomicona was changed to Dorothea, and the giant to Don Ferdinand. Thus, very musty and melancholy, he slipt into his master's chamber, who had slept on, and was just wakened, little thinking of what had happened.

"I hope your early rising will do you no hurt," said he, "Sir Knight of the Woeful Figure; but you may now sleep on till doomsday if you will; nor need you trouble your head any longer about killing any giant, or restoring the princess, for all that is done to your hand."—"That is more than probable," answered the knight; "for I have had the most extraordinary, the most prodigious, and bloody battle with the giant, that I ever had, or shall have, during the whole course of my life. Yet with one cross stroke I laid his head thwack on the ground, whence the great effusion of blood seemed like a violent stream of water."—"Of wine, you mean," said Sancho; "for you must know (if you know it not already) that your worship's dead giant is a broached wine-skin; and the blood some thirty gallons of tent which it held in its belly; and your head so cleverly struck off, is the whore my mother; and so the devil take both giant and head, and all together for Sancho."—

"What sayest thou, madman?" said the Don; "thou art frantic, sure."—"Rise, rise, sir," said Sancho, "and see what fine work you have cut out for yourself; here is the devil-and-all to pay for, and your great queen is changed into a private gentlewoman, called Dorothea, with some other such odd matters, that you will wonder with a vengeance."—"I can wonder at nothing here," said Don Quixote, "where, you may remember, I told you all things ruled by enchantment."—"I believe it," quoth Sancho, "had my tossing in a blanket been of that kind; but sure it was the likest the tossing in a blanket of anything I ever knew in my life. And this same innkeeper, I remember very well, was one of those that tossed me into the air, and as cleverly and heartily he did it as a man could wish, I will say that for him; so that after all I begin to smell a rat, and do perilously suspect that all our enchantment will end in nothing but bruises and broken bones."—"Heaven will retrieve all," said the knight; "I will therefore dress, and march to the discovery of these wonderful transformations."—While Sancho made him ready, the curate gave Don Ferdinand and the rest an account of Don Quixote's madness, and of the device he used to draw

him from the Poor Rock, to which the supposed disdain of his mistress had banished him in imagination. Sancho's adventures made also a part in the story, which proved very diverting to the strangers. He added, that since Dorothea's change of fortune had baulked their design that way, some other trick should be found to decoy him home. Cardenio offered his service in the affair, and that Lucinda should personate Dorothea. "No, no," answered Don Ferdinand; "Dorothea shall humour the jest still, if this honest gentleman's habitation be not very far off."—"Only two days' journey," said the curate.—"I would ride twice as far," said Don Ferdinand, "for the pleasure of so good and charitable an action."—By this Don Quixote had sallied out, armed cap-a-pie, Mambrino's helmet (with a great hole in it) on his head, his shield on his left arm, and with his right he leaned on his lance. His meagre, yellow, weather-beaten face, of half a league in length; the unaccountable medley of his armour, together with his grave and solemn port, struck Don Ferdinand and his companions dumb with admiration; while the champion, casting his eyes on Dorothea, with great gravity and solidity, broke silence with these words.

"I am informed by this my squire, beautiful lady, that your greatness is annihilated, and your majesty reduced to nothing; for of a queen and mighty princess, as you used to be, you are become a private damsel. If any express order from the necromantic king your father, doubting the ability and success of my arm in the reinstating you, has occasioned this change, I must tell him, that he is no conjurer in these matters, and does not know one half of his trade;* nor is he skilled in the revolutions of chivalry: for had he been conversant in the study of knight-errantry as I have been, he might have found, that in every age, champions of less fame than Don Quixote de la Mancha have finished more desperate adventures; since the killing of a pitiful giant, how arrogant soever he may be, is no such great achievement; for, not many hours past, I encountered one myself; the success I will not mention, lest the incredulity of some people might distrust the reality; but time, the discoverer of all things, will disclose it, when least expected."—"Hold there," said the host, "it was with two wine-skins, but no giant, that you fought."—Don Ferdinand silenced

* *Literally*, one half of the mass, the saying of which is one great part of the priestly office.

the innkeeper, and bid him by no means interrupt Don Quixote, who thus went on. "To conclude, most high and disinherited lady, if your father, for the causes already mentioned, has caused this metamorphosis in your person, believe him not; for there is no peril on earth through which my sword shall not open a way; and assure yourself that in a few days, by the overthrow of your enemy's head, it shall fix on yours that crown, which is your lawful inheritance." Here Don Quixote stopt, waiting the princess's answer; she, assured of Don Ferdinand's consent to carry on the jest till Don Quixote was got home, and assuming a face of gravity, "Whosoever," answered she, "has informed you, valorous Knight of the Woeful Figure, that I have altered or changed my condition, has imposed upon you; for I am just the same to-day as yesterday. It is true, some unexpected, but fortunate accidents, have varied some circumstances of my fortune, much to my advantage, and far beyond my hopes; but I am neither changed in my person, nor altered in my resolution of employing the force of your redoubtable and invincible arm in my favour. I therefore apply myself to your usual generosity, to have these words spoken to my father's dishonour recalled, and believe these easy and

infallible means to redress my wrongs, the pure effects of his wisdom and policy, as the good fortune I now enjoy has been the consequence of your surprising deeds, as this noble presence can testify. What should hinder us then from setting forward to-morrow morning, depending for a happy and successful conclusion on the will of Heaven, and the power of your unparalleled courage?"

The ingenious Dorothea having concluded, Don Quixote turning to Sancho, with all the signs of fury imaginable; "Now must I tell thee, poor paltry hang-dog," said he, "thou art the veriest rascal in all Spain; tell me, rogue, scoundrel, did not you just now inform me, that this princess was changed into a little private damsel, called Dorothea, and the head which I lopped from the giant's shoulders, was the whore your mother, with a thousand other absurdities? Now, by all the powers of heaven," looking up, and grinding his teeth together, "I have a mind so to use thee, as to make thee appear a miserable example to all succeeding squires, that shall dare to tell a knight-errant a lie."—"Good your worship," cried Sancho, "have patience, I beseech you: mayhap I am mistaken or so, about my lady Princess Micomicona's concern there; but that

the giant's head came off the wine-skin's shoulders, and that the blood was as good tent as ever was tipt over tongue, I will take my corporal oath on it; Gadzookers, sir, are not the skins all hacked and slashed within there at your bed's-head, and the wine all in a puddle in your chamber? But you will guess at the meat presently, by the sauce; the proof of the pudding is in the eating, master;* and if my landlord here do not let you know it to your cost, he is a very honest and civil fellow, that is all."—"Sancho," said the Don, "I pronounce thee *non compos;* I therefore pardon thee, and have done."—"It is enough," said Don Ferdinand; "we therefore, in pursuance of the princess's orders, will this night refresh ourselves, and to-morrow we will all of us set out to attend the lord Don Quixote, in prosecution of this important enterprise he has undertaken, being all impatient to be eye-witnesses of his celebrated and matchless courage." —"I shall be proud of the honour of serving and waiting upon you, my good lord," replied Don Quixote, "and reckon myself infinitely

* The original runs, *It will be seen in the frying of the eggs.* When eggs are to be fried, there is no knowing their goodness till they are broken, *Royal Dict.* Or, a thief stole a frying-pan, and the woman, who owned it, meeting him, asked him what he was carrying away: he answered, You will know when your eggs are to be fried.

obliged by the favour and good opinion of so honourable a company; which I shall endeavour to improve and confirm, though at the expense of the last drop of my blood."

Many other compliments had passed between Don Quixote and Don Ferdinand, when the arrival of a stranger interrupted them. His dress represented him as a Christian newly returned from Barbary: he was clad in a short-skirted coat of blue cloth, with short sleeves, and no collar, his breeches were of blue linen, with a cap of the same colour, a pair of date-coloured stockings, and a Turkish scimitar hung by a scarf, in manner of a shoulder-belt. There rode a woman in his company, clad in a Moorish dress; her face was covered with a veil; she had on a little cap of gold-tissue, and a Turkish mantle that reached from her shoulders to her feet. The man was well-shaped and strong, his age about forty, his face somewhat tanned, his mustachios long, and his beard handsome. In short, his genteel mien and person were too distinguishable to let the gentleman be hid by the meanness of his habit. He called presently for a room, and, being answered that all were full, seemed a little troubled; however, he went to the woman who came along with him, and took her down

from her ass. The ladies, being all surprised at the oddness of the Moorish dress, had the curiosity to flock about the stranger; and Dorothea, very discreetly imagining that both she and her conductor were tired, and took it ill that they could not have a chamber, "I hope, madam, you will bear your ill fortune patiently," said she; "for want of room is an inconvenience incident to all public inns; but if you please, madam, to take up with us," pointing to Lucinda, "you may perhaps find that you have met with worse entertainment on the road than what this place affords."—The unknown lady made her no answer, but, rising up, laid her hands across her breast, bowed her head, and inclined her body, as a sign that she acknowledged the favour. By her silence they conjectured her to be undoubtedly a Moor, and that she could not speak Spanish. Her companion was now come back from the stable, and told them, "Ladies, I hope you will excuse this gentlewoman from answering any questions, for she is very much a stranger to our language."—"We are only, sir," answered Lucinda, "making her an offer which civility obliges us to make all strangers, especially of our own sex, that she would make us happy in her company all night, and fare as

we do: we will make very much of her, sir, and she shall want for nothing that the house affords."—"I return you humble thanks, dear madam," answered the stranger, "in the lady's behalf and my own; and I infinitely prize the favour, which the present exigence and the worth of the donors make doubly engaging." —"Is the lady, pray, sir, a Christian or a Moor?" asked Dorothea. "Our charity would make us hope she were the former; but by her attire and silence, we are afraid she is the latter."—"Outwardly, madam," answers he, "she appears and is a Moor, but in her heart a zealous Christian, which her longing desires of being baptized have expressly testified. I have had no opportunity of having her christened since she left Algiers, which was her habitation and native country; nor has any imminent danger of death as yet obliged her to be brought to the font, before she be better instructed in the principles of our religion; but I hope, by Heaven's assistance, to have her shortly baptized with all the decency suiting her quality, which is much above what her equipage or mine seem to promise."

These words raised in them all a curiosity to be farther informed who the Moor and her conductor were; but they thought it improper

then to put them upon any more particular relation of their fortunes, because they wanted rest and refreshment after their journey. Dorothea, placing the lady by her, begged her to take off her veil. She looked on her companion, as if she required him to let her know what she said; which, when he had let her understand in the Arabian tongue, joining his own request also, she discovered so charming a face, that Dorothea imagined her more beautiful than Lucinda; she, on the other hand, fancied her handsomer than Dorothea; and most of the company believed her more beautiful than both of them. As beauty has always a prerogative, or rather charm, to attract men's inclinations, the whole company dedicated their desires to serve the lovely Moor. Don Ferdinand asked the stranger her name; he answered, "Lela Zoraida;" she, hearing him, and guessing what they asked, suddenly replied with great concern, though very gracefully, "No, no Zoraida, Maria, Maria;" giving them to understand that her name was Maria, and not Zoraida. These words, spoken with so much eagerness, raised a concern in every body, the ladies especially, whose natural tenderness showed itself by their tears; and Lucinda, embracing her very lovingly, "Ay, ay," said

she, "Maria, Maria;" which words the Moorish lady repeated by way of answer. "Zoraida Macange," added she, as much as to say, not Zoraida, but Maria, Maria.

The night coming on, and the innkeeper, by order of Don Ferdinand's friends, having made haste to provide them the best supper he could, the cloth was laid on a long table, there being neither round nor square in the house. Don Quixote, after much ceremony, was prevailed upon to sit at the head; he desired the Lady Micomicona to sit next him; and the rest of the company having placed themselves according to their rank and convenience, they eat their supper very heartily. Don Quixote, to raise the diversion, never minded his meat, but inspired with the same spirit that moved him to preach so much to the goat-herds, he began to hold forth in this manner. "Certainly, gentlemen, if we rightly consider it, those who make knight-errantry their profession, often meet with most surprising and stupendous adventures. For what mortal in the world, at this time entering within this castle, and seeing us sit together as we do, will imagine and believe us to be the same persons which in reality we are? Who is there that can judge, that this lady by my

side is the great queen we all know her to be, and that I am that Knight of the Woeful Figure so universally made known by fame? It is then no longer to be doubted, but that this exercise and profession surpasses all others that have been invented by man, and is so much the more honourable, as it is more exposed to dangers. Let none presume to tell me that the pen is preferable to the sword; for be they who they will, I shall tell them they know not what they say: for the reason they give, and on which chiefly they rely, is, that the labour of the mind exceeds that of the body, and that the exercise of arms depends only on the body, as if the use of them were the business of porters, which requires nothing but much strength. Or, as if this, which we who profess it call chivalry, did not include the acts of fortitude, which depend very much upon the understanding. Or else, as if that warrior, who commands an army or defends a city besieged, did not labour as much with the mind as with the body. If this be not so, let experience teach us whether it be possible by bodily strength to discover or guess the intentions of an enemy. The forming designs, laying of stratagems, overcoming of difficulties, and shunning of dangers, are

all works of the understanding, wherein the body has no share. It being therefore evident, that the exercise of arms requires the help of the mind as well as learning, let us see in the next place, whether the scholar or the soldier's mind undergoes the greatest labour. Now this may be the better known, by regarding the end and object each of them aims at; for that intention is to be most valued which makes the noblest end its object. The scope and end of learning, I mean human learning (in this place I speak not of divinity, whose aim is to guide souls to heaven, for no other can equal a design so infinite as that), is to give a perfection to distributive justice, bestowing upon every one his due, and to procure and cause good laws to be observed; an end really generous, great, and worthy of high commendation; but yet not equal to that which knight-errantry tends to, whose object and end is peace, which is the greatest blessing man can wish for in this life. And therefore the first good news that the world received, was that the angels brought in the night, which was the beginning of our day, when they sang in the air, Glory to God on high, peace upon earth, and to men good-will. And the only manner of salutation taught by

the best Master in heaven, or upon earth, to his friends and favourites, was, that entering any house they should say, Peace be to this house. And at other times he said to them, My peace I give to you, my peace I leave to you, peace be among you. A jewel and legacy worthy of such a donor, a jewel so precious, that without it there can be no happiness either in earth or heaven. This peace is the true end of war; for arms and war are one and the same thing. Allowing then this truth, that the end of war is peace, and that in this it excels the end of learning, let us now weigh the bodily labours the scholar undergoes, against those the warrior suffers, and then see which are greatest."

The method and language Don Quixote used in delivering himself were such, that none of his hearers at that time looked upon him as a madman. But on the contrary, most of them being gentlemen, to whom the use of arms properly appertains, they gave him a willing attention; and he proceeded in this manner: "These, then, I say, are the sufferings and hardships a scholar endures. First, poverty (not that they are all poor, but to urge the worst that may be in this case), and having said he endures poverty, methinks nothing

more need be urged to express his misery; for he that is poor enjoys no happiness, but labours under this poverty in all its parts, at one time in hunger, at another in cold, another in nakedness, and sometimes in all of them together, yet his poverty is not so great, but still he eats, though it be later than the usual hour, and of the scraps of the rich, or, which is the greatest of a scholar's misfortunes, what is called among them *going a sopping*;* neither can the scholar miss of somebody's stove or fire-side to sit by, where, though he be not thoroughly heated, yet he may gather warmth, and at last sleep away the night under a roof. I will not touch upon other less material circumstances, as the want of linen, and scarcity of shoes, thinness and baldness of their clothes, and their surfeiting when good fortune throws a feast in their way: this is the difficult and uncouth path they tread, often stumbling and falling, yet rising again and pushing on, till they attain the preferment they aim at; whither being arrived, we have seen many of them, who, having been carried by a fortunate gale through all these quick-sands, from a chair govern the world; their hunger being changed

* The author means the sops in porridge, given at the doors of monasteries.

into satiety, their cold into comfortable warmth, their nakedness into magnificence of apparel, and the mats they used to lie upon into stately beds of costly silks and softest linen, a reward due to their virtue. But yet their sufferings being compared to those the soldier endures, appear much inferior, as I shall in the next place make out."

CHAPTER XI.

A CONTINUATION OF DON QUIXOTE'S CURIOUS DISCOURSE UPON ARMS AND LEARNING.

"SINCE, speaking of the scholar, we began with his poverty, and its several parts," continued Don Quixote, "let us now observe whether the soldier be any richer than he; and we shall find that poverty itself is not poorer; for he depends on his miserable pay, which he receives but seldom, or perhaps never; or else in that he makes by marauding, with the hazard of his life, and trouble of his conscience. Such is sometimes his want of apparel, that a slashed buff-coat is all his holiday raiment and shirt; and in the depth of winter being in the open field, he has nothing to cherish him against the sharpness of the season, but the breath of his mouth, which issuing from an empty place, I am persuaded, is itself cold, though contrary to the rules of nature. But now see how he expects night to make amends for all these hardships in the bed prepared for him, which, unless it be his own fault, never proves too

narrow; for he may freely lay out as much of the ground as he pleases, and tumble to his content without danger of losing the sheets. But above all, when the day shall come, wherein he is to put in practice the exercise of his profession, and strive to gain some new degree, when the day of battle shall come; then, as a mark of honour, shall his head be dignified with a cap made of lint, to stop a hole made by a bullet, or be, perhaps, carried off maimed, at the expense of a leg or arm. And if this do not happen, but that merciful heaven preserve his life and limbs, it may fall out that he shall remain as poor as before, and must run through many encounters and battles, nay always come off victorious, to obtain some little preferment; and these miracles, too, are rare; but, I pray tell me, gentlemen, if ever you made it your observation, how few are those who obtain due rewards in war, in comparison of those numbers that perish? Doubtless you will answer, that there is no parity between them; that the dead cannot be reckoned up; whereas, those who live and are rewarded, may be numbered with three figures.* It is quite otherwise with scholars, not only those who follow the law, but others also, who all either by hook or by

* *i.e.*, Do not exceed hundreds.

crook get a livelihood, so that though the soldier's sufferings be much greater, yet his reward is much less. To this it may be answered, that it is easier to reward two thousand scholars, than thirty thousand soldiers, because the former are recompensed at the expense of the public, by giving them employments, which of necessity must be allowed on those of their profession, but the latter cannot be gratified otherwise than at the cost of the master that employs them; yet this very difficulty makes good my argument. But let us lay this matter aside, as a point difficult to be decided, and let us return to the preference due to arms above learning, a subject as yet in debate, each party bringing strong reasons to make out their pretensions. Among others, learning urges, that without it warfare itself could not subsist; because war, as other things, has its laws, and is governed by them, and laws are the province of learning and scholars. To this objection the soldiers make answer, that without them the laws cannot be maintained, for it is by arms that commonwealths are defended, kingdoms supported, cities secured, the high-way made safe, and the sea delivered from pirates. In short, were it not for them, commonwealths, kingdoms, monarchies, cities, the

roads by land, and the waters of the sea, would be subject to the ravages and confusion that attend war while it lasts, and is at liberty to make use of its unbounded power and prerogative. Besides, it is past all controversy, that what costs dearest is, and ought to be, most valued. Now for a man to attain to an eminent degree of learning costs him time, watching, hunger, nakedness, dizziness in the head, weakness in the stomach, and other inconveniences, which are the consequences of these, of which I have already in part made mention. But the rising gradually to be a good soldier, is purchased at the whole expense of all that is required for learning, and that in so surpassing a degree, that there is no comparison betwixt them; because he is every moment in danger of his life. To what danger or distress can a scholar be reduced equal to that of a soldier, who, being besieged in some strong place, and at his post or upon guard in some ravelin or bastion, perceives the enemy carrying on a mine under him, and yet must upon no account remove from thence, or shun the danger which threatens him so near? All he can do is, to give notice to his commander, that he may countermine, but must himself stand still, fearing and expecting, when on a

sudden he shall soar to the clouds without wings, and be again cast down headlong against his will. If this danger seem inconsiderable, let us see whether that be not greater when two gallies shock one another with their prows in the midst of the spacious sea. When they have thus grappled, and are clinging together, the soldier is confined to the narrow beak, being a board not above two feet wide; and yet though he sees before him so many ministers of death threatening, as there are pieces of cannon on the other side pointing against him, and not half a pike's length from his body; and being sensible that the first slip of his feet sends him to the bottom of Neptune's dominions; still, for all this, inspired by honour, with an undaunted heart, he stands a mark to so much fire, and endeavours to make his way, by that narrow passage, into the enemy's vessel. But what is most to be admired is, that no sooner one falls, where he shall never rise till the end of the world, than another steps into the same place; and if he also drops into the sea, which lies in wait for him like an enemy, another, and after him another, still fills up the place, without suffering any interval of time to separate their deaths; a resolution and boldness scarce to be paralleled in any other trials of war.

Blessed be those happy ages that were strangers to the dreadful fury of these devilish instruments of artillery, whose inventor I am satisfied is now in hell, receiving the reward of his cursed invention, which is the cause that very often a cowardly base hand takes away the life of the bravest gentleman, and that in the midst of that vigour and resolution which animates and inflames the bold, a chance bullet (shot perhaps by one that fled, and was frighted at the very flash the mischievous piece gave, when it went off) coming, nobody knows how, or from whence, in a moment puts a period to the brave designs, and the life of one, that deserved to have survived many years. This considered, I could almost say, I am sorry at my heart for having taken upon me this profession of a knight-errant, in so detestable an age; for though no danger daunts me, yet it affects me to think, whether powder and lead may not deprive me of the opportunity of becoming famous, and making myself known throughout the world by the strength of my arm and dint of my sword. But let heaven order matters as it pleases; for if I compass my designs, I shall be so much the more honoured by how much the dangers I have exposed myself to, are greater than those

the knights-errants of former ages underwent."

All this long preamble Don Quixote made, whilst the company supped, never minding to eat a mouthful, though Sancho Panza had several times advised him to mind his meat, telling him there would be time enough afterwards to talk as he thought fit. Those who heard him were afresh moved with compassion, to see a man, who seemed, in all other respects, to have a sound judgment and clear understanding, so absolutely mad and distracted, when any mention was made of his cursed knight-errantry. The curate told him, he was much in the right, in all he had said for the honour of arms; and that he, though a scholar, and a graduate, was of the same opinion. Supper being ended and the cloth taken away; whilst the innkeeper, his wife, his daughter, and Maritornes, fitted up Don Quixote's loft for the ladies, that they might lie by themselves that night, Don Ferdinand entreated the slave to give them an account of his life; conscious the relation could not choose but be very delightful and surprising, as might be guessed by his coming with Zoraida. The slave answered, he would most willingly comply with their desires, and that he only feared the relation

would not give them all the satisfaction he could wish; but that however, rather than disobey, he would do it as well as he could. The curate and all the company thanked him, and made fresh instances to the same effect. Seeing himself courted by so many, "There is no need of entreaties," said he, "for what you may command; therefore," continued he, "give me your attention, and you shall hear a true relation, perhaps not to be paralleled by those fabulous stories which are composed with much art and study." This caused all the company to seat themselves, and observe a very strict silence; and then, with an agreeable and sedate voice, he began in this manner.

CHAPTER XII.

WHERE THE CAPTIVE RELATES HIS LIFE AND ADVENTURES.

In the mountains of Leon my family had its first original,[1] and was more kindly dealt withal by nature than by fortune, though my father might pass for rich among the inhabitants of those parts, who are but poorly provided for. To say truth, he had been so, had he had as much industry to preserve, as he had inclination to dissipate his income; but he had been a soldier, and the years of his youth spent in that employment, had left him in his old age a propensity to spend, under the name of liberality. War is a school where the covetous grow free, and the free prodigal: to see a soldier a miser, is a kind of prodigy which happens but seldom. My father was far from being one of them; for he passed the bounds of liberality, and came very near the excesses of prodigality; a thing which cannot suit well with a married life, where the children ought to succeed to the estate, as well

[1] See Appendix, Note 1, Chapter XII., Book IV

as name of the family. We were three of us, all at man's estate; and my father, finding that the only way (as he said) to curb his squandering inclination, was to dispossess himself of that which maintained it, his estate (without which Alexander himself must have been put to it), he called us one day all three to him in his chamber, and spoke to us in the following manner.

"My sons, to persuade you that I love you, I need only tell you I am your father, and you my children; and on the other side, you have reason to think me unkind, considering how careless I am in preserving what should one day be yours; but to convince you, however, that I have the bowels of a parent, I have taken a resolution, which I have well weighed and considered for many days. You are all now of an age to choose the kind of life you each of you incline to; or, at least, to enter upon some employment that may one day procure you both honour and profit: therefore I design to divide all I have into four parts, of which I will give three among you, and retain the fourth for myself, to maintain me in my old age, as long as it shall please heaven to continue me in this life. After that each of you shall have received his part, I could wish

you would follow one of the employments I shall mention to you, every one as he finds himself inclined. There is a proverb in our tongue, which I take to contain a great deal of truth, as generally those sorts of sayings do, being short sentences framed upon observation and long experience. This proverb runs thus, Either the church, the sea, or the court. As if it should plainly say, that whosoever desires to thrive must follow one of these three; either be a churchman, or a merchant and try his fortune at sea, or enter into the service of his prince in the court; for another proverb says, that King's chaff is better than other men's corn. I say this, because I would have one of you follow his studies, another I desire should be a merchant, and the third should serve the king in his wars; because it is a thing of some difficulty to get an entrance at court; and though war does not immediately procure riches, yet it seldom fails of giving honour and reputation. Within eight days' time I will give each of you your portion, and not wrong you of a farthing of it, as you shall see by experience. Now therefore tell me if you are resolved to follow my advice about your settling in the world." And turning to me, as the eldest, he bid me answer first.

I told him, that he ought not upon our account to divide or lessen his estate, or way of living; that we were young men, and could shift in the world; and at last I concluded, that for my part I would be a soldier, and serve God and the king in that honourable profession. My second brother made the same regardful offer, and chose to go to the Indies; resolving to lay out in goods the share that should be given him here. The youngest, and, I believe, the wisest of us all, said he would be a churchman; and in order to it, go to Salamanca, and there finish his studies. After this, my father embraced us all three, and in a few days performed what he had promised; and, as I remember, it was three thousand ducats apiece, which he gave us in money; for we had an uncle who bought all the estate, and paid for it in ready money, that it might not go out of the family. A little after, we all took leave of my father; and at parting I could not forbear thinking it a kind of inhumanity to leave the old gentleman in so strait a condition: I prevailed with him therefore to accept of two thousand of my three, the remainder being sufficient to make up a soldier's equipage. My example worked upon my other brothers, and they each of them presented him with a

thousand ducats; so that my father remained with four thousand ducats in ready money, and three thousand more in land, which he chose to keep and not sell out-right. To be short, we took our leave of my father and the uncle I have mentioned, not without much grief and tears on all sides; they particularly recommending us to let them know by all opportunities our good or ill fortune. We promised to do so, and having received the blessing of our old father, one of us went straight to Salamanca, the other to Sevil, and I to Alicant, where I was informed of a Genoese ship, which was loading wood for Genoa.

This year makes two and twenty since I first left my father's house, and in all that time, though I have writ several letters, I have not had the least news, either of him, or of my brothers. And now I will relate, in few words, my own adventures in all that course of years. I took shipping at Alicant, arrived safe and with a good passage at Genoa, from thence I went to Milan, where I bought my equipage, resolving to go and enter myself in the army of Piedmont; but being come as far as Alexandria de la Paille, I was informed that the great Duke of Alva was passing into Flanders[1]

[1] See Appendix, Note 2, Chapter XII., Book IV.

with an army; this made me alter my first resolution. I followed him, and was present at all his engagements, as well as at the deaths of the Counts Egmont and Horne; and at last I had a pair of colours under a famous captain of Guadalajara, whose name was Diego de Urbina.[1] Some time after my arrival in Flanders, there came news of the league concluded by Pope Pius V. of happy memory, in junction with Spain, against the common enemy the Turk, who at that time had taken the island of Cyprus from the Venetians; which was an unfortunate and lamentable loss to Christendom. It was also certain, that the general of this holy league was the most serene Don Juan of Austria,[2] natural brother to our good King Don Philip. The great fame of the preparations for this war excited in me a vehement desire of being present at the engagement, which was expected to follow these preparations; and although I had certain assurance, and, as it were, an earnest of my being advanced to be a captain upon the first vacancy: yet I resolved to leave all those expectations, and return, as I did, to Italy. My good fortune was such, that I arrived just about the same time that Don

[1] See Appendix, Note 3, Chapter XII., Book IV.
[2] *Ibid*, Note 4.

Juan of Austria landed at Genoa, in order to go to Naples, and join the Venetian fleet, as he did at Messina. In short, I was at that great action of the battle of Lepanto, being a captain of foot, to which post my good fortune, more than my desert, had now advanced me; and that day, which was so happy to all Christendom, because the world was then disabused of the error they had entertained, that the Turk was invincible by sea, that day, I say, in which the pride of the Ottomans was first broke, and which was so happy to all Christians, even to those who died in the fight, who were more so than those who remained alive and conquerors, I alone was the unhappy man; since, instead of a naval crown, which I might have hoped for in the time of the Romans, I found myself that very night a slave, with irons on my feet, and manacles on my hands. The thing happened thus: Vehali, King of Algiers,[1] a brave and bold pirate, having boarded and taken the Capitana galley of Malta, in which only three knights were left alive, and those desperately wounded, the galley of Joan Andrea Doria bore up to succour them; in this galley I was embarked with my company, and doing my duty on this occasion, I leaped into

[1] See Appendix, Note 5, Chapter XII., Book IV.

the enemy's galley, which getting loose from ours, that intended to board the Algerine, my soldiers were hindered from following me, and I remained alone among a great number of enemies; whom not being able to resist, I was taken after having received several wounds; and as you have heard already, Vehali having escaped with all his squadron, I found myself his prisoner; and was the only afflicted man among so many joyful ones, and the only captive among so many free; for on that day above 15,000 Christians, who rowed in the Turkish galleys, obtained their long-wished-for liberty. I was carried to Constantinople, where the Grand Seignor Selim made Vehali, my master, general of the sea, he having behaved himself very well in the battle, and brought away with him the great flag of the order of Malta, as a proof of his valour.

The second year of my captivity, I was a slave in the Capitana galley at Navarino; and I took notice of the Christians' fault, in letting slip the opportunity they had of taking the whole Turkish fleet[1] in that port; and all the Janisaries and Algerine pirates did so expect to be attacked, that they had made all in readiness to escape on shore without fighting;

[1] See Appendix, Note 6, Chapter XII., Book IV.

so great was the terror they had of our fleet: but it pleased God to order it otherwise, not by any fault of the Christian general, but for the sins of Christendom, and because it is his will we should always have some enemies to chastise us. Vehali made his way to Modon, which is an island not far from Navarino, and there landing his men, fortified the entrance of the harbour, remaining in safety there till Don Juan was forced to return home with his fleet. In this expedition, the galley called La Presa, of which Barbarossa's own son was captain, was taken by the admiral galley of Naples, called the Wolf, which was commanded by that thunder-bolt of war, that father of the soldiers, that happy and never-conquered captain, Don Alvaro de Bacan, Marquis of Santa Cruz;[1] and I cannot omit the manner of taking this galley. The son of Barbarossa[2] was very cruel, and used his slaves with great inhumanity; they perceiving that the Wolf-galley got of them in the chase, all of a sudden laid by their oars, and seizing on their commander, as he was walking between them on the deck, and calling to them to row hard; they passed him on from hand to hand to one another, from one end of

[1] See Appendix, Note 7, Chapter XII., Book IV.
[2] See Appendix, Note 8, Chapter XII., Book IV.

the galley to the other, and gave him such blows in the handling him, that before he got back to the mainmast, his soul had left his body, and was fled to hell. This, as I said, was the effect of his cruelty, and their hatred.

After this we returned to Constantinople; and the next year, which was 1573, news came that Don Juan of Austria had taken Tunis and its kingdom from the Turks, and given the possession of it to Muley Hamid,[1] having thereby defeated all the hopes of reigning of Muley Hamid, one of the cruellest, and withal one of the bravest Moors in the world. The Grand Seignor was troubled at this loss, and, using his wonted artifices with the Christians, he struck up a piece with the Venetians, who were much more desirous than he of it.

The year after, which was 1574, he attacked the Goletta, and the fort which Don Juan had begun,[2] but not above half finished, before Tunis. All this while I was a galley slave, without any hopes of liberty; at least, I could not promise myself to obtain it by way of ransom; for I was resolved not to write my father the news of my misfortune. La Goletta*

[1] See Appendix, Note 9, Chapter XII., Book IV.

[2] See Appendix, Note 10, Chapter XII., Book IV.

* The Goletta is a fortress in the Mediterranean, between that sea and the lake of Tunis. In 1535 Charles V. took it by storm.

and the fort were both taken, after some resistance; the Turkish army, consisting of 75,000 Turks in pay, and above 400,000 Moors and Arabs out of all Africa near the sea; with such provisions of war of all kinds, and so many pioneers, that they might have covered the Goletta and the fort with earth by handfuls. The Goletta was first taken, though always before reputed impregnable; and it was not lost by any fault of its defenders, who did all that could be expected from them; but because it was found by experience, that it was practicable to make trenches in that sandy soil, which was thought to have water under it within two feet; but the Turks sunk above two yards and found none; by which means, filling sacks with sand, and laying them on one another, they raised them so high, that they over-topt and commanded the fort, in which none could be safe, nor show themselves upon the walls. It has been the opinion of most men, that we did ill to shut ourselves up in the Goletta; and that we ought to have been drawn out to hinder their landing; but they who say so, talk without experience, and at random, of such things; for if in all there were not above 7000 men in the Goletta and the fort, how could so small a number, though never so

brave, take the open field against such forces as those of the enemies? And how is it possible that a place can avoid being taken, which can have no relief, particularly being besieged by such numbers, and those in their own country? But it seemed to many others, and that is also my opinion, that God Almighty favoured Spain most particularly, in suffering that sink of iniquity and misery, as well as that sponge and perpetual drain of treasure, to be destroyed. For infinite sums of money were spent there to no purpose, without any other design than to preserve the memory of one of the Emperor's (Charles the Fifth's) conquests; as if it had been necessary to support the eternity of his glory, which will be permanent, that those stones should remain in being. The fort was likewise lost, but the Turks got it foot by foot; for the soldiers who defended it, sustained two-and-twenty assaults, and in them killed above 25,000 of those barbarians; and when it was taken, of 300 which were left alive, there was not one man unwounded; a certain sign of the bravery of the garrison, and of their skill in defending places. There was likewise taken, by composition, a small fort in the midst of a lake, which was under the command of Don John Zanoguerra,

a gentleman of Valencia, and a soldier of great renown. Don Pedro Puerto Carrero, General of the Goletta, was taken prisoner, and was so afflicted at the loss of the place, that he died of grief by the way, before he got to Constantinople, whither they were carrying him. They took also prisoner the commander of the fort, whose name was Gabriel Cerbellon, a Milanese, a great engineer, as well as a valiant soldier. Several persons of quality were killed in those two fortresses, and amongst the rest was Pagan Doria, the brother of the famous John Andrea Doria, a generous and noble-hearted gentleman, as well appeared by his liberality to that brother; and that which made his death more worthy of compassion, was, that he received it from some Arabs, to whom he had committed his safety after the loss of the fort, they having promised to carry him disguised in a Moor's habit to Tarbaca, which is a small fort held on that coast by the Genoeses, for the diving for coral; but they cut off his head, and brought it to the Turkish General, who made good to them our Spanish proverb, that the treason pleases, but the traitors are odious; for he ordered them to be hanged up immediately, for not having brought him alive.

Amongst the Christians which were taken in the fort, there was one Don Pedro de Aguilar,[1] of some place in Andalusia, and who was an ensign in the place; a very brave, and a very ingenious man, and one who had a rare talent in poetry. I mention him, because it was his fortune to be a slave in the same galley with me, and chained to the same bench. Before he left the port he made two sonnets, by way of epitaph for the Goletta, and the fort, which I must beg leave to repeat here, having learned them by heart, and I believe they will rather divert than tire the company.—When the captive named Don Pedro de Aguilar, Don Ferdinand looked upon his companions, and they all smiled; and when he talked of the sonnets, one of them said, "Before you go on to repeat the sonnets, I desire, sir, you would tell me what became of that Don Pedro de Aguilar, whom you have mentioned."—"All that I know of him," answered the slave, "is, that after having been two years in Constantinople, he made his escape disguised like an Arnaut, * and in company of a Greek spy; but I cannot tell whether he obtained his liberty or no, though I believe he did, because about

[1] See Appendix, Note 11, Chapter XII., Book IV.

* A trooper of Epirus, Dalmatia, or some of the adjacent countries.

a year after I saw the same Greek in Constantinople, but had not an opportunity to ask him about the success of his journey."—"Then I can tell you," replied the gentleman, "that the Don Pedro you speak of is my brother, and is at present at home, married, rich, and has three children."—"God be thanked," said the slave, "for the favours he has bestowed on him; for in my mind there is no felicity equal to that of recovering one's lost liberty." - "And moreover," added the same gentleman, "I can say the sonnets you mentioned, which my brother made."—"Pray say them then," replied the slave, "for I question not but you can repeat them better than I."—"With all my heart," answered the gentleman. "That upon the Goletta was thus."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE STORY OF THE CAPTIVE CONTINUED.

A SONNET.

"Blest souls, discharged of life's oppressive weight,
Whose virtue proved your passport to the skies;
You there procured a more propitious fate,
When for your faith you bravely fell to rise.

"When pious rage, diffused through every vein,
On this ungrateful shore inflamed your blood;
Each drop you lost, was bought with crowds of slain,
Whose vital purple swell'd the neighb'ring flood.

"Though crush'd by ruins, and by odds, you claim
That perfect glory, that immortal fame,
Which, like true heroes, nobly you pursued;
On these you seized, even when of life deprived,
For still your courage even your lives survived;
And sure 'tis conquest thus to be subdued."

"I know it is just as you repeat it," said the captive.—"Well then," said the gentleman, I will give you now that which was made upon the fort, if I can remember it.

A SONNET.

"Amidst these barren fields, and ruin'd tow'rs,
The bed of honour of the fallen brave,
Three thousand champions of the Christian powers
Found a new life, and triumph in the grave.

"Long did their arms their haughty foes repel,
Yet strew'd the fields with slaughter'd heaps in vain;
O'ercome by toils, the pious heroes fell,
Or but survived more nobly to be slain.

"This dismal soil, so famed in ills of old,
In every age was fatal to the bold,
The seat of horror, and the warrior's tomb!
Yet hence to heaven more worth was ne'er resign'd
Than these display'd; nor has the earth combined,
Resumed more noble bodies in her womb."

The sonnets were applauded, and the captive was pleased to hear such good news of his friend and companion. After that he pursued his relation in these terms.

The Turks ordered the dismantling of the Goletta, the fort being razed to their hand by the siege; and yet the mines they made could not blow up the old walls, which, nevertheless, were always thought the weakest part of the place; but the new fortification, made by the engineer Fratin, came easily down. In fine, the Turkish fleet returned in triumph to Constantinople, where, not long after, my master Vehali died, whom the Turks used to call Vehali Fartax, which, in Turkish, signifies the scabby renegade, as indeed he was; and the Turks give names among themselves, either from some virtue, or some defect that is in them; and this happens because there are but four families descended from the Ottoman family: all the rest, as I have said, take their names from some

defect of the body, or some good quality of the mind. This scabby slave was at the oar in one of the Grand Seignor's galleys for fourteen years, till he was four and thirty years old; at which time he turned renegade, to be revenged of a Turk, who gave him a box on the ear, as he was chained to the oar, forsaking his religion for revenge; after which he showed so much valour and conduct, that he came to be King of Algiers, and Admiral of the Turkish Fleet, which is the third command in the whole empire. He was a Calabrian by birth, and of a mild disposition towards his slaves, as also of good morals to the rest of the world. He had above three thousand slaves of his own, all which after his death were divided, as he had ordered by his will, between the Grand Seignor, his sons and his renegades.

I fell to the share of a Venetian renegade, who was a cabin-boy in a Venetian ship which was taken by Vehali, who loved him so, that he was one of his favourite boys; and he came at last to prove one of the cruellest renegades that ever was known. His name was Azanaga,[1] and he obtained such riches, as to rise by them to be King of Algiers; and with him I left Constantinople, with some satisfaction to think,

[1] See Appendix, Note 2, Chapter XIII., Book IV

at least, that I was in a place so near Spain not because I could give advice to any friend of my misfortunes, but because I hoped to try whether I should succeed better in Algiers than I had done in Constantinople, where I had tried a thousand ways of running away, but could never execute any of them, which I hoped I should compass better in Algiers, for hopes never forsook me upon all the disappointments I met with in the design of recovering my liberty. By this means I kept myself alive, shut up in a prison or house, which the Turks call a bagnio, where they keep their Christian slaves,[1] as well those of the king, as those who belong to private persons, and also those who are called El Almacen, that is, who belong to the public, and are employed by the city in works that belong to it. These latter do very difficultly obtain their liberty; for having no particular master, but belonging to the public, they can find nobody to treat with about their ransom, though they have money to pay it. The king's slaves, which are ransomable, are not obliged to go out to work as the others do, except their ransom stays too long before it comes; for then to hasten it, they make them work, and fetch wood with the rest, which is

[1] See Appendix, Note 1, Chapter XIII., Book IV.

no small labour. I was one of those who were to be ransomed; for when they knew I had been a captain, though I told them the impossibility I was in of being redeemed, because of my poverty, yet they put me among the gentlemen that were to be ransomed, and to that end they put me on a slight chain, rather as a mark of distinction, than to restrain me by it; and so I passed my life in that bagnio, with several other gentlemen of quality, who expected their ransom; and, though hunger and nakedness might, as it did often, afflict us, yet nothing gave us such affliction, as to hear and see the excessive cruelties with which our master used the other Christian slaves; he would hang one one day, then impale another, cut off the ears of a third; and this upon such slight occasions, that often the Turks would own, that he did it only for the pleasure of doing it, and because he was naturally an enemy to mankind. Only one Spanish soldier knew how to deal with him, his name was Saavedra;[1] who though he had done many things which will not easily be forgotten by the Turks, yet all to gain his liberty, his master never gave him a blow, nor used him ill either in word or deed; and yet we were

[1] See Appendix, Note 3, Chapter XIII., Book IV.

always afraid that the least of his pranks would make him be impaled; nay, he himself sometimes was afraid of it too: and if it were not for taking up too much of your time, I could tell such passages of him, as would divert the company much better than the relation of my adventures, and cause more wonder in them.—But to go on; I say that the windows of a very rich Moor's house looked upon the court of our prison; which indeed, according to the custom of the country, were rather peeping-holes than windows, and yet they had also lattices or jealousies on the inside.

It happened one day, that being upon a kind of terrace of our prison, with only three of my comrades, diverting ourselves as well as we could, by trying who could leap farthest in his chains, all the other Christians being gone out to work, I chanced to look up to those windows, and saw that out of one of them there appeared a long cane, and to it was a bit of linen tied; and the cane was moved up and down, as if it had expected that some of us should lay hold of it. We all took notice of it, and one of us went and stood just under it, to see if they would let it fall; but just as he came to it, the cane was drawn up, and shaked to and fro sideways, as if they had made the

same sign as people do with their head when they deny. He retired upon that, and the same motion was made with it as before. Another of my comrades advanced, and had the same success as the former; the third man was used just as the rest; which I seeing, resolved to try my fortune too; and as I came under the cane, it fell at my feet: immediately I untied the linen, within which was a knot, which being opened, showed us about ten zianins, which is a sort of gold of base alloy, used by the Moors, each of which is worth about two crowns of our money. It is not to be much questioned, whether the discovery was not as pleasant as surprising; we were in admiration, and I more particularly, not being able to guess whence this good fortune came to us, especially to me; for it was plain I was more meant than any of my comrades, since the cane was let go to me when it was refused to them. I took my money, broke the cane, and going upon the terrace saw a very fine white hand that opened and shut the window with haste. By this we imagined that some woman who lived in that house had done us this favour; and to return our thanks, we bowed ourselves after the Moorish fashion, with our arms across our breasts. A little after

there appeared out of the same window a little cross made of cane, which immediately was pulled in again. This confirmed us in our opinion, that some Christian woman was a slave in that house, and that it was she that took pity on us; but the whiteness of the hand, and the richness of the bracelets upon the arm, which we had a glimpse of, seemed to destroy that thought again; and then we believed it was some Christian woman turned Mahometan, whom their masters often marry, and think themselves very happy; for our women are more valued by them than the women of their own country. But in all this guessing we were far enough from finding out the truth of the case; however, we resolved to be very diligent in observing the window, which was our north-star. There passed above fifteen days before we saw either the hand or cane, or any other sign whatsoever; though in all that time we endeavoured to find out who lived in that house, and if there were in it any Christian woman who was a renegade; yet all we could discover amounted to only this, that the house belonged to one of the chief Moors, a very rich man, called Agimorato, who had been Alcayde of the Pata, which is an office much valued among them. But when we least

expected our golden shower would continue, out of that window we saw on a sudden the cane appear again, with another piece of linen, and a bigger knot; and this was just at a time when the bagnio was without any other of the slaves in it. We all tried our fortunes as the first time, and it succeeded accordingly, for the cane was let go to none but me. I untied the knot, and found in it forty crowns of Spanish gold, with a paper written in Arabic, and at the top of the paper was a great cross. I kissed the cross, took the crowns, and returning to the terrace, we all made our Moorish reverences; the hand appeared again, and I having made signs that I would read the paper, the window was shut. We remained all overjoyed and astonished at what had happened, and were extreme desirous to know the contents of the paper; but none of us understood Arabic, and it was yet more difficult to find out a proper interpreter. At last I resolved to trust a renegade of Murcia, who had shown me great proofs of his kindness. We gave one another mutual assurances, and on his side he was obliged to keep secret all that I should reveal to him; for the renegades, who have thoughts of returning to their own country, use to get certificates from such persons of quality as are

slaves in Barbary, in which they make a sort of an affidavit, that such a one, a renegade, is an honest man, and has always been kind to the Christians, and has a mind to make his escape on the first occasion. Some there are who procure these certificates with an honest design, and remain among Christians as long as they live; but others get them on purpose to make use of them when they go a pirating on the Christian shores; for then if they are shipwrecked or taken, they show these certificates, and say, that thereby may be seen the intention with which they came in the Turks' company; to wit, to get an opportunity of returning to Christendom. By this means they escape the first fury of the Christians, and are seemingly reconciled to the church without being hurt; afterwards they take their time, and return to Barbary to be what they were before.

One of these renegades was my friend, and he had certificates from us all, by which we gave him much commendation: but if the Moors had catched him with those papers about him, they would have burnt him alive. I knew that not only he understood the Arabic tongue, but also that he could both speak and write it currently. But yet before I resolved

to trust him entirely, I bid him read me that paper, which I had found by chance. He opened it, and was a good while looking upon it, and construing it to himself. I asked him if he understood it; he said, Yes, very well; and that, if I would give him pen, ink, and paper, he would translate it word for word. We furnished him with what he desired, and he went to work. Having finished his translation, he said, "All that I have here put into Spanish is word for word what is in the Arabic; only observe, that wherever the paper says *Lela Marien*, it means our Lady the Virgin Mary." The contents were thus:

"When I was a child, my father had a slave, who taught me in my tongue the Christian worship, and told me a great many things of Lela Marien.[1] The Christian slave died, and I am sure she went not to the fire, but is with Alla, for I have seen her twice since; and she bid me go to the land of the Christians to see Lela Marien, who had a great kindness for me. I do not know what is the matter; but though I have seen many Christians out of this window, none has appeared to me so much a

[1] See Appendix, Note 4, Chapter XIII., Book IV.

gentleman as thyself. I am very handsome and young, and can carry with me a great deal of money, and other riches. Consider whether thou canst bring it to pass that we may escape together, and then thou shalt be my husband in thy own country, if thou art willing; but if thou art not, it is all one, Lela Marien will provide me a husband. I wrote this myself; have a care to whom thou givest it to read; do not trust any Moor, because they are all treacherous; and in this I am much perplexed, and could wish there were not a necessity of trusting any one; because if my father should come to know it, he would certainly throw me into a well, and cover me over with stones. I will tie a thread to a cane, and with that thou mayest fasten thy answer; and if thou canst not find any one to write in Arabick, make me understand thy meaning by signs, for Lela Marien will help me to guess it. She and Alla keep thee, as well as this cross, which I often kiss, as the Christian slave bid me do."

You may imagine, gentlemen, that we were in admiration at the contents of this paper, and withal overjoyed at them, which we expressed so openly, that the renegade came to under-

stand that the paper was not found by chance, but that it was really writ by some one among us; and accordingly he told us his suspicion, and desired us to trust him entirely, and that he would venture his life with us to procure us our liberty. Having said this, he pulled a brass crucifix out of his bosom, and, with many tears, swore by the God which it represented, and in whom he, though a wicked sinner, did firmly believe, to be true and faithful to us with all secrecy in what we should impart to him; for he guessed, that by the means of the woman who had writ that letter, we might all of us recover our lost liberty; and he, in particular, might obtain what he had so long wished for, to be received again into the bosom of his mother the church, from whom, for his sins, he had been cut off as a rotten member. The renegade pronounced all this with so many tears, and such signs of repentance, that we were all of opinion to trust him, and tell him the whole truth of the business. We showed him the little window out of which the cane used to appear, and he from thence took good notice of the house, in order to inform himself who lived in it. We next agreed that it would be necessary to answer the Moorish lady's note. So, immediately the

renegade writ down what I dictated to him, which was exactly as I shall relate; for I have not forgot the least material circumstance of this adventure, nor can I forget them as long as I live. The words then were these:—

"The true Alla keep thee, my dear lady, and that blessed Virgin, which is the true mother of God, and has inspired thee with the design of going to the land of the Christians. Do thou pray her that she would be pleased to make thee understand how thou shalt execute what she has commanded thee; for she is so good that she will do it. On my part, and on that of the Christians who are with me, I offer to do for thee all we are able, even to the hazard of our lives. Fail not to write to me, and give me notice of thy resolution, for I will always answer thee; the Great Alla having given us a Christian slave, who can read and write thy language, as thou mayest perceive by this letter; so that thou mayest, without fear, give us notice of all thy intentions. As for what thou sayest, that as soon as thou shalt arrive in the land of the Christians, thou designest to be my wife, I promise thee on the word of a good Christian, to take thee for my wife; and thou mayest be assured that the

Christians perform their promises better than the Moors. Alla and his mother Mary be thy guard, my dear lady."

Having writ and closed this note, I waited two days till the bagnio was empty, and then I went up on the terrace, the ordinary place of our conversation, to see if the cane appeared, and it was not long before it was stirring. As soon as it appeared I showed my note, that the thread might be put to the cane, but I found that was done to my hand; and the cane being let down, I fastened the note to it. Not long after the knot was let fall, and I, taking it up, found in it several pieces of gold and silver, above fifty crowns, which gave us infinite content, and fortified our hopes of obtaining at last our liberty. That evening our renegade came to us, and told us, he had found out that the master of that house was the same Moor we had been told of, called Agimorato, extremely rich, and who had one only daughter to inherit all his estate; that it was the report of the whole city that she was the handsomest maid in all Barbary, having been demanded in marriage by several bassas and viceroys, but that she had always refused to marry. He also told us, that he had learned she had a Christian

slave who was dead, all which agreed with the contents of the letter. We immediately held a council with the renegade, about the manner we should use to carry off the Moorish lady, and go altogether to Christendom; when at last we agreed to expect the answer of Zoraida, for that is the name of the lady who now desires to be called Mary; as well knowing she could best advise the overcoming all the difficulties that were in our way; and after this resolution, the renegade assured us again, that he would lose his life, or deliver us out of captivity.

The bagnio was four days together full of people, and all that time the cane was invisible; but as soon as it returned to its solitude, the cane appeared, with a knot much bigger than ordinary; having untied it, I found in it a letter, and a hundred crowns in gold. The renegade happened that day to be with us, and we gave him the letter to read; which he said contained these words:—

"I cannot tell, sir, how to contrive that we may go together for Spain; neither has Lela Marien told it me, though I have earnestly asked it of her. All I can do is to furnish you out of this window with a great deal of riches.

Buy your ransom and your friends' with that, and let one of you go to Spain, and buy a bark there, and come and fetch the rest. As for me, you shall find me in my father's garden out of town, by the sea-side, not far from Babasso gate, where I am to pass all the summer with my father and my maids; from which you may take me without fear, in the night-time, and carry me to your bark; but remember thou art to be my husband, and if thou failest in that, I will desire Lela Marien to chastise thee. If thou canst not trust one of thy friends to go for the bark, pay thy own ransom and go thyself; for I trust thou wilt return sooner than another, since thou art a gentleman and a Christian. Find out my father's garden, and I will take care to watch when the bagnio is empty, and let thee have more money. Alla keep my dear lord."

These were the contents of the second letter we received. Upon the reading of it, every one of us offered to be the man that should go and buy the bark, promising to return with all punctuality; but the renegade opposed that proposition, and said, he would never consent that any of us should obtain his liberty before the rest; because experience had taught him,

that people once free do not perform what they promise when captives; and that some slaves of quality had often used that remedy, to send one either to Valencia or Majorca, with money to buy a bark, and come back and fetch the rest; but that they never returned, because the joy of having obtained their liberty, and the fear of losing it again, made them forget what they had promised, and cancelled the memory of all obligations. To confirm which he related to us a strange story, which had happened in those parts, as there often does among the slaves. After this, he said, that all that could be done, was for him to buy a bark with the money which should redeem one of us; that he could buy one in Algiers, and pretend to turn merchant, and deal between Algiers and Tetuan; by which means, he being master of the vessel, might easily find out some way of getting us out of the bagnio, and taking us on board; and especially if the Moorish lady did what she promised, and gave us money to pay all our ransoms; for, being free, we might embark even at noon-day; but the greatest difficulty would be, that the Moors do not permit renegades to keep any barks but large ones, fit to cruise upon Christians; for they believe that a renegade, particularly a Spaniard, seldom

buys a bark, but with a design of returning to his own country. That, however, he knew how to obviate that difficulty, by taking a Tagarin Moor for his partner both in the bark and trade, by which means he should still be master of her, and then all the rest would be easy. We durst not oppose this opinion, though we had more inclination every one of us to go to Spain for a bark, as the lady had advised; but were afraid that if we contradicted him, as we were at his mercy, he might betray us, and bring our lives to danger; particularly if the business of Zoraida should be discovered, for whose liberty and life we would have given all ours; so we determined to put ourselves under the protection of God and the renegade. At the same time we answered Zoraida, telling her, that we would do all she advised, which was very well, and just as if Lela Marien herself had instructed her; and that now it depended on her alone to give us the means of bringing this design to pass. I promised her once more to be her husband. After this, in two days that the bagnio happened to be empty, she gave us, by the means of the cane, two thousand crowns of gold; and withal a letter, in which she let us know, that the next Juma, which is their Friday, she was to go to

her father's garden, and that, before she went, she would give us more money; and if we had not enough, she would upon our letting her know it, give us what we should think sufficient; for her father was so rich that he would hardly miss it; and so much the less, because he entrusted her with the keys of all his treasure. We presently gave the renegade five hundred crowns to buy the bark, and I paid my own ransom with eight hundred crowns, which I put into the hands of a merchant at Valencia, then in Algiers, who made the bargain with the king, and had me to his house upon parole, to pay the money upon the arrival of the first bark from Valencia; for if he had paid down the money immediately, the king might have suspected the money had been ready, and lain some time in Algiers, and that the merchant for his own profit had concealed it; and, in short, I durst not trust my master with ready money, knowing his distrustful and malicious nature. The Thursday preceding that Friday that Zoraida was to go to the garden, she let us have a thousand crowns more; desiring me, at the same time, that if I paid my ransom, I would find out her father's garden, and contrive some way of seeing her there. I answered in few words, that I would do as she

desired, and she should only take care to recommend us to Lela Marien, by those prayers which the Christian slave had taught her. Having done this, order was taken to have the ransom of my three friends paid also; lest they, seeing me at liberty, and themselves not so, though there was money to set them free, should be troubled in mind, and give way to the temptation of the devil, in doing something that might redound to the prejudice of Zoraida; for though the consideration of their quality ought to have given me security of their honour, yet I did not think it proper to run the least hazard in the matter; so they were redeemed in the same manner, and by the same merchant, that I was, who had the money beforehand; but we never discovered to him the remainder of our intrigue, as not being willing to risk the danger there was in so doing.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE ADVENTURES OF THE CAPTIVE CONTINUED.

Our renegade had in a fortnight's time bought a very good bark, capable of carrying above thirty people; and to give no suspicion of any other design, he undertook a voyage to a place upon the coast called Sargel, about thirty leagues to the eastward of Algiers towards Oran, where there is a great trade for dried figs. He made his voyage two or three times in company with the Tagarin Moor his partner. Those Moors are called in Barbary Tagarins, who were driven out of Arragon; as they call those of Granada, Mudajares; and the same in the kingdom of Fez are called Elches, and are the best soldiers that prince has.

Every time he passed with his bark along the coast, he used to cast anchor in a little bay that was not above two bow-shot from the garden where Zoraida expected us; and there he used to exercise the Moors that rowed, either in making the Sala, which is a ceremony

among them, or in some other employment; by which he practised in jest what he was resolved to execute in earnest. So sometimes he would go to the garden of Zoraida and beg some fruit, and her father would give him some, though he did not know him. He had a mind to find an occasion to speak to Zoraida, and tell her, as he since owned to me, that he was the man who by my order was to carry her to the land of the Christians, and that she might depend upon it; but he could never get an opportunity of doing it, because the Moorish and Turkish women never suffer themselves to be seen by any of their own nation, but by their husband, or by his or their father's command; but as for the Christian slaves, they let them see them, and that more familiarly than perhaps could be wished. I should have been very sorry that the renegade had seen or spoke to Zoraida, for it must needs have troubled her infinitely to see that her business was trusted to a renegade; and God Almighty, who governed our design, ordered it so, that the renegade was disappointed. He in the meantime seeing how securely, and without suspicion, he went and came along the coast, staying where and when he pleased by the way, and that his partner the Tagarin Moor was of

his mind in all things; that I was at liberty, and that there wanted nothing but some Christians to help us to row; bid me consider whom I intended to carry with me besides those who were ransomed, and that I should make sure of them for the first Friday, because he had pitched on that day for our departure. Upon notice of this resolution, I spoke to twelve lusty Spaniards, good rowers, and those who might easiest get out of the city: it was a great fortune that we got so many in such a conjuncture, because there were above twenty sail of rovers gone out, who had taken aboard most of the slaves fit for the oar; and we had not had these, but that their master happened to stay at home that summer, to finish a galley he was building to cruise with, and was then upon the stocks. I said no more to them, than only they should steal out of the town in the evening upon the next Friday, and stay for me upon the way that led to Agimorato's garden. I spoke to every one by himself, and gave each of them order to say no more to any other Christian they should see, than that they stayed for me there. Having done this, I had another thing of the greatest importance to bring to pass, which was to give Zoraida notice of our design, and how far we had carried it, that she

might be ready at a short warning, and not to be surprised if we came upon the house in a sudden, and even before she could think that the Christian bark could be come. This made me resolve to go to the garden to try if it were possible to speak to her: so one day, upon pretence of gathering a few herbs, I entered the garden, and the first person I met was her father, who spoke to me in the language used all over the Turkish dominions, which is a mixture of all the Christian and Moorish languages, by which we understand one another from Constantinople to Algiers, and asked me what I looked for in his garden, and who I belonged to? I told him I was a slave of Arnaute Mami (this man I knew was his intimate friend), and that I wanted a few herbs to make up a salad. He then asked me if I were a man to be redeemed or no, and how much my master asked for me? During these questions, the beautiful Zoraida came out of the garden-house hard by, having descried me a good while before; and as the Moorish women make no difficulty of showing themselves to the Christian slaves, she drew near, without scruple, to the place where her father and I were talking; neither did her father show any dislike of her coming, but called to her to come

nearer. It would be hard for me to express here the wonderful surprise and astonishment that the beauty, the rich dress, and the charming air of my beloved Zoraida put me in: she was all bedecked with pearls, which hung thick upon her head and about her neck and arms. Her feet and legs were naked, after the custom of that country, and she had upon her ankles a kind of bracelet of gold, and set with such rich diamonds that her father valued them, as she since told me, at ten thousand pistoles a pair; and those about her wrists were of the same value. The pearls were of the best sort, for the Moorish women delight much in them, and have more pearls of all sorts than any nation. Her father was reputed to have the finest in Algiers, and to be worth, besides, above two hundred thousand Spanish crowns; of all which, the lady you here see was then mistress; but now is only so of me. What she yet retains of beauty after all her sufferings, may help you to guess at her wonderful appearance in the midst of her prosperity. The beauty of some ladies has its days and times, and is more or less according to accidents or passions, which naturally raise or diminish the lustre of it, and sometimes quite extinguish it. All I can say

is, at that time she appeared to me the best-dressed and most beautiful woman I had ever seen; to which, adding the obligations I had to her, she passed with me for a goddess from heaven, descended upon earth for my relief and happiness.

As she drew near, her father told her, in his country language, that I was a slave of his friend Arnaute Mami, and came to pick a salad in his garden. She presently took the hint, and asked me in Lingua Franca, whether I was a gentleman, and if I was, why I did not ransom myself? I told her I was already ransomed, and that by the price, she might guess the value my master set upon me, since he had bought me for 1500 pieces of eight. To which she replied, "If thou hadst been my father's slave, I would not have let him part with thee for twice as much; for," said she, "you Christians never speak truth in any thing you say, and make yourselves poor to deceive the Moors."—"That may be, madam," said I, "but in truth I have dealt by my master, and do intend to deal by all those I shall have to deal with, sincerely and honourably."—"And when dost thou go home?" said she.—"To-morrow, madam," said I, "for here is a French bark that sails to-morrow, and I intend not to

lose that opportunity."—"Is it not better," replied Zoraida, "to stay till there come some Spanish bark, and go with them, and not with the French, who, I am told, are no friends of yours?"—"No," said I; "yet if the report of a Spanish bark's coming should prove true, I would perhaps stay for it, though it is more likely I shall take the opportunity of the French, because the desire I have of being at home, and with those persons I love, will hardly let me wait for any other conveniency." —"Without doubt," said Zoraida, "thou art married in Spain, and impatient to be with thy wife."—"I am not," said I, "married, but I have given my word to a lady, to be so as soon as I can reach my own country."—"And is the lady handsome that has your promise?" said Zoraida. "She is so handsome," said I, "that to describe her rightly, and tell truth, I can only say she is like you." At this her father laughed heartily, and said: "On my word, Christian, she must be very charming if she be like my daughter, who is the greatest beauty of all this kingdom: look upon her well, and thou wilt say I speak truth." Zoraida's father was our interpreter for the most of what we talked; for though she understood the Lingua Franca, yet she was not

used to speak it, and so explained herself more by signs than words.

While we were in this conversation, there came a Moor running hastily, and cried aloud that four Turks had leaped over the fence of the garden, and were gathering the fruit, though it was not ripe. The old man started at that, and so did Zoraida, for the Moors do naturally stand in awe of the Turks, particularly of the soldiers, who are so insolent on their side, that they treat the Moors as if they were their slaves. This made the father bid his daughter go in and shut herself up close, "whilst," said he, "I go and talk with these dogs; and for thee, Christian, gather the herbs thou want'st, and go thy ways in peace, and God conduct thee safe to thy own country." I bowed to him, and he left me with Zoraida, to go and find out the Turks: she made also as if she were going away, as her father had bid her; but she was no sooner hid from his sight by the trees of the garden, but she turned towards me with her eyes full of tears, and said in her language, "Amexi Christiano, Amexi," which is, thou art going away, Christian, thou art going: to which I answered, "Yes, madam, I am, but by no means without you; you may expect me next Friday, and be not surprised

when you see us, for we will certainly go to the land of the Christians." I said this so passionately, that she understood me; and throwing one of her arms about my neck, she began to walk softly, and with trembling, towards the house. It pleased fortune, that as we were in this posture walking together (which might have proved very unlucky to us) we met Agimorato coming back from the Turks, and we perceived he had seen us as we were; but Zoraida, very readily and discreetly, was so far from taking away her arm from about my neck, that, drawing still nearer to me, she leaned her head upon my breast, and letting her knees give way, was in the posture of one that swoons; I at the same time made as if I had much ado to bear her up against my will. Her father came hastily to us, and seeing his daughter in this condition, asked her what was the matter? But she not answering readily, he presently said, "Without doubt these Turks have frightened her, and she faints away;" at which he took her in his arms. She, as it were, coming to herself, fetched a deep sigh, and with her eyes not yet dried from tears, she said, "Amexi Christiano, Amexi, begone, Christian, begone." To which her father replied, "It is no matter, child, whether he go or no, he has done thee no hurt,

and the Turks, at my request, are gone."—"It is they who frightened her," said I; "but since she desires I should be gone, I will come another time for my salad, by your leave; for my master says the herbs of your garden are the best of any he can have."—"Thou may'st have what, and when thou wilt," said the father, "for my daughter does not think the Christians troublesome; she only wished the Turks away, and by mistake bid thee begone too, or make haste and gather thy herbs." With this I immediately took leave of them both; and Zoraida, showing great trouble in her looks, went away with her father. I in the meantime, upon pretence of gathering my herbs here and there, walked all over the garden, observing exactly all the places of coming in and going out, and every corner fit for my purpose, as well as what strength there was in the house, with all other conveniences to facilitate our business. Having done this, I went my ways, and gave an exact account of all that had happened to the renegade and the rest of my friends, longing earnestly for the time in which I might promise myself my dear Zoraida's company, without any fear of disturbance. At last the happy hour came, and we had all the good success we could promise

ourselves, of a design so well laid; for the Friday after my discourse with Zoraida, towards the evening, we came to an anchor with our bark, almost over-against the place where my lovely mistress lived; the Christians, who were to be employed at the oar, were already at the rendezvous, and hid up and down thereabouts. They were all in expectation of my coming, and very desirous to seize the bark which they saw before their eyes, for they did not know our agreement with the renegade, but thought they were by main force to gain their conveyance and their liberty, by killing the Moors on board. As soon as I and my friends appeared, all the rest came from their hiding-places to us. By this time the city-gates were shut, and no soul appeared in all the country near us. When we were all together, it was a question whether we should first fetch Zoraida, or make ourselves masters of those few Moors in the bark. As we were in this consultation, the renegade came to us, and asking what we meant to stand idle, told us his Moors were all gone to rest, and most of them asleep. We told him our difficulty, and he immediately said, that the most important thing was to secure the bark, which might easily be done, and

without danger, and then we might go for Zoraida.

We were all of his mind, and so, without more ado, he marched at the head of us to the bark, and leaping into it, he first drew a scymitar, and cried aloud in the Moorish language, Let not a man of you stir, except he means it should cost him his life; and while he said this, all the other Christains were got on board. The Moors, who are naturally timorous, hearing the master use this language, were frightened, and without any resistance, suffered themselves to be manacled, which was done with great expedition by the Christians, who told them at the same time, that if they made the least noise, they would immediately cut their throats. This being done, and half of our number left to guard them, the remainder, with the renegade, went to Agimorato's garden; and our good fortune was such, that coming to force the gate, we found it open with as much facility as if it had not been shut at all. So we marched on with great silence to the house, without being perceived by anybody. The lovely Zoraida, who was at the window, asked softly, upon hearing us tread, whether we were Nazarani, that is Christians? I answered yes; and desired her

to come down. As soon as she heard my voice, she stayed not a minute; but, without saying a word, came down and opened the door, appearing to us all like a goddess, her beauty and the richness of her dress not being to be described. As soon as I saw her, I took her by the hand, which I kissed, the renegade did the same, and then my friends: the rest of the company followed the same ceremony; so that we all paid her a kind of homage for our liberty. The renegade asked her in Morisco, whether her father was in the garden? She said yes, and that he was asleep. Then said he, We must awake him, and take him with us, as also all that is valuable in the house." "No, no," said Zoraida, "my father must not be touched, and in the house there is nothing so rich as what I shall carry with me, which is enough to make you all rich and content." Having said this she stept into the house, bid us be quiet, and she would soon return. I asked the renegade what had passed between them, and he told me what he had said; to which I replied, that by no means any thing was to be done, otherwise than as Zoraida should please. She was already coming back with a small trunk so full of gold, that she could hardly carry it. when, to our great

misfortune, while this was doing, her father awaked, and hearing a noise in the garden, opened a window and looked out: having perceived that there were Christians in it, he began to cry out in Arabic, "Thieves, Thieves! Christians, Christians!"

These cries of his put us all into a terrible disorder and fear; but the renegade seeing our danger, and how much it imported us to accomplish our enterprize before we were perceived, he ran up to the place where Agimorato was, and took with him some of our company; for I durst by no means leave Zoraida, who had swooned away in my arms. Those who went up bestirred themselves so well, that they brought down Agimorato with his hands tied behind him, and his mouth stopped with a handkerchief, which hindered him from so much as speaking a word; and threatening him besides, that if he made the least attempt to speak, it should cost him his life. When his daughter, who was come to herself, saw him, she covered her eyes to avoid the sight, and her father remained the more astonished, for he knew not how willingly she had put herself into our hands. Diligence on our side being the chief thing requisite, we used it so as we came to our bark, when our men began

to be in pain for us, as fearing that we had met with some ill accident. We got on board about two hours after it was dark; where the first thing we did was to untie the hands of Zoraida's father, and to unstop his mouth, but still with the same threatenings of the renegade, in case he made any noise. When he saw his daughter there, he began to sigh most passionately, and more when he saw me embrace her with tenderness, and that she, without any resistance or struggling, seemed to endure it; he, for all this, was silent, for fear the threatenings of the renegade should be put in execution. Zoraida seeing us aboard, and that we were ready to handle our oars to be gone, she bid the renegade tell me, she desired I would set her father, and the other Moors, our prisoners, on shore; for else she would throw herself into the sea, rather than see a father, who had used her so tenderly, be carried away captive for her sake, before her eyes. The renegade told me what she said, to which I agreed; but the renegade was of another opinion; saying, that if we set them on shore there, they would raise the country, and give the alarm to the city, by which some light frigates might be despatched in quest of us, and getting between us and the sea, it

would be impossible for us to make our escape; and that all that could be done, was to set them at liberty in the first Christian land we could reach. This seemed so reasonable to us all, that Zoraida herself, being informed of the motives we had not to obey her at present, agreed to it. Immediately, with great silence and content, we began to ply our oars, recommending ourselves to providence with all our hearts, and endeavoured to make for Majorca, which is the nearest Christian land; but the north wind rising a little, and the sea with it, we could not hold that course, but were forced to drive along shore towards Oran, not without great fear of being discovered from Sargel, upon the coast, about thirty leagues from Algiers. We were likewise apprehensive of meeting some of those galliots which came from Tetuan with merchandize. Though, to say truth, we did not so much fear these last; for except it were a cruizing galliot, we all of us wished to meet such a one, which we should certainly take, and so get a better vessel to transport us in. Zoraida all this while hid her face between my hands, that she might not see her father; and I could hear her call upon Lela Marien to help us. By the time we had got about thirty miles the day broke, and we found ourselves within a mile of

the shore, which appeared to us a desart solitary place, but yet we rowed hard to get off to sea, for fear of being discovered by somebody. When we were got about two leagues out to sea, we proposed the men should row by turns, that some might refresh themselves; but the men at the oar said it was not time yet to rest, and that they could eat and row too, if those who did not row would assist them, and give them meat and drink; this we did, and a little while after the wind blowing fresh, we ceased rowing, and set sail for Oran, not being able to hold any other course. We made above eight miles an hour, being in no fear of any thing but meeting some cruizers. We gave victuals to our Moorish prisoners, and the renegade comforted them, and told them they were not slaves, but that they should be set at liberty upon the first opportunity. The same was said to Zoraida's father; who answered, "I might expect from your courtesy any thing else perhaps, O Christians; but that you should give me my liberty, I am not simple enough to believe it; for you never would have run the hazard of taking it from me, if you intended to restore it me so easily; especially since you know who I am, and what you may get for my ransom, which if you will but name, I do from

this moment offer you all that you can desire for me and for that unfortunate daughter of mine, or for her alone, since she is the better part of me."

When he had said this, he burst out into tears so violently, that Zoraida could not forbear looking up at him, and indeed he moved compassion in us all, but in her particularly; insomuch, as starting from my arms, she flew to her father's, and putting her head to his, they began again so passionate and tender a scene, that most of us could not forbear accompanying their grief with our tears; but her father seeing her so richly dressed, and so many jewels about her, said to her, in his language, "What is the meaning of this, daughter? For last night, before this terrible misfortune befel us, thou wert in thy ordinary dress; and now, without scarce having had the time to put on such things, I see thee adorned with all the fineries that I could give thee, if we were at liberty and in full prosperity. This gives me more wonder and trouble than even our sad misfortune; therefore answer me." The renegade interpreted all that the Moor said, and we saw that Zoraida answered not one word; but on a sudden, spying the little casket in which she was used to put her jewels, which he thought had

been left in Algiers, he remained yet more astonished, and asked her how that trunk could come into our hands, and what was in it? to which the renegade, without expecting Zoraida's answer, replied, "Do not trouble thyself to ask thy daughter so many questions, for with one word I can satisfy them all. Know then that she is a Christian, and it is she that has filed off our chains, and given us liberty; she is with us by her own consent, and I hope well pleased, as people should be who come from darkness into light, and from death to life."—"Is this true, daughter?" said the Moor.—"It is," replied Zoraida.—"How then," said the old man, "art thou really a Christian? and art thou she that has put thy father into the power of his enemies?"—To which Zoraida replied, "I am she that is a Christian, but not she that has brought thee into this condition, for my design never was to injure my father, but only to do myself good."—"And what good hast thou done thyself?" said the Moor.—"Ask that of Lela Marien," replied Zoraida, "for she can tell thee best." The old man had no sooner heard this but he threw himself, with incredible fury, into the sea, where without doubt he had been drowned, had not his garments, which were long and wide, kept him some time above water.

Zoraida cried out to us to help him, which we all did so readily, that we pulled him out by his vest, but half drowned, and without any sense. This so troubled Zoraida, that she threw herself upon her father, and began to lament and take on as if he had been really dead. We turned his head downwards, and by this means having disgorged a great deal of water, he recovered a little in about two hours' time. The wind in the meanwhile was come about, and forced us toward the shore, so that we were obliged to ply our oars not to be driven upon the land. It was our good fortune to get into a small bay, which is made by a promontory, called the Cape of the Caba Rumia; which, in our tongue, is the Cape of the wicked Christian woman; and it is a tradition among the Moors, that Caba, the daughter of Count Julian, who was the cause of the loss of Spain, lies buried there; and they think it ominous to be forced into that bay, for they never go in otherwise than by necessity; but to us it was no unlucky harbour, but a safe retreat, considering how high the sea went by this time. We posted our sentries on shore, but kept our oars ready to be plied upon occasion, taking in the meantime some refreshment of what the renegade had provided, praying heartily to God and the Virgin Mary,

to protect us, and help us to bring our design to a happy conclusion. Here, at the desire of Zoraida, we resolved to set her father on shore, with all the other Moors, whom we kept fast bound; for she had not courage, nor could her tender heart suffer any longer, to see her father and her countrymen ill used before her face; but we did not think to do it before we were just ready to depart, and then they could not much hurt us, the place being a solitary one, and no habitations near it. Our prayers were not in vain; the wind fell and the sea became calm, inviting us thereby to pursue our intended voyage: we unbound our prisoners and set them on shore, one by one, which they were mightily astonished at.

When we came to put Zoraida's father on shore, who by this time was come to himself, he said, "Why do you think, Christians, that this wicked woman desires I should be set at liberty? do you think it is for any pity she takes of me? No certainly, but it is because she is not able to bear my presence, which hinders the prosecution of her ill desires: I would not have you think neither that she has embraced your religion, because she knows the difference between yours and ours, but because she has heard that she may live more loosely

in your country than at home." And then turning himself to Zoraida, while I and another held him fast by the arms, that he might commit no extravagance, he said, "O infamous and blind young woman, where art thou going, in the power of these dogs, our natural enemies? Cursed be the hour in which I begot thee, and the care and affection with which I bred thee." But I, seeing he was not like to make an end of his exclamations soon, made haste to set him on shore, from whence he continued to give us his curses and imprecations; begging on his knees of Mahomet to beg of God Almighty to confound and destroy us; and when being under sail, we could no longer hear him, we saw his actions, which were tearing his hair and beard, and rolling himself upon the ground; but he once strained his voice so high, that we heard what he said, which was, "Come back, my dear daughter, for I forgive thee all; let those men have the treasure which is already in their possession, and do thou return to comfort thy disconsolate father, who must else lose his life in these sandy deserts!"

All this Zoraida heard, and shed abundance of tears, but could answer nothing, but beg that Lela Marien, who had made her a Christian, would comfort him.—"God knows," said she,

"I could not avoid doing what I have done; and that these Christians are not obliged to me, for I could not be at rest till I had done this, which to thee, dear father, seems so ill a thing." All this she said, when we were got so far out of his hearing, that we could scarce so much as see him. So I comforted Zoraida as well as I could, and we all minded our voyage. The wind was now so right for our purpose, that we made no doubt of being the next morning upon the Spanish shore; but as it seldom happens that any felicity comes so pure as not to be tempered and allayed by some mixture of sorrow, either our ill fortune, or the Moor's curses, had such an effect (for a father's curses are to be dreaded, let the father be what he will) that about midnight, when we were under full sail, with our oars laid by, we saw by the light of the moon, hard by us, a round-sterned vessel with all her sails out, coming ahead of us, which she did so close to us, that we were forced to strike our sail not to run foul of her; and the vessel likewise seemed to endeavour to let us go by. They had come so near us to ask from whence we came, and whither we were going? But doing it in French, the renegade forbid us to answer, saying without doubt, these are French pirates, to whom every thing is prize. This

made us all be silent; and as we sailed on, they being under the wind, fired two guns at us, both, as it appeared, with chain-shot, for one brought our mast by the board, and the other went through us, without killing anybody; but we, perceiving we were sinking, called to them to come and take us, for we were going to be drowned; they then struck their own sails, and putting out their boat, there came about a dozen French on board us, all well armed, and with their matches lighted. When they were close to us, seeing we were but few, they took us aboard their boat, saying that this had happened to us for not answering their questions. The renegade had time to take a little coffer or trunk, full of Zoraida's treasure, and heave it overboard, without being perceived by anybody.

When we were on board their vessel, after having learnt from us all they could, they began to strip us, as if we had been their mortal enemies: they plundered Zoraida of all the jewels and bracelets she had on her hands and feet; but that did not so much trouble me, as the apprehension I was in for the rich jewel of her chastity, which she valued above all the rest. But that sort of people seldom have any desires beyond the getting of riches, which they

saw in abundance before their eyes; and their covetousness was so sharpened by it, that even our slaves' clothes tempted them. They consulted what to do with us; and some were of opinion to throw us overboard, wrapt up in a sail, because they intended to put into some of the Spanish ports, under the notion of being of Britany; and if they carried us with them, they might be punished, and their roguery come to light: but the captain, who thought himself rich enough with Zoraida's plunder, said he would not touch at any port of Spain, but make his way through the Straits by night, and so return to Rochelle, from whence he came. This being resolved, they bethought themselves of giving us their long boat, and what provision we might want for our short passage. As soon as it was day, and that we descried the Spanish shore, at which sight, so desirable a thing is liberty, all our miseries vanished from our thoughts in a moment, they began to prepare things, and about noon they put us on board, giving us two barrels of water, and a small quantity of biscuit; and the captain, touched with some remorse for the lovely Zoraida, gave her, at parting, about forty crowns in gold, and would not suffer his men to take from her those clothes which now she has on. We went aboard

showing ourselves rather thankful than complaining. They got out to sea, making for the Straits, and we having the land before us for our north-star, plied our oars, so that about sunset we were near enough to have landed before it was quite dark; but considering the moon was hid in clouds, and the heavens were growing dark, and we ignorant of the shore, we did not think it safe to venture on it, though many among us were so desirous of liberty, and to be out of all danger, that they would have landed, though on a desert rock; and by that means, at least, we might avoid all little barks of the pirates of the Barbary coast, such as those of Tetuan, who come from home when it is dark, and by morning are early upon the Spanish coast; where they often make a prize, and go home to bed the same day. But the other opinion prevailed, which was to row gently on, and if the sea and shore gave leave, to land quietly where we could. We did accordingly, and about midnight we came under a great hill, which had a sandy shore, convenient enough for our landing. Here we run our boat in as far as we could, and being got on land, we all kissed it for joy, and thanked God with tears for our deliverance.[1]

[1] See Appendix, Note 1, Chapter XIV., Book IV.

This done, we took out the little provision we had left, and climbed up the mountain, thinking ourselves more in safety there; for we could hardly persuade ourselves, nor believe, that the land we were upon was the Christian shore.

We thought the day long a-coming, and then we got to the top of the hill, to see if we could discover any habitations; but we could nowhere descry either house, or person, or path. We resolved, however, to go farther on, as thinking we could not miss at last of somebody to inform us where we were: that which troubled me most was, to see my poor Zoraida go on foot among the sharp rocks, and I would sometimes have carried her on my shoulders; but she was so much concerned at the pains I took, as she could be at what she endured; so leaning on me she went on with much patience and content. When we were gone about a quarter of a league, we heard the sound of a little pipe, which we took to be a certain sign of some flock near us; and looking well about, we perceived, at last, at the foot of a cork-tree, a young shepherd, who was cutting a stick with his knife with great attention and seriousness. We called to him, and he having looked up, ran away as hard as he could. It seems, as we

afterwards heard, the first he saw were the renegade and Zoraida, who being in the Moorish dress, he thought all the Moors in Barbary were upon him; and running into the wood, cried all the way as loud as he could, "Moors, Moors! arm, arm, the Moors are landed." We hearing this outcry, did not well know what to do; but considering that the shepherd's roaring would raise the country, and the horse-guard of the coast would be upon us, we agreed that the renegade should pull off his Turkish habit, and put on a slave's coat, which one of us lent him, though he that lent it him remained in his shirt. Thus recommending ourselves to God, we went on by the same way that the shepherd ran, still expecting when the horse would come upon us; and we were not deceived, for in less than two hours, as we came down the hills into a plain, we discovered about fifty horse coming upon a half-gallop towards us; when we saw that, we stood still, expecting them.

As soon as they came up, and, instead of so many Moors, saw so many poor Christian captives, they were astonished. One of them asked us if we were the occasion of the alarm that a young shepherd had given the country? Yes, said I, and upon that began to tell him who we were, and whence we came; but one of

our company knew the horseman that had asked us the question; and without letting me go on, said, "God be praised, gentlemen, for bringing us to so good a part of the country, for if I mistake not, we are near Velez Malaga; and if the many years of my captivity have not taken my memory from me too, I think that you, sir, who ask us these questions, are my uncle Don Pedro Bustamente." The Christian slave had hardly said this, but the gentleman lighting from his horse, came hastily to embrace the young slave, saying, "Dear nephew, my joy, my life, I know thee, and have often lamented thy loss, and so has thy mother and thy other relations, whom thou wilt yet find alive. God has preserved them, that they may have the pleasure of seeing thee. We had heard thou wert in Algiers, and by what I see of thy dress, and that of all this company, you must all have had some miraculous deliverance."—"It is so," replied the young man, "and we shall have time enough now to tell all our adventures." The rest of the horsemen, hearing we were Christians escaped from slavery, lighted likewise from their horses, offering them to us to carry us to the city of Velez Malaga, which was about a league and a half off. Some of them went where we had left our boat, and got it into the

port, while others took us up behind them; and Zoraida rid behind the gentleman, uncle to our captive. All the people, who had already heard something of our adventure, came out to meet us; they did not wonder to see captives at liberty, nor Moors prisoners; for in all that coast they are used to it; but they were astonished at the beauty of Zoraida, which at that instant seemed to be in its point of perfection; for, what with the agitation of travelling, and what with the joy of being safe in Christendom, without the terrible thought of being retaken, she had such a beautiful colour in her countenance, that were it not for fear of being too partial, I durst say, there was not a more beautiful creature in the world, at least that I had seen. We went straight to church, to thank God for his great mercy to us; and as we came into it, and that Zoraida had looked upon the pictures, she said there were several faces there that were like Lela Marien's; we told her they were her pictures, and the renegade explained to her as well as he could the story of them, that she might adore them, as if in reality each of them had been the true Lela Marien, who had spoke to her; and she, who has a good and clear understanding, comprehended immediately all that was said about the pictures and images.

After this we were dispersed, and lodged in different houses of the town; but the young Christian slave of Velez carried me, Zoraida, and the renegade, to his father's house, where we were accommodated pretty well, according to their ability, and used with as much kindness as their own son. After six days' stay at Velez, the renegade having informed himself of what was needful for him to know, went away to Granada, there to be re-admitted by the holy Inquisition into the bosom of the church. The other Christians, being at liberty, went each whither he thought fit. Zoraida and I remained without other help than the forty crowns the pirate gave her, with which I bought the ass she rides on, and, since we landed, have been to her a father and a friend, but not a husband. We are now going to see whether my father be alive, or if either of my brothers has had better fortune than I; though since it hath pleased heaven to give me Zoraida, and make me her companion, I reckon no better fortune could befall me. The patience with which she bears the inconvenience of poverty, the desire she shows of being made a Christian, do give me subject of continual admiration, and oblige me to serve and love her all the days of my life. I confess the expectation of being hers is not a

little allayed with the uncertainties of knowing whether I shall find in my country any one to receive us, or a corner to pass my life with her; and perhaps time will have so altered the affairs of our family, that I shall not find anybody that will know me, if my father and brothers are dead.

This is, gentlemen, the sum of my adventures, which, whether or no they are entertaining, you are best judges. I wish I had told them more compendiously; and yet, I assure you, the fear of being tedious has made me cut short many circumstances of my story.

CHAPTER XV.

AN ACCOUNT OF WHAT HAPPENED IN THE INN, WITH SEVERAL OTHER OCCURRENCES WORTH NOTICE.

Here the stranger ended his story, and Don Ferdinand, by way of compliment, in the behalf of the whole company, said, "Truly, captain, the wonderful and surprising turns of your fortune are not only entertaining, but the pleasing and graceful manner of your relation is as extraordinary as the adventures themselves. We are all bound to pay you our acknowledgments, and I believe we could be delighted with a second recital, though it were to last till to-morrow, provided it were made by you." Cardenio and the rest of the company joined with him in offering their utmost service in the re-establishment of his fortune, and that with so much sincerity and earnestness, that the captain had reason to be satisfied of their affection. Don Ferdinand particularly proposed to engage the Marquis his brother to stand godfather to Zoraida, if he would return with him; and, farther, promised to provide

him with all things necessary to support his figure and quality in town; but the captain, making them a very handsome compliment for their obliging favours, excused himself from accepting those kind offers at that time.

It was now growing towards the dark of the evening, when a coach stopped at the inn, and with it some horsemen, who asked for a lodging. The hostess answered, they were as full as they could pack. "Were you ten times fuller," answered one of the horsemen, "here must be room made for my Lord Judge, who is in this coach." The hostess, hearing this, was very much concerned; said she, "The case, sir, is plain; we have not one bed empty in the house; but if his lordship brings a bed with him, as perhaps he may, he shall command my house with all my heart, and I and my husband will quit our own chamber to serve him."— "Do so, then," said the man; and by this time a gentleman alighted from the coach, easily distinguishable for a man of dignity and office, by his long gown and great sleeves. He led a young lady by the hand, about sixteen years of age, dressed in a riding suit; her beauty and charming air attracted the eyes of every body with admiration; and had not the other ladies been present, any one might

have thought it difficult to have matched her outward graces.

Don Quixote, seeing them come near the door, "Sir," said he, "you may enter undismayed, and refresh yourselves in this castle, which, though little, and indifferently provided, must nevertheless allow a room, and afford accommodation to arms and learning; and more especially to arms and learning, that, like yours, bring beauty for their guide and conductor. For certainly, at the approach of this lovely damsel, not only castles ought to open and expand their gates, but even rocks divide their solid bodies, and mountains bow their ambitious crests and stoop to entertain her. Come in, therefore, sir; enter this paradise, where you shall find a bright constellation, worthy to shine in conjunction with that heaven of beauty which you bring. Here shall you find arms in their height, and beauty in perfection." Don Quixote's speech, mien, and garb, put the judge to a strange nonplus; and he was not a little surprised, on the other hand, at the sudden appearance of the three ladies, who, being informed of the judge's coming, and the young lady's beauty, were come out to see and entertain her. But Don Ferdinand, Cardenio, and the curate, addressing

him in a style very different from the knight, soon convinced him that he had to do with gentlemen, and persons of note; though Don Quixote's figure and behaviour put him to a stand, not being able to make any reasonable conjecture of his extravagance. After the usual civilities passed on both sides, they found, upon examination, that the women must all lie together in Don Quixote's apartment, and the men remain without to guard them. The judge consented that his daughter should go with the ladies, and so, what with his own bed, and what with the innkeeper's, he and the gentlemen made a shift to pass the night.

The captain, upon the first sight of the judge, had a strong presumption that he was one of his brothers, and presently asked one of his servants his name and country. The fellow told him, his name was Juan Peres de Viedma, and that, as he was informed, he was born in the Highlands of Leon. This, with his own observation, confirmed his opinion, that this was the brother who had made study his choice; whereupon, calling aside Don Ferdinand, Cardenio, and the curate, he told them with great joy what he had learned, with what the servant further told him, that his

master being made a judge of the court of Mexico, was then upon his journey to the Indies; that the young lady was his only daughter, whose mother, dying in child-birth, settled her dowry upon her daughter for her portion; and that the father had still lived a widower, and was very rich. Upon the whole matter he asked their advice, whether they thought it proper for him to discover himself presently to his brother, or by some means try how his pulse beat first in relation to his loss, by which he might guess at his reception. "Why should you doubt of a kind one, sir?" said the curate. "Because I am poor, sir," said the captain, "and would therefore by some device fathom his affections; for, should he prove ashamed to own me, I should be more ashamed to discover myself."—"Then leave the management to me," said the curate; "the affable and courteous behaviour of the judge seems to me so very far from pride, that you need not doubt a welcome reception; but however, because you desire it, I will engage to find a way to sound him." Supper was now upon the table, and all the gentlemen sat down, but the captain, who eat with the ladies in the next room. When the company had half supped, "My Lord Judge," said the

curate, "I remember about some years ago, I was happy in the acquaintance and friendship of a gentleman of your name, when I was a prisoner in Constantinople. He was a captain of as much worth and courage as any in the Spanish infantry, but as unfortunate as brave." —"What was his name, pray, sir?" said the judge. "Ruy Peres de Viedma," answered the curate, "of a town in the mountains of Leon. I remember he told me a very odd passage between his father, his two brothers, and himself; and truly had it come from any man of less credit and reputation, I should have thought it no more than a story. He said, that his father made an equal dividend of his estate among his three sons, giving them such advice as might have fitted the mouth of Cato; that he made arms his choice, and with such success, that within a few years, by the pure merit of his bravery, he was made captain of a foot company, and had a fair prospect of being advanced to a colonel; but his fortune forsook him where he had most reason to expect her favour; for, in the memorable battle of Lepanto, where so many Christians recovered their liberty, he unfortunately lost his. I was taken at Goletta, and, after different turns of fortune, we became companions at Constan-

tinople; thence we were carried to Algiers, where one of the strangest adventures in the world befell this gentleman." The curate then briefly ran through the whole story of the captain and Zoraida, (the judge sitting all the time more attentive than he ever did on the bench,) to their being taken and stripped by the French; and that he had heard nothing of them after that, nor could ever learn whether they came into Spain, or were carried prisoners into France.

The captain stood listening in a corner, and observed the motions of his brother's countenance, while the curate told his story; which, when he had finished, the judge, breathing out a deep sigh, and the tears standing in his eyes, "O sir!" said he, "if you knew how nearly your relation touches me, you would easily excuse the violent eruption of these tears. The captain you spoke of is my eldest brother, who, being of a stronger constitution of body, and more elevated soul, made the glory and fame of war his choice, which was one of the three proposals made by my father, as your companion told you. I applied myself to study, and my younger brother has purchased a vast estate in Peru, out of which he has transmitted to my father enough to support his liberal disposition; and to me, wherewithal to continue my studies,

and advance myself to the rank and authority which I now maintain. My father is still alive, but dies daily for grief he can learn nothing of his eldest son, and importunes Heaven incessantly, that he may once more see him before death close his eyes. It is very strange, considering his discretion in other matters, that neither prosperity nor adversity could draw one line from him, to give his father an account of his fortunes. For had he or we had the least hint of his captivity, he needed not staid for the miracle of the Moorish Lady's cane for his deliverance. Now am I in the greatest uneasiness in the world, lest the French, the better to conceal their robbery, may have killed him; the thoughts of this will damp the pleasure of my voyage, which I thought to prosecute so pleasantly. Could I but guess, dear brother," continued he, "where you might be found, I would hazard life and fortune for your deliverance! could our aged father once understand you were alive, though hidden in the deepest and darkest dungeon in Barbary,[1] his estate, mine, and my brother's, all should fly for your ransom! And for the fair and liberal Zoraida, what thanks, what recompense, could we provide? O might I see the happy day of her spiritual birth and

[1] See Appendix, Note 1, Book IV., Chapter XV.

baptism; to see her joined to him in faith and marriage, how should we all rejoice?" These and such like expressions the judge uttered with so much passion and vehemency, that he raised a concern in every body.

The curate, foreseeing the happy success of his design, resolved to prolong the discovery no farther; and, to free the company from suspense, he went to the ladies' room, and, leading out Zoraida, followed by the rest, he took the captain by the other hand, and, presenting them to the judge, "Suppress your grief, my lord," said he, "and glut your heart with joy. Behold what you so passionately desired, your dear brother, and his fair deliverer; this gentleman is Captain Viedma, and this the beautiful Algerine. The French have only reduced them to this low condition, to make room for your generous sentiments and liberality." The captain then approaching to embrace the judge, he held him off with both his hands, to view him well; but, once knowing him, he flew into his arms with such affection, and such abundance of tears, that all the spectators sympathized in his passions. The brothers spoke so feelingly, and their mutual affection was so moving, the surprise so wonderful, and their joy so transporting, that it must be left purely to imagin-

ation to conceive. Now they tell one another the strange turns and mazes of their fortunes, then renew their caresses to the height of brotherly tenderness. Now the judge embraces Zoraida, then makes her an offer of his whole fortune; next makes his daughter embrace her; then the sweet and innocent converse of the beautiful Christian and the lovely Moor, so touched the whole company, that they all wept for joy. In the meantime, Don Quixote was very solidly attentive, and, wondering at these strange occurrences, attributed them purely to something answerable to the chimerical notions which are incident to chivalry. The captain and Zoraida, in concert with the whole company, resolved to return with their brother to Seville, and thence to advise their father of his arrival and liberty, that the old gentleman should make the best shift he could to get so far to see the baptism and marriage of Zoraida, while the judge took his voyage to the Indies, being obliged to make no delay, because the Indian fleet was ready at Seville, to set sail in a month for New Spain.

Everything being now settled to the universal satisfaction of the company, and being very late, they all agreed for bed, except Don Quixote, who would needs guard the castle while

they slept, lest some tyrant or giant, covetous of the great treasure of beauty which it inclosed, should make some dangerous attempt. He had the thanks of the house, and the judge, being further informed of his humour, was not a little pleased. Sancho Panza was very uneasy and waspish for want of sleep, though the best provided with a bed, bestowing himself on his pack-saddle; but he paid dearly for it, as we shall hear presently. The ladies being retired to their chamber, and every body else retired to rest, and Don Quixote planted sentinel at the castle gate, a voice was heard of a sudden singing so sweetly, that it allured all their attentions, but chiefly Dorothea's, with whom the judge's daughter, Donna Clara de Viedma, lay. None could imagine who could make such pretty music without an instrument. Sometimes it sounded as from the yard, sometimes as from the stable. With this Cardenio knocked softly at their door: "Ladies, ladies," said he, "are you awake? Can you sleep when so charmingly serenaded? Do not you hear how sweetly one of the footmen sings?"— "Yes, sir," said Dorothea, "we hear him plainly." Then Dorothea, hearkening as attentively as she could, heard this song.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE PLEASANT STORY OF THE YOUNG MULETEER, WITH OTHER STRANGE ADVENTURES THAT HAPPENED IN THE INN.

A SONG.

I.

"Toss'd in doubts and fears I rove
On the stormy seas of love;
Far from comfort, far from port,
Beauty's prize, and fortune's sport:
Yet my heart disclaims despair,
While I trace my leading star.

II.

"But reservedness, like a cloud,
Does too oft her glories shroud.
Pierce to the gloom, reviving light!
Be auspicious as you're bright.
As you hide or dart your beams,
Your adorer sinks or swims."

Dorothea thought it would not be much amiss to give Donna Clara the opportunity of hearing so excellent a voice, wherefore jogging her gently, first on one side, and then on the other, and the young lady waking, "I ask your pardon, my dear," cried Dorothea, "for thus

interrupting your repose; and I hope you will easily forgive me, since I only wake you that you may have the pleasure of hearing one of the most charming voices that possibly you ever heard in your life." Donna Clara, who was hardly awake, did not perfectly understand what Dorothea said, and therefore desired her to repeat what she had spoke to her. Dorothea did so; which then obliged Donna Clara also to listen; but scarce had she heard the early musician sing two verses, ere she was taken with a strange trembling, as if she had been seized with a violent fit of a quartan ague, and then closely embracing Dorothea, "Ah! dear madam," cried she, with a deep sigh, "why did you wake me? Alas! the greatest happiness I could now have expected, had been to have stopped my ears: that unhappy musician!" —"How is this, my dear?" cried Dorothea; "have you not heard that the young lad who sung now is but a muleteer?"—"Oh no, he is no such thing," replied Clara, "but a young lord, heir to a great estate, and has such a full possession of my heart, that if he does not slight it, it must be his for ever." Dorothea was strangely surprised at the young lady's passionate expressions, that seemed far to exceed those of persons of her tender years: "You

speak so mysteriously, madam," replied she, "that I cannot rightly understand you, unless you will please to let me know more plainly, what you would say of hearts and sighs, and this young musician, whose voice has caused so great an alteration in you. However, speak no more of them now; for I am resolved I will not lose the pleasure of hearing him sing."—"Hold," continued she, "I fancy he is going to entertain us with another song."—"With all my heart," returned Clara, and with that she stopt her ears, that she might not hear him; at which again Dorothea could not choose but admire; but listening to his voice, she heard the following song.

HOPE.

I.

"Unconquer'd Hope! thou bane of fear,
And last deserter of the brave;
Thou soothing ease of mortal care,
Thou traveller beyond the grave;
Thou soul of patience, airy food,
Bold warrant of a distant good,
Reviving cordial, kind decoy:
Though fortune frowns and friends depart,
Though Sylvia flies me, flatt'ring joy,
Nor thou, nor love, shall leave my doating heart.

II.

'The phœnix, Hope, can wing her flight
Through the vast deserts of the skies,
And still defying fortune's spite,
Revive, and from her ashes rise.

Then soar, and promise, though in vain,
What reason's self despairs to gain.
Thou only, O presuming trust,
  Can'st feed us still, yet never cloy:
And even a virtue when unjust,
  Postpone our pain, and antedate our joy.

III.

"No slave, to lazy ease resign'd,
  E'er triumph'd over noble foes;
The monarch, Fortune, most is kind
  To him who bravely dares oppose.
They say, love sets his blessings high;
But who would prize an easy joy!
Then I'll my scornful fair pursue,
  Though the coy beauty still denies;
I grovel now on earth, 'tis true,
  But rais'd by her, the humble slave may rise."

Here the voice ended, and Donna Clara's sighs began, which caused the greatest curiosity imaginable in Dorothea, to know the occasion of so moving a song, and of so sad a complaint; wherefore she again entreated her to pursue the discourse she had begun before. Then Clara, fearing Lucinda would over-hear her, getting as near Dorothea as was possible, laid her mouth so close to Dorothea's ear, that she was out of danger of being understood by any other; and began in this manner. "He who sung is a gentleman's son of Arragon, his father is a great lord, and dwelt just over-against my father's at Madrid; and though he had always canvas windows in winter and

lattices in summer,* yet, I cannot tell by what accident this young gentleman, who then went to school, had a sight of me, and whether it were at church, or at some other place, I cannot justly tell you; but in short, he fell in love with me, and made me sensible of his passion from his own windows, which were opposite to mine, with so many signs, and such showers of tears, that at once forced me both to believe and to love him, without knowing for what reason I did so. Amongst the usual signs that he made me, one was that of joining his hands together, intimating by that his desire to marry me; which, though I heartily wished it, I could not communicate to any one, being motherless, and having none near me whom I might trust with the management of such an affair; and was therefore constrained to bear it in silence, without permitting him any other favour, more than to let him gaze on me, by lifting up the lattice or oiled cloth a little, when my father and his were abroad. At which he would be so transported with joy, that you would certainly have thought he had been distracted. At last my father's business called him away; yet not so soon, but that the

* Glass windows are not used in Spain, at least they are not common, and formerly there were none.

young gentleman had notice of it some time before his departure; whence he had it I know not, for it was impossible for me to acquaint him with it. This so sensibly afflicted him, as far as I understand, that he fell sick; so that I could not get a sight of him all the day of our departure, so much as to look a farewell on him. But after two days' travel, just as we came into an inn, in a village a day's journey hence, I saw him at the inn-door, dressed so exactly like a muleteer, that it had been utterly impossible for me to have known him, had not his perfect image been stamped in my soul. Yes, yes, dear madam, I knew him, and was amazed and overjoyed at the sight of him; and he saw me unknown to my father, whose sight he carefully avoids, when we cross the ways in our journey, and when we come to any inn: and now, since I know who he is, and what pain and fatigue it must necessarily be to him to travel thus afoot, I am ready to die myself with the thought of what he suffers on my account; and wherever he sets his feet, there I set my eyes. I cannot imagine what he proposes to himself in this attempt; nor by what means he could thus make his escape from his father, who loves him beyond expression, both because he has no other son and

heir, and because the young gentleman's merits oblige him to it; which you must needs confess when you see him: and I dare affirm, beside, that all he has sung was his own immediate composition; for, as I have heard, he is an excellent scholar, and a great poet. And now whenever I see him, or hear him sing, I start and tremble, as at the sight of a ghost, lest my father should know him, and so be informed of our mutual affection. I never spoke one word to him in my life; yet I love him so dearly, that it is impossible I should live without him. This, dear madam, is all the account I can give you of this musician, with whose voice you have been so well entertained, and which alone might convince you that he is no muleteer, as you were pleased to say, but one who is master of a great estate, and of my poor heart, as I have already told you."

"Enough, dear madam," replied Dorothea, kissing her a thousand times; "it is very well, compose yourself till day-light; and then I trust in heaven I shall so manage your affairs, that the end of them shall be as fortunate as the beginning is innocent."—"Alas! madam," returned Clara, "what end can I propose to myself; since his father is so rich, and of so noble a family, that he will hardly think me

worthy to be his son's servant, much less his wife? And then again, I would not marry without my father's consent for the universe. All I can desire is, that the young gentleman would return home, and leave his pursuit of me: happily by a long absence, and the great distance of place, the pain, which now so much afflicts me, may be somewhat mitigated; though I fear what I now propose as a remedy, would rather increase my distemper: though I cannot imagine whence, or by what means, this passion for him seized me, since we are both so young, being much about the same age, I believe; and my father says I shall not be sixteen till next Michaelmas." Dorothea could not forbear laughing to hear the young lady talk so innocently.—"My dear," said Dorothea, "let us repose ourselves the little remaining part of the night, and, when day appears, we will put a happy period to your sorrows, or my judgment fails me." Then they addressed themselves again to sleep, and there was a deep silence throughout all the inn; only the innkeeper's daughter and Maritornes were awake, who knowing Don Quixote's blind side very well, and that he sat armed on horse-back, keeping guard without doors, a fancy took them, and they agreed to have a little

pastime with him, and hear some of his fine out-of-the-way speeches.

You must know, then, that there was but one window in all the inn that looked out into the field, and that was only a hole out of which they used to throw their straw: to this same hole, then, came these two demy-ladies, whence they saw Don Quixote mounted and leaning on his lance, and fetching such mournful and deep sighs, that his very soul seemed to be torn from him at each of them: they observed besides, that he said in a soft amorous tone,—"O my divine Dulcinea del Toboso! the heaven of all perfections! the end and quintessence of discretion! the treasury of sweet aspect and behaviour! the magazine of virtue! and, in a word, the idea of all that is profitable, modest, or delightful in the universe! What noble thing employs thy excellency at this present? May I presume to hope that thy soul is entertained with the thoughts of thy captive-knight, who voluntarily exposes himself to so many dangers for thy sake? O thou triformed luminary, give me some account of her! perhaps thou art now gazing with envy on her, as she is walking either through some stately gallery of her sumptuous palaces, or leaning on her happy window, there medi-

tating how, with safety of her honour and grandeur, she may sweeten and alleviate the torture which my poor afflicted heart suffers for love of her; with what glories she shall crown my pains, what rest she shall give to my cares, what life to my death, and what reward to my services. And thou, more glorious planet, which by this time, I presume, art harnessing thy horses to pay thy earliest visit to my adorable Dulcinea; I entreat thee, as soon as thou dost see her, to salute her with my most profound respects: but take heed, that when thou look'st on her, and addressest thyself to her, that thou dost not kiss her face; for if thou dost, I shall grow more jealous of thee, than ever thou wert of the swift ingrate, who made thee run and sweat so over the plains of Thessaly, or the banks of Peneus, I have forgotten through which of them thou rannest, so raging with love and jealousy." At these words the innkeeper's daughter began to call to him softly:—"Sir knight," said she, "come a little nearer this way if you please." —At these words Don Quixote turned his head, and the moon shining then very bright, he perceived somebody called him from the hole, which he fancied was a large window full of iron-bars, all richly gilt, suitable to the

stately castle, for which he mistook the inn; and all on a sudden, he imagined that the beautiful damsel, daughter to the lady of the castle, overcome by the charms of his person, returned to court him, as she did once before. In this thought, that he might not appear uncivil or ungrateful, he turned Rozinante and came to the hole; where seeing the two lasses, "Fair damsels," said he, "I cannot but pity you for your misplaced affection, since it is altogether impossible you should meet with any return from the object of your wishes proportionable to your great merits and beauty; but yet you ought not by any means to condemn this unhappy knight-errant for his coldness, since love has utterly incapacitated him to become a slave to any other but to her who, at first sight, made herself absolute mistress of his soul. Pardon me therefore, excellent lady, and retire to your apartment. Let not, I beseech you, any further arguments of love force me to be less grateful or civil than I would: but if, in the passion you have for me, you can bethink yourself of anything else wherein I may do you any service, love alone excepted, command it freely; and I swear to you by my absent, yet most charming enemy, to sacrifice it to you immediately,

though it be a lock of Medusa's hair, which are all snakes, or the very sun-beams enclosed in a glass-vial."

"My lady needs none of those things, sir knight," replied Maritornes.—"What then would she command?" asked Don Quixote.—"Only the honour of one of your fair hands," returned Maritornes, "to satisfy, in some measure, that violent passion which has obliged her to come hither with the great hazard of her honour: for if my lord, her father, should know it, the cutting off one of her beautiful ears were the least thing he would do to her."—"Oh! that he durst attempt it!" cried Don Quixote; "but I know he dare not, unless he has a mind to die the most unhappy death that ever father suffered, for sacrilegiously depriving his amorous daughter of one of her delicate members." Maritornes made no doubt that he would comply with her desire, and having already laid her design, got in a trice to the stable, and brought Sancho Panza's ass's halter to the hole, just as Don Quixote was got on his feet upon Rozinante's saddle, more easily to reach the barricaded window, where he imagined the enamoured lady staid; and lifting up his hand to her, said, "Here, madam, take the hand, or rather, as I may say, the executioner of all

earthly miscreants; take, I say, that hand, which never woman touched before; no, not even she herself who has entire possession of my whole body; nor do I hold it up to you that you may kiss it, but that you may observe the contexture of the sinews, the ligament of the muscles, and the largeness and dilatation of the veins; whence you may conclude how strong that arm must be, to which such a hand is joined."—"We shall see that presently," replied Maritornes, and cast the noose she had made in the halter on his wrist; and then descending from the hole, she tied the other end of the halter very fast to the lock of the door. Don Quixote being sensible that the bracelet she had bestowed on him was very rough, cried, "You seem rather to abuse than compliment my hand; but I beseech you treat it not so unkindly, since that is not the cause why I do not entertain a passion for you; nor is it just or equal you should discharge the whole tempest of your vengeance on so small a part. Consider, those who love truly, can never be so cruel in their revenge." But not a soul regarded what he said; for as soon as Maritornes had fastened him, she and her confederate, almost dead with laughing, ran away, and left him so strongly obliged,

that it was impossible he should disengage himself.

He stood then, as I said, on Rozinante's saddle, with all his arm drawn into the hole, and the rope fastened to the lock, being under a fearful apprehension, that if Rozinante moved but never so little on any side, he should slip and hang by the arm, and therefore durst not use the least motion in the world, though he might reasonably have expected from Rozinante's patience and gentle temper, that if he were not urged, he would never have moved for a whole age together of his own accord. In short, the knight, perceiving himself fast, and that the ladies had forsaken him, immediately concluded that all this was done by way of enchantment, as in the last adventure in the very same castle, when the enchanted Moor (the carrier) did so damnably maul him. Then he began alone to curse his want of discretion and conduct, since having once made his escape out of that castle in so miserable a condition, he should venture into it a second time; for, by the way, it was an observation among all knights-errant, that if they were once foiled in an adventure, it was a certain sign it was not reserved for them,[1] but for some other to

[1] See Appendix, Note 2, Chapter XVI., Book IV.

finish; wherefore they would never prove it again. Yet, for all this, he ventured to draw back his arm, to try if he could free himself; but he was so fast bound, that his attempt proved fruitless. It is true, it was with care and deliberation he drew it, for fear Rozinante should stir: and then fain would he have seated himself on the saddle; but he found he must either stand, or leave his arm for a ransom. A hundred times he wished for Amadis's sword, on which no enchantment had power; then he fell a cursing his stars; then reflected on the great loss the world would sustain all the time he should continue under his enchantment, as he really believed it; then his adorable Dulcinea came afresh into his thoughts; many a time did he call to his trusty squire Sancho Panza, who, buried in a profound sleep, lay stretched at length on his ass's pannel, never so much as dreaming of the pangs his mother felt when she bore him; then the aid of the necromancers Lirgandeo and Alquife was invoked by the unhappy knight. And, in fine, the morning surprised him, racked with despair and confusion, bellowing like a bull; for he could not hope from day-light any cure, or mitigation of his pain, which he believed would be eternal, being absolutely persuaded he was enchanted, since

he perceived that Rozinante moved no more than a mountain; and therefore he was of opinion, that neither he nor his horse should eat, drink, or sleep, but remain in that state till the malignancy of the stars were o'erpast, or till some more powerful magician should break the charm.

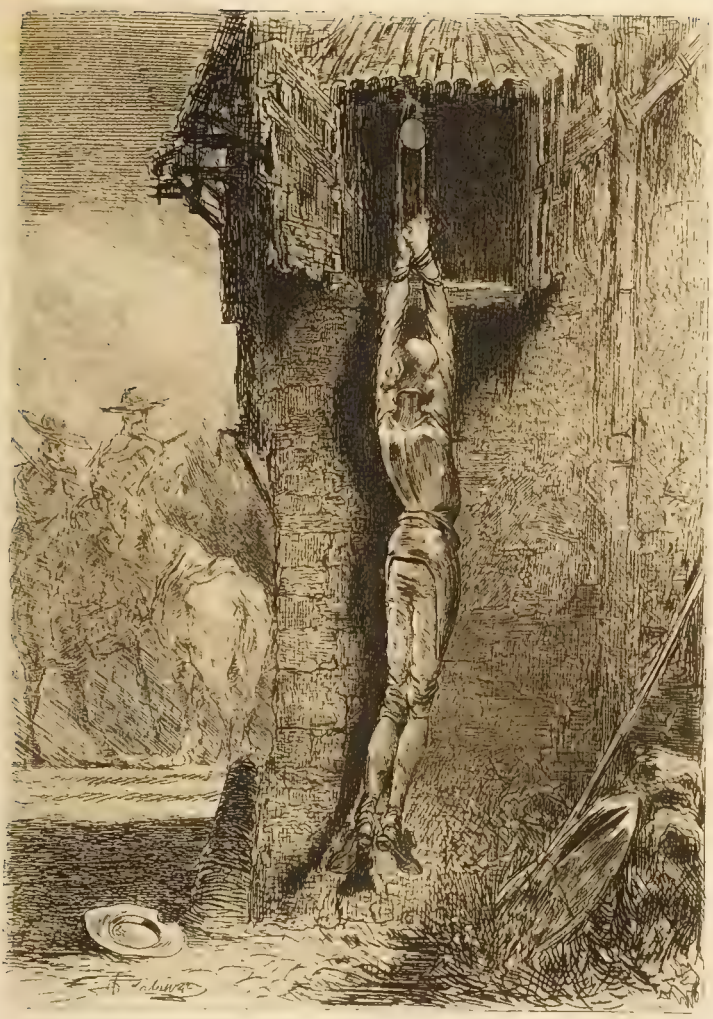
But it was an erroneous opinion; for it was scarce day-break, when four horsemen, very well accoutred, their firelocks hanging at the pommels of their saddles, came thither, and finding the inn-gate shut, called and knocked very loud and hard; which Don Quixote perceiving from the post where he stood sentinel, cried out with a rough voice and a haughty mein, "Knights, or squires, or of whatsoever other degree you are, knock no more at the gates of this castle, since you may assure yourselves, that those who are within at such an hour as this, are either taking their repose, or not accustomed to open their fortress, till Phœbus has displayed himself upon the globe; retire, therefore, and wait till it is clear day, and then we will see whether it is just or no, that they should open their gates to you."— "What a devil," cried one of them, "what castle or fortress is this, that we should be obliged to so long a ceremony? Pr'ythee,

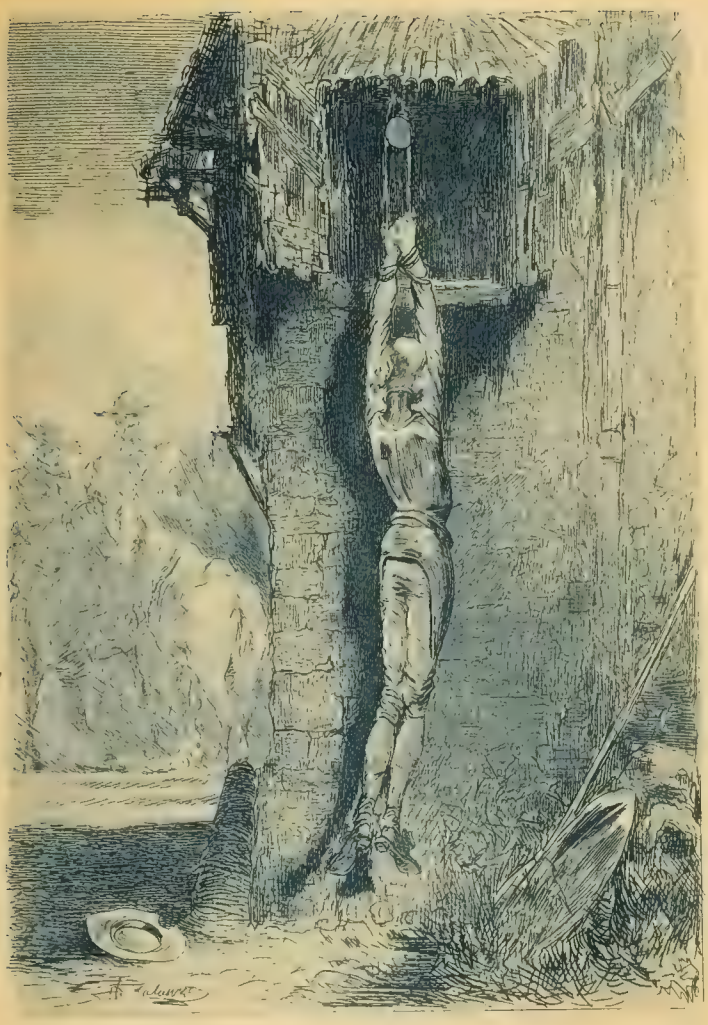
friend, if thou art the innkeeper, bid them open the door to us; for we ride post, and can stay no longer than just to bait our horses."—"Gentlemen," said Don Quixote, "do I look like an innkeeper then?"—"I cannot tell what thou art like," replied another, "but I am sure thou talkest like a madman, to call this a castle."—"It is a castle," returned Don Quixote, "ay, and one of the best in the province, and contains one who has held a sceptre in her hand, and wore a crown on her head."—"It might more properly have been said exactly contrary," replied the traveller, "a sceptre in her tail, and a crown in her hand: yet it is not unlikely that there may be a company of strollers within, and those do frequently hold such sceptres, and wear such crowns as thou pratest of: for certainly no person worthy to sway a sceptre, or wear a crown, would condescend to take up a lodging in such a paltry inn as this, where I hear so little noise."—"Thou hast not been much conversant in the world," said Don Quixote, "since thou art so miserably ignorant of accidents so frequently met with in knight-errantry."—The companions of him that held this tedious discourse with Don Quixote, were tired with their foolish chattering so long together, and therefore they

returned with greater fury to the gate, where they knocked so violently, that they waked both the innkeeper and his guests; and so the host rose to ask who was at the door.

In the meantime Rozinante, pensive and sad, with ears hanging down, and motionless, bore up his outstretched lord, when one of the horses those four men rode upon, walked towards Rozinante, to smell him; and he, truly being real flesh and blood, though very like a wooden block, could not choose but be sensible of it, nor forbear turning to smell the other, which so seasonably came to comfort and divert him; but he had hardly stirred an inch from his place, when Don Quixote's feet, that were close together, slipt asunder, and, tumbling from the saddle, he had inevitably fallen to the ground, had not his wrist been securely fastened to the rope; which put him to so great a torture, that he could not imagine but that his hand was cutting off, or his arm tearing from his body; yet he hung so near the ground, that he could just reach it with the tips of his toes,[1] which added to his torment; for, perceiving how little he wanted to the setting his feet wholly on the ground, he strove and tugged as much as he could to effect it; not

[1] See Appendix, Note 2, Chapter XVI., Book IV.





much unlike those that suffer the strapade, who put themselves to greater pain in striving to stretch their limbs, deluded by the hopes of touching the ground, if they could but inch themselves out a little longer.

CHAPTER XVII.

A CONTINUATION OF THE STRANGE ADVENTURES IN THE INN.

The miserable outcries of Don Quixote presently drew the innkeeper to the door, which he hastily opening, was strangely affrighted to hear such a terrible roaring, and the strangers stood no less surprised. Maritornes, whom the cries had also roused, guessing the cause, ran straight to the loft, and, slipping the halter, released the Don, who made her a very prostrate acknowledgment, by an unmerciful fall on the ground. The innkeeper and strangers crowded immediately around him to know the cause of his misfortune. He, without regard to their questions, unmanacles his wrist, bounces from the ground, mounts Rozinante, braces his target, couches his lance, and, taking a large circumference in the field, came up with a hand-gallop: "Whoever," said he, "dare affirm, assert, or declare, that I have been justly enchanted, in case my lady the Princess Micomicona will but give me leave, I will tell him he lies, and will maintain

my assertion by immediate combat." The travellers stood amazed at Don Quixote's words, till the host removed their wonder, by informing them of his usual extravagances in this kind, and that his behaviour was not to be minded. They then asked the innkeeper if a certain youth, near the age of fifteen, had set up at his house, clad like a muleteer; adding withal some farther marks and tokens, denoting Donna Clara's lover.

He told them, that among the number of his guests, such a person might pass him undistinguished; but one of them accidentally spying the coach which the judge rid in, called to his companions, "O, gentlemen, gentlemen, here stands the coach which we were told my young master followed, and here he must be, that is certain; let us lose no time, one guard the door, the rest enter into the house to look for him. Hold—stay," continued he, "ride one about to the other side of the house, lest he escape us through the back-yard."—"Agreed," says another, and they posted themselves accordingly. The innkeeper, though he might guess that they sought the young gentleman whom they had described, was nevertheless puzzled as to the cause of their so diligent search. By this time the day-

light, and the outcries of Don Quixote, had raised the whole house, particularly the two ladies, Clara and Dorothea, who had slept but little, the one with the thoughts her lover was so near her, and the other through an earnest desire she had to see him. Don Quixote, seeing the travellers neither regard him nor his challenge, was ready to burst with fury and indignation; and could he have dispensed with the rules of chivalry, which oblige a knight-errant to the finishing one adventure before his embarking in another, he had assaulted them all, and forced them to answer him to their cost; but being unfortunately engaged to reinstate the Princess Micomicona, his hands were tied up, and he was compelled to desist, expecting where the search and diligence of the four travellers would terminate. One of them found the young gentleman fast asleep by a footman, little dreaming of being followed or discovered. The fellow lugging him by the arm, cries out, "Ay, ay, Don Lewis, these are very fine clothes you have got on, and very becoming a gentleman of your quality; indeed, this scurvy bed too is very suitable to the care and tenderness your mother brought you up with." The youth, having rubbed his drowsy eyes, and fixed them steadfastly on the man,

knew him presently for one of his father's servants, which struck him speechless with surprise. The fellow went on; "There is but one way, sir; pluck up your spirits, and return with us to your father, who is certainly a dead man unless you be recovered."—"How came my father to know," answered Don Lewis, "that I took this way, and this disguise?"—"One of your fellow students," replied the servant, "whom you communicated your design to, moved by your father's lamentation of your loss, discovered it. The good old gentleman despatched away four of his men in search of you; and here we are all at your service, sir, and the joyfullest men alive; for our old master will give us a hearty welcome, having so soon restored him what he loved so much."—"That, next to Heaven, is as I please," said Don Lewis.—"What would you, or Heaven either, please, sir, but return to your father? Come, come, sir, talk no more of it; home you must go, and home you shall go." The footman that lay with Don Lewis, hearing this dispute, rose, and related the business to Don Ferdinand, Cardenio, and the rest that were now dressed; adding withal, how the man gave him the title of Don, with other circumstances of their conference. They being

already charmed with the sweetness of his voice, were curious to be informed more particularly of his circumstances, and resolving to assist him, in case any violence should be offered him, went presently to the place where he was still contending with his father's servant.

By this Dorothea had left her chamber, and with her Donna Clara in great disorder. Dorothea beckoning Cardenio aside, gave him a short account of the musician and Donna Clara; and he told her that his father's servants were come for him. Donna Clara over-hearing him, was so exceedingly surprised, that had not Dorothea run and supported her, she had sunk to the ground. Cardenio promising to bring the matter to a fair and successful end, advised Dorothea to retire with the indisposed lady to her chamber. All the four that pursued Don Lewis were now come about him, pressing his return without delay, to comfort his poor father. He answered it was impossible, being engaged to put a business in execution first, on which depended no less than his honour, and his present and future happiness. They urged, that since they had found him, there was no returning for them without him, and if he would not go, he should be

carried. "Not unless you kill me," answered the young gentleman; upon which all the company were joined in the dispute, Cardenio, Don Ferdinand and his companions, the judge, the curate, the barber, and Don Quixote, who thought it needless now to guard the castle any longer. Cardenio, who knew the young gentleman's story, asked the fellows upon what pretence, or by what authority, they could carry the youth away against his will.—"Sir," answered one of them, "we have reason good for what we do; no less than his father's life depends upon his return." — "Gentlemen," said Don Lewis, "it is not proper perhaps to trouble you with a particular relation of my affairs; only thus much, I am a gentleman, and have no dependence that should force me to any thing beside my inclination."—"Nay, but sir," answered the servant, "reason, I hope, will force you; and though it cannot move you, it must govern us, who must execute our orders, and force you back; we only act as we are ordered, sir."—"Hold," said the judge, "and let us know the whole state of the case."—"O lord, sir," answered one of the servants that knew him, "my lord judge, does not your worship know your next neighbour's child? See here, sir, he has run away from his father's

house, and has put on these dirty tattered rags to the scandal of his family, as your worship may see." The judge then viewing him more attentively knew him, and saluting him, "What jest is this, Don Lewis?" cried he; "what mighty intrigue are you carrying on, young sir, to occasion this metamorphosis, so unbecoming your quality?" The young gentleman could not answer a word, and the tears stood in his eyes; the judge perceiving his disorder, desired the four servants to trouble themselves no farther, but leave the youth to his management, engaging his word to act to their satisfaction; and retiring with Don Lewis, he begged to know the occasion of his flight.

During their conference, they heard a great noise at the inn door, occasioned by two strangers, who, having lodged there over night, and seeing the whole family so busied in a curious inquiry into the four horsemen's business, thought to have made off without paying their reckoning; but the innkeeper, who minded no man's business more than his own, stopped them in the nick, and demanding his money, upbraided their ungenteel design very sharply: they returned the compliment with kick and cuff so roundly, that the poor

host cried out for help. His wife and daughter saw none so idle as Don Quixote, whom the daughter addressing, "I conjure you, sir knight," said she, "by that virtue delivered to you from heaven, to succour my distressed father, whom two villains are beating to jelly."—"Beautiful damsel," answered Don Quixote, with a slow tone and profound gravity, "your petition cannot at the present juncture prevail, I being withheld from undertaking any new adventure, by promise first to finish what I am engaged in; and all the service you can expect, is only my counsel in this important affair: Go with all speed to your father, with advice to continue and maintain the battle with his utmost resolution, till I obtain permission from the Princess Micomicona to reinforce him, which once granted, you need make no doubt of his safety."—"Unfortunate wretch that I am," said Maritornes, who overheard him, "before you can have this leave, my master will be sent to the other world."—"Then, madam," said he, "procure me the permission I mentioned, and though he were sent into the other world, I will bring him back in spite of hell and the devil, or at least so revenge his fall on his enemies, as shall give ample satisfaction to his surviving friends;" whereupon breaking off the

discourse, he went and threw himself prostrate before Dorothea, imploring her, in romantic style, to grant him a commission to march and sustain the governor of that castle, who was just fainting in a dangerous engagement." The princess despatched him very willingly; whereupon presently buckling on his target, and taking up his sword, he ran to the inn door, where the two guests were still handling their landlord very unmercifully: he there made a sudden stop, though Maritornes and the hostess pressed him twice or thrice to tell the cause of his delay in his promised assistance to his host.—"I make a pause," said Don Quixote, "because I am commanded by the law of arms to use my sword against none under the order of knighthood; but let my squire be called, this affair is altogether his province."—In the meantime drubs and bruises were incessant at the inn-gate, and the poor host soundly beaten. His wife, daughter and maid, who stood by, were like to run mad at Don Quixote's hanging back, and the inn-keeper's unequal combat; where we shall leave him, with a design to return to his assistance presently, though his fool-hardiness deserves a sound beating, for attempting a thing he was not likely to go through with. We now

return to hear what Don Lewis answered the judge, whom we left retired with him, and asking the reason of his travelling on foot, and in so mean a disguise. The young gentleman, grasping his hands very passionately, made this reply, not without giving a proof of the greatness of his sorrow by his tears.

"Without ceremony or preamble, I must tell you, dear sir, that from the instant that heaven made us neighbours, and I saw Donna Clara, your daughter and my mistress, I resigned to her the whole command of my affections; and unless you, whom I most truly call my father, prevent it, she shall be my wife this very day; for her sake I abandoned my father's house; for her have I thus disguised my quality; her would I thus have followed through the world: she was the north-star, to guide my wandering course, and the mark at which my wishes flew. Her ears indeed are utter strangers to my passion; but yet her eyes may guess, by the tears she saw flowing from mine. You know my fortune and my quality; if these can plead, sir, I lay them at her feet. Then make me this instant your happy son; and if my father, biassed by contrary designs, should not approve my choice, yet time may

produce some favourable turn, and alter his mind."—The amorous youth having done speaking, the judge was much surprised at the handsome discovery he made of his affections, but was not a little puzzled how to behave himself in so sudden and unexpected a matter; he therefore, without any positive answer, advised him only to compose his thoughts, to divert himself with his servants, and to prevail with them to allow him that day to consider on what was proper to be done. Don Lewis expressed his gratitude by forcibly kissing the judge's hands, and bathing them with his tears, enough to move a heart of a cannibal, much more a judge's, who, being a man of the world, had presently the advantage of the match and preferment of his daughter in the wind; though he much doubted the consent of Don Lewis's father, who he knew designed to match his son into the nobility.

By this time Don Quixote's entreaties more than threats had parted the fray at the inn-door; the strangers paying their reckoning went off, and Don Lewis's servants stood expecting the result of the judge's discourse with their young master; when, as the devil would have it who should come into the inn but the barber

whom Don Quixote had robbed of Mambrino's helmet, and Sancho of the pack-saddle. As he was leading his beast very gravely to the stable, he spies Sancho mending something about the pannel; he knew him presently, and setting upon him very roughly, "Ay, master thief, master rogue," said he, "have I caught you at last, and all my ass's furniture in your hands too?" Sancho finding himself so unexpectedly assaulted, and nettled at the dishonourable terms of his language, laying fast hold on the pannel with one hand, gave the barber such a douse on the chops with the other, as set all his teeth a bleeding. For all this the barber stuck by his hold, and cried out so loud, that the whole house was alarmed at the noise and scuffle; "I command you, gentlemen," continued he, "to assist me in the king's name; for this rogue has robbed me on the king's high-way, and would now murder me, because I seize upon my goods."—"That is a lie," cried Sancho, "it was no robbery on the king's high-way, but lawful plunder, won by my lord Don Quixote fairly in the field."—The Don himself was now come up, very proud of his squire's behaviour on this occasion, accounting him thenceforth a man of spirit, and designing him the honour of knighthood on the first

opportunity, thinking his courage might prove a future ornament to the order. Among other things which the barber urged to prove his claim; "Gentlemen," said he, "this pack-saddle is as certainly my pack-saddle, as I hope to die in my bed; I know it as well as if it had been bred and born with me; nay, my very ass will witness for me; do but try the saddle on him, and if it does not fit him as close as can be, call me then a liar. Nay, more than that, gentlemen, that very day when they robbed me of my pack-saddle, they took away a special new basin which was never used, and which cost me a crown."—Here Don Quixote could no longer contain himself; but thrusting between them, he parted them; and having caused the pack-saddle to be deposited on the ground to open view, till the matter came to a final decision; "That this honourable company may know," cried he, "in what a manifest error this honest squire persists, take notice how he degrades that with the name of basin, which was, is, and shall be, the helmet of Mambrino, which I fairly won from him in the field, and lawfully made myself lord of by force of arms. As to the pack-saddle, it is a concern that is beneath my regard; all I have to urge in that affair is, that my squire begged my permission

to strip that vanquished coward's horse of his trappings, to adorn his own. He had my authority for the deed, and he took them. And now for his converting it from a horse's furniture to a pack-saddle, no other reason can be brought, but that such transformations frequently occur in the affairs of chivalry. For a confirmation of this, despatch, run, Sancho, and produce the helmet, which this squire would maintain to be a basin."—"O' my faith, sir," said Sancho, "if this be all you can say for yourself, Mambrino's helmet will prove as arrant a basin, as this same man's furniture is a mere pack-saddle."—"Obey my orders," said Don Quixote; "I cannot believe that every thing in this castle will be guided by enchantment."—Sancho brought the basin, which Don Quixote holding up in his hands, "Behold, gentlemen," continued he, "with what face can this impudent squire affirm this to be a basin, and not the helmet I mentioned? Now, I swear before you all, by the order of knighthood which I profess, that this is the same individual helmet which I won from him, without the least addition or diminution."—"That I will swear," said Sancho; "for since my lord won it, he never fought but once in it, and that was the

battle wherein he freed those ungracious galley-slaves, who, by the same token, would have knocked out his brains with a shower of stones, had not this same honest basin-helmet saved his skull."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE CONTROVERSY ABOUT MAMBRINO'S HELMET AND THE PACK-SADDLE, DISPUTED AND DECIDED; WITH OTHER ACCIDENTS, NOT MORE STRANGE THAN TRUE.

"PRAY, good gentlemen," said the barber, "let us have your opinion in this matter; I suppose you will grant this same helmet to be a basin." —"He that dares grant any such thing," said Don Quixote, "must know that he lies plainly, if a knight; but if a squire, he lies abominably."—Our barber, who was privy to the whole matter, to humour the jest, and carry the diversion a little higher, took up the other shaver.—"Master Barber,—you must pardon me, sir, if I do not give you your titles, —I must let you understand," said he, "that I have served an apprenticeship to your trade, and have been a freeman in the company these thirty years,[1] and therefore am not to learn what belongs to shaving. You must likewise know that I have been a soldier too in my younger days, and consequently understand the differ-

[1] See Appendix, Note 1, Chapter XVIII., Book IV.

ences between a helmet, a morion, and a close-helmet,[1] with all other accoutrements belonging to a man-of-arms. Yet I say, with submission still to better judgment, that this piece, here in dispute before us, is as far from being a basin, as light is from darkness. Withal I affirm, on the other hand, that although it be a helmet, it is not a complete one."—"Right," said the Don, "for the lower part and the beaver are wanting."—"A clear case, a clear case," said the curate, Cardenio, Don Ferdinand and his companions; and the judge himself, had not Lewis's concern made him thoughtful, would have humoured the matter.—"Lord have mercy upon us now!" said the poor barber, half distracted, "is it possible that so many honourable gentlemen should know a basin or a helmet no better than this comes to? Gadzookers, I defy the wisest university in all Spain, with their scholarships, to show me the like. Well, if it must be a helmet, it must be a helmet, that is all. And by the same rule my pack-saddle must troop too, as this gentleman says."—"I must confess," said Don Quixote, "as to outward appearance it is a pack-saddle; but, as I have already said, I will not pretend to determine the dispute as to that point."—"Nay," said the curate, "if Don Quixote speak not, the

[1] See Appendix, Note 2, Chapter XVIII., Book IV.

matter will never come to a decision ; because in all affairs of chivalry, we must all give him the preference."—"I swear, worthy gentlemen," said Don Quixote, "that the adventures I have encountered in this castle are so strange and supernatural, that I must infallibly conclude them the effects of pure magic and enchantment. The first time I ever entered its gates, I was strangely embarrassed by an enchanted Moor that inhabited it, and Sancho himself had no better entertainment from his attendants; and last night I hung suspended almost two hours by this arm, without the power of helping myself, or of assigning any reasonable cause of my misfortune; so that for me to meddle or give my opinion in such confused and intricate events, would appear presumption. I have already given my final determination as to the helmet in controversy, but dare pronounce no definite sentence on the pack-saddle, but shall remit it to the discerning judgment of the company; perhaps the power of enchantment may not prevail on you that are not dubbed knights, so that your understandings may be free, and your judicial faculties more piercing to enter into the true nature of these events, and not conclude upon them from their appearances." —"Undoubtedly," answered Don Ferdinand,

"the decision of this process depends upon our sentiments, according to Don Quixote's opinion; that the matter, therefore, may be fairly discussed, and that we may proceed upon solid and firm grounds, we will put it to the vote. Let every one give me his suffrage in my ear, and I will oblige myself to report them faithfully to the board."

To those that knew Don Quixote, this proved excellent sport; but to others unacquainted with his humour, as Don Lewis and his four servants, it appeared the most ridiculous stuff in nature; three other travellers too that happened to call in by the way, and were found to be officers of the holy brotherhood, or pursuivants, thought the people were all bewitched in good earnest. But the barber was quite at his wit's end, to think that his basin, then and there present before his eyes, was become the helmet of Mambrino; and that his pack-saddle was likewise going to be changed into rich horse-furniture. Every body laughed very heartily to see Don Ferdinand whispering each particular person very gravely, to have his vote upon the important contention of the pack-saddle. When he had gone the rounds among his own faction, that were all privy to the jest, "Honest fellow," said he

very loudly, "I grow weary of asking so many impertinent questions; every man has his answer at his tongue's end, that it is mere madness to call this a pack-saddle, and that it is positively, *nemine contradicente*, right horse-furniture, and great horse-furniture, too; besides, friend, your allegations and proofs are of no force; therefore, in spite of your ass and you too, we give it for the defendant, that this is, and will continue the furniture of a horse, nay, and of a great horse too."—"Now the devil take me," said the barber,* "if you be not all damnably deceived; and may I be hanged if my conscience does not plainly tell me it is a downright pack-saddle; but I have lost it according to law, and so fare it well. But I am neither mad nor drunk sure, for I am fresh and fasting this morning from every thing but sin."

The barber's raving was no less diverting than Don Quixote's clamours. "Sentence is passed," cried he; "and let every man take possession of his goods and chattels, and heaven give him joy."—"This is a jest, a mere jest," said one of the four servants; "certainly, gentlemen, you cannot be in earnest, you are

* In the original it is *el sobrebarbero, i.e.*, the supernumerary or additional barber, in contradistinction to the other barber who appears first in the history.

too wise to talk at this rate; for my part, I say and will maintain it, for there is no reason the barber should be wronged, that this is a basin, and that the pack-saddle of a he-ass."—"May not it be a she-ass's pack-saddle, friend?" said the curate.—"That is all one, sir," said the fellow; "the question is not whether it be a he or she-ass's pack-saddle, but whether it be a pack-saddle or not, that is the matter, sir."—One of the officers of the holy brotherhood, who had heard the whole controversy, very angry to hear such an error maintained, "Gentlemen," said he, "this is no more a horse's saddle than it is my father, and he that says the contrary is drunk or mad."—"You lie like an unmannerly rascal," said the knight; and at the same time with his lance, which he had always ready for such occasions, he offered such a blow at the officer's head, that had not the fellow leaped aside it would have laid him flat. The lance flew into pieces, and the rest of the officers, seeing their comrade so abused, cried out for help, charging every one to aid and assist the holy brotherhood. * The inn-keeper being one of the fraternity, ran for his sword and rod, and then joined his fellows.

* All these troops of the *holy brotherhood* carry wands or rods as a mark of their office.

Don Lewis's servants got round their master to defend him from harm, and secure him lest he should make his escape in the scuffle. The barber seeing the whole house turned topsy-turvy, laid hold again on his pack-saddle; but Sancho, who watched his motions, was as ready as he, and secured the other end of it.

Don Quixote drew and assaulted the officers pell-mell. Don Lewis called to his servants to join Don Quixote and the gentlemen that sided with him; for Cardenio, Don Ferdinand, and his other friends had engaged on his side. The curate cried out, the landlady shrieked, her daughter wept, Maritornes howled, Dorothea was distracted with fear, Lucinda could not tell what to do, and Donna Clara was strangely frighted; the barber pommelled Sancho, and Sancho belaboured the barber. One of Don Lewis's servants went to hold him, but he gave him such a rebuke on his jaws, that his teeth had like to have forsook their station; and then the judge took him into his protection. Don Ferdinand had got one of the officers down, and laid on him back and side. The innkeeper still cried out, "Help the holy brotherhood!" so that the whole house was a medley of wailings, cries, shrieks, confusions, fears, terrors, disasters,

slashes, buffets, blows, kicks, cuffs, battery, and bloodshed.

In the greatest heat of this hurly-burly it came into Don Quixote's head, that he was certainly involved in the disorder and confusion of King Agramant's camp; and calling out with a voice that shook the whole house; "Hold, valorous knights," said he, "all hold your furious hands, sheath all your swords, let none presume to strike on pain of death, but hear me speak." The loud and monstrous voice surprised everybody into obedience, and the Don proceeded: "I told you before, gentlemen, that this castle was enchanted, and that some legion of devils did inhabit it: now let your own eyes confirm my words: do not you behold the strange and horrid confusion of King Agramant's army[1] removed hither, and put in execution among us? See, see how they fight for the sword, and yonder for the horse; behold how some contend for the helmet, and here others battle it for the standard; and all fight we do not know how, nor can tell why. Let therefore my Lord Judge, and his reverence Master Curate, represent, one, King Agramant, and the other King Sobrino, and by their wisdom and conduct

[1] See Appendix, Note 3, Chapter XVIII., Book IV.

appease this tumult; for, by the powers divine, it were a wrong to honour, and a blot on chivalry, to let so many worthies, as are here met, kill one another for such trifles."

Don Quixote's words were Hebrew to the officers, who having been roughly handled by Cardenio, Ferdinand, and his friends, would not give it over so. But the barber was content; for Sancho had demolished his beard and pack-saddle both in the scuffle; the squire dutifully retreated at the first sound of his master's voice; Don Lewis's servants were calm, finding it their best way to be quiet; but the innkeeper was refractory. He swore that madman ought to be punished for his ill-behaviour, and that every hour he was making some disturbance or another in his house. But at last, the matter was made up, the pack-saddle was agreed to be horse-furniture, the basin a helmet, and the inn a castle, till the day of judgment, if Don Quixote would have it so. Don Lewis's business came next in play. The judge, in concert with Don Ferdinand, Cardenio, and the Curate, resolved that Don Ferdinand should interpose his authority on Don Lewis's behalf, and let his servants know, that he would carry him to Andalusia, where he should be entertained according to his

quality by his brother the marquis; and they should not oppose this design, seeing Don Lewis was positively resolved not to be forced to go back to his father yet. Don Ferdinand's quality, and Don Lewis's resolution, prevailed on the fellows to order matters so, that three of them might return to acquaint their old master, and the fourth wait on Don Lewis. Thus this monstrous heap of confusion and disorder was digested into form, by the authority of Agramant, and wisdom of King Sobrino.

But the enemy of peace, finding his project of setting them all by the ears so eluded, resolved once again to have another trial of skill, and play the devil with them all the second bout: for though the officers, understanding the quality of their adversaries, were willing to desist, yet one of them, whom Don Ferdinand had kicked most unmercifully, remembering that among other warrants, he had one to apprehend Don Quixote, for setting free the galley-slaves, which Sancho was sadly afraid would come about, he resolved to examine if the marks and tokens given of Don Quixote agreed with this person; then drawing out a parchment, and opening his warrant, he made a shift to read it, and every other word looking cunningly on Don Quixote's face; whereupon

having folded up the parchment, and taking his warrant in his left hand, he clapt his right hand fast in the knight's collar, crying, "You are the king's prisoner!—Gentlemen, I am an officer, here's my warrant. I charge you all to aid and assist the holy brotherhood." Don Quixote, finding himself used so rudely, by one whom he took to be a pitiful scoundrel, kindled up into such a rage that he shook with indignation, and catching the fellow by the neck with both his hands, squeezed him so violently, that if his companions had not presently freed him, the knight would certainly have throttled him before he had quitted his hold.

The innkeeper being obliged to assist his brother officer, presently joined him: the hostess seeing her husband engaging a second time, raised a new outcry, her daughter and Maritornes bore the burden of the song, sometimes praying, sometimes crying, sometimes scolding: Sancho, seeing what passed, "By the lord," said he, "my master is in the right; this place is haunted, that is certain; there is no living quietly an hour together." At last Don Ferdinand parted Don Quixote and the officer, who were both pretty well pleased to quit their bargain. However, the officers still demanded their prisoner, and to have him delivered bound

into their hands, commanding all the company a second time to help and assist them in securing that public robber upon the king's high road.

Don Quixote smiled at the supposed simplicity of the fellows; at last, with solemn gravity, "Come hither," said he, "you offspring of filth, and extraction of dunghills! dare you call loosing the fettered, freeing the captive, helping the miserable, raising the fallen, and supplying the indigent, dare you, I say, base-spirited rascals, call these actions robbery? Your thoughts, indeed, are too grovelling and servile to understand, or reach the pitch of chivalry, otherwise you had understood that even the shadow of a knight-errant had claim to your adoration. You a band of officers! you are a pack of rogues indeed, and robbers on the highway by authority. What blockhead of a magistrate durst issue out a warrant to apprehend a knight-errant like me? Could not his ignorance find out that we are exempt from all courts of judicature? That our valour is the bench, our will the common law, and our sword the executioner of justice? Could not his dulness inform him that no rank of nobility or peerage enjoys more immunities and privileges?

Has he any precedent that a knight-errant ever paid taxes, subsidy, poll-money, or so much as fare or ferry? What tailor ever had money for his clothes, or what constable ever made him a reckoning for lodging in his castle? What kings are not proud of his company; and what damsels of his love? And lastly, did you ever read of any knight-errant that ever was, is, or shall be, that could not, with his single force, cudgel four hundred such rogues as you to pieces, if they have the impudence to oppose him?"

CHAPTER XIX.

THE NOTABLE ADVENTURE OF THE OFFICERS OF THE HOLY BROTHERHOQD, WITH DON QUIXOTE'S GREAT FEROCITY AND ENCHANTMENT.

Whilst Don Quixote talked at this rate, the curate endeavoured to persuade the officers that he was distracted, as they might easily gather from his words and actions; and therefore, though they should carry him before a magistrate, he would be presently acquitted, as being a madman. He that had the warrant made answer, that it was not his business to examine whether he were mad or not; he was an officer in commission, and must obey orders; and accordingly was resolved to deliver him up to the superior power, which once done, they might acquit him five hundred times if they would. But for all that, the curate persisted they should not carry Don Quixote away with them this time, adding, that the knight himself would by no means be brought to it; and in short, said so much, that they had been greater fools than he, could they not have plainly seen

his madness. They therefore not only desisted, but offered their service in compounding the difference between Sancho and the barber. Their mediation was accepted, they being officers of justice, and succeeded so well, that both parties stood to their arbitration, though not entirely satisfied with their award, which ordered them to change their pannels, but not their halters nor the girths. The curate made up the business of the basin, paying the barber, under-hand, eight reals for it, and getting a general release under his hand of all claims or actions concerning it, and all things else. These two important differences being so happily decided, the only obstacles to a general peace were Don Lewis's servants and the innkeeper; the first were prevailed upon to accept the proposals offered, which were, that three of them should go home, and the fourth attend Don Lewis, where Don Ferdinand should appoint. Thus this difference was made up, to the un speakable joy of Donna Clara. Zoraida, not well understanding any thing that past, was sad and cheerful by turns, as she observed others to be by their countenances, especially her beloved Spaniard, on whom her eyes were more particularly fixed. The innkeeper made a hideous bawling; having discovered that the barber had

received money for his basin. "He knew no reason," he said, "why he should not be paid as well as other folks, and swore that Rozinante and Sancho's ass should pay for their master's extravagance before they should leave his stable." The curate pacified him, and Don Ferdinand paid him his bill. All things thus accommodated, the inn no longer resembled the confusion of Agramant's camp, but rather the universal peace of Augustus's reign: upon which the curate and Don Ferdinand had the thanks of the house, as a just acknowledgment for their so effectual mediation.

Don Quixote being now free from the difficulties and delays that lately embarrassed him, held it high time to prosecute his voyage, and bring to some decision the general enterprize which he had the voice and election for. He therefore fully resolved to press his departure, and fell on his knees before Dorothea, but she would not hear him in that posture, but prevailed upon him to rise: he then addressing her in his usual forms, "Most beautiful lady," said he, "it is a known proverb, that diligence is the mother of success; and we have found the greatest successes in war still to depend on expedition and despatch, by preventing the enemy's design, and forcing a victory before an assault

is expected. My inference from this, most high and illustrious lady, is, that our residence in this castle appears nothing conducive to our designs, but may prove dangerous; for we may reasonably suppose that our enemy the giant may learn by spies, or some other secret intelligence, the scheme of our intentions, and consequently fortify himself in some inexpugnable fortress against the power of our utmost endeavours, and so the strength of my invincible arm may be ineffectual. Let us therefore, dear madam, by our diligence and sudden departure hence, prevent any such his designs, and force our good fortune, by missing no opportunity that we may lay hold of." Here he stopt, waiting the princess's answer. She, with a grave aspect, and style suiting his extravagance, replied, "The great inclination and indefatigable desire you show, worthy knight, in assisting the injured, and restoring the oppressed, lay a fair claim to the praises and universal thanks of mankind; but your singular concern, and industrious application in assisting me, deserve my particular acknowledgments and gratification; and I shall make it my peculiar request to heaven, that your generous designs, in my favour, may be soon accomplished, that I may be enabled to convince you of the hon-

our and gratitude that may be found in some of our sex. As to our departure, I shall depend upon your pleasure, to whose management I have not only committed the care of my person, but also resigned the whole power of command."—"Then, by the assistance of the divine power," answered he, "I will lose no opportunity of reinstating your highness, since you condescend to humble yourself to my orders; let our march be sudden, for the eagerness of my desires, the length of the journey, and the dangers of delay, are great spurs to my despatch. Since, therefore, heaven has not created, nor hell seen the man I ever feared, fly Sancho, saddle Rozinante, harness your ass, and make ready the lady's palfrey; let us take leave of the governor here, and these other lords, and set out from hence immediately."

Poor Sancho, hearing all that passed, shook his head. "Lord, lord, master," said he, "there is always more tricks in a town than are talked of, with reverence be it spoken."—"Ho! Villain," cried Don Quixote, "what tricks can any town or city show to impair my credit?"—"Nay, sir," quoth Sancho, "if you grow angry, I can hold my tongue, if that be all; but there are some things which you

ought to hear, and I should tell as becomes a trusty squire, and honest servant."—"Say what thou wilt," said the knight, "so it tend not to cowardice; for if thou art afraid, keep it to thyself, and trouble not me with the mention of fear, which my soul abhors."—"Pshaw, hang fear," answered Sancho, "that is not the matter; but I must tell you, sir, that which is as certain and plain as the nose on your face. This same madam here, that calls herself the Queen of the great kingdom of Micomicon, is no more a queen than my grandam. For, do but consider, sir, if she were such a fine queen as you believe, can you imagine she would always be sucking of snouts,* and kissing and slabbering a certain person that shall be nameless, in this company?" Dorothea blushed at Sancho's words, for Don Ferdinand had, indeed, sometimes, and in private, taken the freedom with his lips to reap some part of the reward his affection deserved; which Sancho spying by chance made some constructions upon it, very much to the disadvantage of her royalty; for, in short, he concluded her no better than a woman of pleasure. She nevertheless would take no notice of his aspersion, but let him go

* *Hocicando* in the original, from *Hocico*, the snout of any beast.

on; "I say this, sir," continued he, "because after our trudging through all weathers, fair and foul, day after night, and night after day, this same person in the inn here, is like to divert himself at our expense, and to gather the fruit of our labours. I think therefore, master, there is no reason, do you see, for saddling Rozinante, harnessing my ass, or making ready the lady's palfrey; for we had better stay where we are; and let every whore brew as she bakes, and every man that is hungry go to dinner."

Heavens! into what a fury did these disrespectful words of Sancho put the knight! His whole body shook, his tongue faltered, his eyes glowed. "Thou villainous, ignorant, rash, unmannerly, blasphemous detractor," said he, "how darest thou entertain such base and dishonourable thoughts, much more utter thy rude and contemptible suspicions before me and this honourable presence? Away from my sight, thou monster of nature, magazine of lies, cupboard of deceits, granary of guile, publisher of follies, foe of all honour! Away, and never let me see thy face again, on pain of my most furious indignation!" Then bending his angry brows, puffing his cheeks, and stamping on the ground, he gave Sancho such a look

as almost frighted the poor fellow to annihilation.

In the height of this consternation, all that the poor squire could do, was to turn his back, and sneak out of the room. But Dorothea knowing the knight's temper, undertook to mitigate his anger. "Sir Knight of the Woeful Figure," said she, "assuage your wrath, I beseech you; it is below your dignity to be offended at these idle words of your squire; and I dare not affirm but that he has some colour of reason for what he said; for it were uncharitable to suspect his sincere understanding, and honest principles, of any false or malicious slander or accusation. We must therefore search deeper into this affair, and believe, that as you have found all transactions in this castle governed by enchantment, so some diabolical illusion has appeared to Sancho, and represented to his enchanted sight what he asserts to my dishonour."—"Now by the powers supreme," said the knight, "your highness has cut the knot. This misdemeanour of that poor fellow must be attributed purely to enchantment, and the power of some malicious apparition; for the good nature and simplicity of the poor wretch could never invent a lie, or be guilty of an aspersion to any

one's disadvantage."—"It is evident," said Don Ferdinand; "we therefore all intercede in behalf of honest Sancho, that he may be again restored to your favour, *sicut erat in principio*, before these illusions had imposed upon his sense." Don Quixote complied, and the curate brought in poor Sancho trembling, who on his knees made an humble acknowledgment of his crime, and begged to have his pardon confirmed by a gracious kiss of his master's hand. Don Quixote gave him his hand and his blessing. "Now, Sancho," said he, "will you hereafter believe what I so often have told you, that the power of enchantment overrules every thing in this castle?"—"I will, and like your worship," quoth Sancho, "all but my tossing in a blanket; for really, sir, that happened according to the ordinary course of things."—"Believe it not Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "for were I not convinced of the contrary, you should have plentiful revenge; but neither then, nor now, could I ever find any object to wreak my fury or resentment on."

Every one desired to know what was the business in question; whereupon the innkeeper gave them an account of Sancho's tossing, which set them all a laughing, and would have made

Sancho angry, had not his master afresh assured him that it was only a mere illusion, which, though the squire believed not, he held his tongue. The whole company having passed two days in the inn, bethought themselves of departing; and the curate and barber found out a device to carry home Don Quixote, without putting Don Ferdinand and Dorothea to the trouble of humouring his impertinence any longer. They first agreed with a waggoner that went by with his team of oxen, to carry him home: then had a kind of a wooden cage made, so large that the knight might conveniently sit or lie in it. Presently after all the company of the inn disguised themselves, some with masks, others by disfiguring their faces, and the rest by change of apparel, so that Don Quixote should not take them to be the same persons. This done, they all silently entered his chamber, where he was sleeping very soundly after his late fatigues: they immediately laid hold on him so forcibly, and held his arms and legs so hard, that he was not able to stir, or do any thing but stare on those odd figures which stood round him. This instantly confirmed him in the strange fancy that had so long disturbed his crazed understanding, and made him believe himself undoubtedly enchanted,

and those frightful figures to be the spirits and demons of the enchanted castle. So far the curate's invention succeeded to his expectation. Sancho being the only person there in his right shape and senses, beheld all this very patiently, and though he knew them all very well, yet was resolved to see the end of it, or he ventured to speak his mind. His master likewise said nothing, patiently expecting his fate, and waiting the event of his misfortune. They had by this lifted him out of bed, and placing him in the cage, they shut him in, and nailed the bars of it so fast, that no small strength could force them open. Then mounting him on their shoulders, as they conveyed him out of the chamber-door, they heard as dreadful a voice as the barber's lungs could bellow, speak these words:

"Be not impatient, O Knight of the Woeful Figure, at your imprisonment, since it is ordained by the fates, for the more speedy accomplishment of that most noble adventure, which your incomparable valour has intended. For accomplished it shall be, when the rampant Manchegan lion* and the white Tobosian dove shall be united, by humbling their lofty and

* It may be translated the rampant spotted lion, as well as the rampant *Manchegan* lion: for the Spanish word *Mancha* signifies both a spot and the country *La Mancha*. An untranslatable double entendre.

erected chests to the soft yoke of wedlock, from whose wonderful coition shall be produced and spring forth brave whelps, which shall imitate the rampant paws of their valorous sire. And this shall happen before the bright pursuer ot the fugitive nymph shall, by his rapid and natural course, take a double circumference in visitation of the luminous signs. And thou, the most noble and faithful squire that ever had sword on thigh, beard on face, or sense of smell in nose, be not dispirited or discontented at this captivity of the flower of all chivalry; for very speedily, by the eternal will of the world's Creator, thou shalt find thyself ennobled and exalted beyond the knowledge of thy greatness. And I confirm to thee, from the sage Mentironiana,* that thou shalt not be defrauded of the promises made by thy noble lord. I therefore conjure thee to follow closely the steps of the courageous and enchanted knight; for it is necessarily enjoined, that you both go where you both shall stay. The fates have commanded me no more, farewell.[1] For I now return, I well know whither."

The barber managed the cadence of his voice so artificially towards the latter end of his

* *Mentironiana* is a framed word from *Mentira*, a lie.

[1] See Appendix, Note 1, Chapter XIX., Book IV.

prophecy, that even those who were made acquainted with the jest, had almost taken it for supernatural.

Don Quixote was much comforted at the prophecy, apprehending presently the sense of it, and applying it to his marriage with Dulcinea del Toboso, from whose happy womb should issue the cubs, signifying his sons, to the eternal glory of La Mancha; upon the strength of which belief, raising his voice, and heaving a profound sigh; "Whatsoever thou art," said he, "whose happy prognostication I own and acknowledge, I desire thee to implore, in my name, the wise magician, whose charge I am, that his power may protect me in this captivity, and not permit me to perish before the fruition of these grateful and incomparable promises made to me; for the confirmation of such hopes, I would think my prison a palace, my fetters freedom, and this hard field-bed on which I lie, more easy than the softest down, or most luxurious lodgings. And as to the consolation offered my squire Sancho Panza, I am so convinced of his honesty, and he has proved his honour in so many adventures, that I mistrust not his deserting me, through any change of fortune. And though his or my harder stars should disable me from bestowing on him the

island I have promised, or some equivalent, his wages at least are secured to him by my last will and testament, though what he will receive is more answerable, I confess, to my estate and ability, than to his services and great deserts." Sancho Panza made him three or four very respectful bows, and kissed both his hands, for one alone he could not, being both tied together, and in an instant the demons hoisted up the cage, and yoked it very handsomely to the team of oxen.

CHAPTER XX.

PROSECUTING THE COURSE OF DON QUIXOTE'S ENCHANTMENT, WITH OTHER MEMORABLE OCCURRENCES.

Don Quixote was not so much amazed at his enchantment, as at the manner of it: "Among all the volumes of chivalry that I have turned over," said he, "I never read before of knights-errant drawn in carts,[1] or tugged along so leisurely, by such slothful animals as oxen. For they used to be hurried along with prodigious speed, enveloped in some dark and dusky cloud; or in some fiery chariot drawn by winged griffins, or some such expeditious creatures; but I must confess, to be drawn thus by a team of oxen, staggers my understanding not a little; though perhaps the enchanters of our times take a different method from those in former ages. Or rather the wise magicians have invented some course in their proceedings for me, being the first reviver and restorer of arms, which have so long been lost in oblivion, and rusted through the disuse of chivalry. What is thy

[1] See Appendix, Note 1, Chapter XX., Book IV.

opinion, my dear Sancho?"—"Why truly, sir," said Sancho, "I cannot tell what to think, being not so well read in these matters as your worship; yet for all that, I am positive and can take my oath on it, that these same phantoms that run up and down here are not orthodox." —"Orthodox, my friend?" said Don Quixote, "how can they be orthodox, when they are devils, and have only assumed these phantastical bodies to surprise us into this condition? To convince you, endeavour to touch them, and you will find their substances are not material, but only subtile air, and outward appearance." —"Gadzookers, sir," said Sancho, "I have touched them, and touched them again, sir; and I find this same busy devil here, that is fiddling about, is as plump and fat as a capon: besides, he has another property very different from a devil; for the devils, they say, smell of brimstone and other filthy things, and this spark has such a fine scent of essence about him, that you may smell him at least half a league."—Meaning Don Ferdinand, who, in all probability, like other gentlemen of his quality, had his clothes perfumed.

"Alas, honest Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "the cunning of these fiends is above the reach of thy simplicity; for you must know

the spirits, as spirits, have no scent at all; and if they should, it must necessarily be some unsavoury stench, because they still carry their hell about them, and the least of a perfume or grateful odour were inconsistent with their torments; so that this mistake of yours must be attributed to some farther delusion of your sense." Don Ferdinand and Cardenio, upon these discourses between master and man, were afraid that Sancho would spoil all, and therefore ordered the innkeeper privately to get ready Rozinante and Sancho's ass, while the curate agreed with the officers for so much a-day to conduct them home. Cardenio having hung Don Quixote's target on the pommel of Rozinante's saddle, and the basin on the other side, he signified to Sancho by signs, that he should mount his ass, and lead Rozinante by the bridle; and lastly placed two officers with their firelocks on each side of the cart.

Being just ready to march, the hostess, her daughter, and Maritornes, came to the door to take their leave of the knight, pretending unsupportable grief for his misfortune. "Restrain your tears, most honourable ladies," said Don Quixote, "for these mischances are incident to those of my profession; and from these disasters it is we date the greatness of our glory and

renown; they are the effects of envy, which still attends virtuous and great actions, and brought upon us by the indirect means of such princes and knights as are emulous of our dignity and fame: but spite of all oppression, spite of all the magic, that ever its first inventor Zoroastres understood, virtue will come off victorious; and triumphing over every danger, will at last shine out in its proper lustre, like the sun to enlighten the world. Pardon me, fair ladies, if, through ignorance or omission of the respects due to your qualities, I have not behaved myself to please you; for, to the best of my knowledge, I never committed a wilful wrong. And I crave the assistance of your prayers, towards my enlargement from this prison, which some malicious magician has confined me to; and the first business of my freedom, shall be a grateful acknowledgment for the many and obliging favours conferred upon me in this your castle."

Whilst the ladies were thus entertained by Don Quixote, the curate and barber were busy taking their leaves of their company; and after mutual compliments and embraces, they engaged to acquaint one another with their succeeding fortunes. Don Ferdinand entreated the curate to give him a particular relation of

Don Quixote's adventures, assuring him, that nothing would be a greater obligation, and at the same time engaged to inform him of his own marriage and Lucinda's return to her parents; with an account of Zoraida's baptism, and Don Lewis's success in his amour.

The curate having given his word and honour, to satisfy Don Ferdinand, and the last compliments being past, was just going, when the innkeeper made him a proffer of a bundle of papers found in the folds of the same cloak-bag where he got *The Curious Impertinent*, telling him withal, that they were all at his service; because since the owner was not like to come and demand them, and he could not read, they could not better be disposed of. The curate thanked him heartily, and opening the papers, found them entitled, *The Story of Rinconete and Cortadillo.* The title showing it to be a novel, and probably written by the author of *The Curious Impertinent*, because found in the same wallet, he put it in his pocket, with a resolution to peruse it the very first opportunity: then mounting with his friend the barber, and both putting on their masks, they followed the procession, which marched in this order. The carter led the van; and next his cart, flanked on right and

left with two officers with their firelocks; then followed Sancho on his ass, leading Rozinante; and lastly the curate and barber on their mighty mules brought up the rear of the body, all with a grave and solemn air, marching no faster than the heavy oxen allowed. Don Quixote sat leaning against the back of the cage with his hands tied and his legs at length; but so silent and motionless, that he seemed rather a statue than a man.

They had travelled about two leagues this slow and leisurely pace, when their conductor stopping in a little valley, proposed it as a fit place to bait in; but he was prevailed upon to defer halting a little longer, being informed by the barber of a certain valley beyond a little hill in their view, better stored with grass, and more convenient for their purpose. They had not travelled much farther when the curate spied coming a round pace after them six or seven men very well accoutred; they appeared, by their brisk riding, to be mounted on churchmen's mules, not carried as the Don was, by a team of sluggish oxen: they endeavoured before the heat of the day to reach their inn, which was about a league farther. In short, they soon came up with our slow itinerants; and one of them, that was a canon of Toledo,

and master of those that came along with him, marking the formal procession of the cart, guards, Sancho, Rozinante, the curate, and the barber, but chiefly the in-caged Don Quixote, could not forbear asking what meant their strange method of securing that man; though he already believed, having observed the guards, that he was some notorious criminal in custody of the holy brotherhood. One of the fraternity told him, that he could not tell the cause of that knight's imprisonment, but that he might answer for himself, because he best could tell.

Don Quixote over-hearing their discourse, "Gentlemen," said he, "if you are conversant and skilled in matters of knight-errantry, I will communicate my misfortunes to you; if you are not, I have no reason to give myself the trouble."—"Truly, friend," answered the canon, "I am better acquainted with books of chivalry than with Villalpando's divinity;[1] and if that be all your objection, you may safely impart to me what you please."—"With heaven's permission be it so," said Don Quixote. "You must then understand, sir knight, that I am borne away in this cage by the force of enchantments, through the envious spite and malice of some cursed magicians; for virtue is

[1] See Appendix, Note 2, Chapter XX., Book IV.

more zealously persecuted by ill men, than it is beloved by the good. I am, by profession, a knight-errant, and none of those, I assure you, whose deeds never merited a place in the records of fame; but one who, in spite of Envy's self, in spite of all the magi of Persia, the brachmans of India, or the gymnosophists of Ethiopia, shall secure to his name a place in the temple of Immortality, as a pattern and model to following ages, that ensuing knights-errant, following my steps, may be guided to the top and highest pitch of heroic honour."— "The noble Don Quixote de la Mancha speaks truth," said the curate, coming up to the company; "he is indeed enchanted int his cart, not through his own demerits or offences, but the malicious treachery of those whom virtue displeases and valour offends. This is, sir, the Knight of the Woeful Figure, of whom you have undoubtedly heard, whose mighty deeds shall stand engraved in lasting brass and time-surviving marble, till envy grows tired with labouring to deface his fame, and malice to conceal him."

The canon hearing the prisoner and his guard talk thus in the same style, was in amaze, and blessed himself for wonder, as did the rest of the company, till Sancho Panza coming

up, to amend the matter, "Look ye, sirs," said he, "I will speak the truth, take it well or take it ill. My master here, is no more enchanted than my mother: he is in his sober senses, he eats and drinks, and does his needs, like other folks, and as he used to do; and yet they will persuade me that a man, who can do all this, is enchanted, forsooth! he can speak too, for if they will let him alone, he will prattle you more than thirty attorneys." Then turning towards the curate, "O Master Curate, Master Curate," continued he, "do you think I do not know you, and that I do not guess what all these new enchantments drive at! Yes, I know you well enough, for all you hide your face; and understand your design, for all your sly tricks, sir. But it is an old saying, There is no striving against the stream; and the weakest still goes to the wall. The devil take the luck on it; had not your reverence spoiled our sport, my master had been married before now to the Princess Micomicona, and I had been an earl at least; nay, that I was sure of, had the worst come to the worst; but the old proverb is true again, fortune turns round like a mill-wheel, and he that was yesterday at the top, lies to-day at the bottom. I wonder, Master Curate, you that are a clergyman should not

have more conscience; consider, sir, that I have a wife and family, who expect all to be great folks, and my master here is to do a world of good deeds: and do not you think, sir, that you will be made to answer for all this one day?"—"Snuff me those candles," said the barber, hearing Sancho talk at this rate: "what, fool, are you brain-sick of your master's disease too? If you be, you are like to bear him company in his cage, I will assure you, friend. What enchanted island is this that floats in your skull, or what succubus has been riding thy fancy,[1] and got it with child of these hopes?"—"With child, sir! what do you mean, sir?" said Sancho, "I scorn your words, sir; the best lord in the land should not get me with child, no, not the king himself, heaven bless him. For though I am a poor man, yet I am an honest man, and an old Christian, and do not owe any man a farthing; and though I desire islands, there are other folks not far off that desire worse things. Every one is the son of his own works; I am a man, and may be pope of Rome, much more governor of an island; especially considering my master may gain so many as he may want persons to bestow them on. Therefore, pray Master Barber, take heed what you say; for all consists not in

[1] See Appendix, Note 3, Chapter XX., Book IV.

shaving of beards, and there is some difference between a hawk and a hand-saw. I say so, because we all know one another, and nobody shall put a false card upon me. As to my master's enchantment, let it stand as it is, heaven knows best: and a stink is still worse for the stirring." The barber thought silence the best way to quiet Sancho's impertinence; and the curate, doubting that he might spoil all, entreated the canon to put on a little before, and he would unfold the mystery of the encaged knight, which perhaps he would find one of the pleasantest stories he had ever heard. The canon rid forward with him, and his men followed, while the curate made them a relation of Don Quixote's life and quality, his madness and adventures, with the original cause of his distraction, and the whole progress of his affairs, till his being shut up in the cage, to get him home in order to have him cured. They all admired at this strange account; and then the canon turning to the curate: "Believe me, Master Curate," said he, "I am fully convinced, that these they call books of knight-errantry are very prejudicial to the public. And though I have been led away with an idle and false pleasure, to read the beginnings of almost as many of them as have been

printed, I could never yet persuade myself to go through with any one to the end; for to me they all seem to contain one and the same thing; and there is as much in one of them as in all the rest. The whole composition and style resemble that of the Milesian fables,[1] which are a sort of idle stories, designed only for diversion, and not for instruction. It is not so with those fables which are called apologues, that at once delight and instruct. But though the main design of such books is to please; yet I cannot conceive how it is possible they should perform it, being filled with such a multitude of unaccountable extravagancies. For the pleasure which strikes the soul, must be derived from the beauty and congruity it sees or conceives in those things the sight or imagination lay before it; and nothing in itself deformed or incongruous can give us any real satisfaction. Now what beauty can there be, or what proportion of the parts to the whole, or of the whole to the several parts, in a book, or fable, where a stripling of sixteen years of age at one cut of a sword cleaves a giant, as tall as a steeple, through the middle, as easily as if he were made of paste-board? Or when they give us the relation

[1] See Appendix, Note 4, Chapter XX., Book IV.

of a battle, having said the enemy's power consisted of a million of combatants, yet provided the hero of the book be against them, we must of necessity, though never so much against our inclination, conceive that the said knight obtained the victory only by his own valour, and the strength of his powerful arm? And what shall we say of the great ease and facility with which an absolute queen or empress casts herself into the arms of an errant and unknown knight? What mortal, not altogether barbarous and unpolished, can be pleased to read, that a great tower, full of armed knights, cuts through the sea like a ship before the wind, and setting out in the evening from the coast of Italy, lands by break of day in Prester John's country,[1] or in some other, never known to Ptolemy, or seen by Marcus Paulus?* If it should be answered, that the persons who compose these books, write them as confessed lies; and therefore are not obliged to observe niceties, or to have regard to truth; I shall make this reply, that falsehood is so much the more commendable, by how much more it resembles truth; and is the more pleasing the more it is doubtful and

[1] See Appendix, Note 5, Chapter XX., Book IV.

* A Venetian, and a very great traveller. He lived in the 13th century, 1272.

possible. Fabulous tales ought to be suited to the reader's understanding, being so contrived, that all impossibilities ceasing, all great accidents appearing feasible, and the mind wholly hanging in suspense, they may at once surprise, astonish, please and divert; so that pleasure and admiration may go hand in hand. This cannot be performed by him that flies from probability and imitation, which is the perfection of what is written. I have not seen any book of knight-errantry that composes an entire body of a fable with all its parts, so that the middle is answerable to the beginning, and the end to the beginning and middle; but on the contrary, they form them of so many limbs, that they rather seem a chimæra or monster, than a well-proportioned figure. Besides all this, their style is uncouth, their exploits incredible, their love immodest, their civility impertinent, their battles tedious, their language absurd, their voyages preposterous; and in short, they are altogether void of solid ingenuity, and therefore fit to be banished a Christian commonwealth as useless and prejudicial."

The curate was very attentive, and believed him a man of a sound judgment, and much in the right in all he had urged; and therefore

told him, that being of the same opinion, and an enemy to the books of knight-errantry, he had burnt all that belonged to Don Quixote, which were a considerable number. Then he recounted to him the scrutiny he had made among them, what he had condemned to the flames, and what spared; at which the canon * laughed heartily, and said, "that notwithstanding all he had spoken against those books, yet he found one good thing in them, which was the subject they furnished a man of understanding with to exercise his parts, because they allow a large scope for the pen to dilate upon without any check, describing shipwrecks, storms, skirmishes and battles; representing to us a brave commander, with all the qualifications requisite in such a one, shewing his prudence in disappointing the designs of the enemy, his eloquence in persuading or dissuading his soldiers, his judgment in council, his celerity in execution, and his valour in assailing or repulsing an assault; laying before us sometimes a dismal and melancholy accident, sometimes a delightful and unexpected adventure; in one place, a beautiful, modest, discreet and reserved lady; in another, a Christian-like, brave, and courteous gentle-

* This canon of Toledo is Cervantes himself all along.

man; here a boisterous, inhuman, boasting ruffian; there an affable, warlike and wise prince; livelily expressing the fidelity and loyalty of subjects, generosity and bounty of sovereigns. He may no less, at times, make known his skill in astrology, cosmography, music and policy; and if he pleases, he cannot want an opportunity of appearing knowing even in necromancy. He may describe the subtilty of Ulysses, the piety of Æneas, the valour of Achilles, the misfortunes of Hector, the treachery of Sinon, the friendship of Euryalus, the liberality of Alexander, the valour of Cæsar, the clemency and sincerity of Trajan, the fidelity of Zopyrus, the prudence of Cato; and in fine, all those actions that may make up a complete hero? sometimes attributing them all to one person, and at other times dividing them among many. This being so performed in a grateful style, and with ingenious invention, approaching as much as possible to truth, will doubtless compose so beautiful and various a work, that, when finished, its excellency and perfection must attain the best end of writing, which is at once to delight and instruct, as I have said before: for the loose method practised in these books, gives the author liberty to play the epic, the

lyric, and the dramatic poet, and to run through all the parts of poetry and rhetoric; for epics may be as well writ in prose * as in verse."

* The adventures of Telemachus is a proof of this.

CHAPTER XXI.

CONTAINING A CONTINUATION OF THE CANON'S DISCOURSE UPON BOOKS OF KNIGHT-ERRANTRY, AND OTHER CURIOUS MATTER.

"You are much in the right, sir," replied the curate; "and therefore those who have hitherto published books of that kind, are the more to be blamed, for having had no regard to good sense, art, or rules, by the observation of which they might have made themselves as famous in prose, as the two princes of Greek and Latin poetry are in verse."— "I must confess," said the canon, "I was once tempted to write a book of knight-errantry myself, observing all those rules; and to speak the truth, I writ above one hundred pages, which for the better trial, whether they answered my expectation, I communicated to some learned and judicious men fond of those subjects, as well as to some of those ignorant persons, who only are delighted with extravagancies; and they all gave me a satisfactory approbation. And yet I made no farther progress, as well in regard I look upon it to be a thing noway agreeable with

my profession, as because I am sensible the illiterate are much more numerous than the learned; and though it were of more weight to be commended by the small number of the wise, than scorned by the ignorant multitude, yet would I not expose myself to the confused judgment of the giddy vulgar, who principally are those who read such books. But the greatest motive I had to lay aside, and think no more of finishing it, was the argument I formed to myself deduced from the plays now usually acted:[1] for thought I, if plays now in use, as well those which are altogether of the poet's invention, as those that are grounded upon history, be all of them, or, however, the greatest part, made up of most absurd extravagancies and incoherencies; things that have neither head nor foot, side nor bottom; and yet the multitude sees them with satisfaction, esteems and approves them, though they are so far from being good; and if the poets who write, and the players who act them, say they must be so contrived and no otherwise, because they please the generality of the audience; and if those which are regular and according to art, serve only to please half a score judicious persons who understand

[1] See Appendix, Note 1, Chapter XXI., Book IV.

them, whilst the rest of the company cannot reach the contrivance, nor know anything of the matter; and therefore the poets and actors say, they had rather get their bread by the greater number, than the applause of the less: Then may I conclude the same will be the success of this book; so that when I have racked my brains to observe the rules, I shall reap no other advantage, than to be laughed at for my pains. I have sometimes endeavoured to convince the actors that they are deceived in their opinion, and that they will draw more company and get more credit by regular plays, than by those preposterous representations now in use; but they are so positive in their humour, that no strength of reason, nor even demonstration, can beat this opinion into their heads. I remember I once was talking to one of those obstinate fellows; 'Do you not remember,' said I, 'that within these few years, three tragedies were acted in Spain, written by a famous poet of ours, which were so excellent, that they surprised, delighted, and raised the admiration of all that saw them, as well the ignorant and ordinary people, as the judicious and men of quality; and the actors got more by those three, than by thirty of the best that have been writ since?'—'Doubtless, sir,' said the actor, 'you

mean the tragedies of Isabella, Phillis, and Alexandria.'—'The very same,' I replied, 'and do you judge whether they observed the rules of the drama; and whether by doing so, they lost anything of their esteem, or failed of pleasing all sorts of people. So that the fault lies not in the audience's desiring absurdities, but in those who know not how to give them anything else. Nor was there anything preposterous in several other plays; as for example, Ingratitude Revenged, Numancia, the Amorous Merchant, and the favourable She-enemy; nor in some others, composed by judicious poets to their honour and credit, and to the advantage of those that acted them.' Much more I added, which did indeed somewhat confound him, but no way satisfied or convinced him, so as to make him change his erroneous opinion."—"You have hit upon a subject, sir," said the curate, "which has stirred up in me an old aversion I have for the plays now in use, which is not inferior to that I bear to books of knight-errantry. For whereas plays, according to the opinion of Cicero, ought to be mirrors of human life, patterns of good manners, and the very representatives of truth; those now acted are mirrors of absurdities, patterns of follies, and images of ribaldry. For instance, what can be

more absurd, than for the same person to be brought on the stage a child in swaddling-bands, in the first scene of the first act; and to appear in the second grown a man? What can be more ridiculous than to represent to us a fighting old fellow, a cowardly youth, a rhetorical footman, a politic page, a churlish king, and an unpolished princess? what shall I say of their regard to the time in which those actions they represent, either might or ought to have happened; for I have seen a play, in which the first act began in Europe, the second was in Asia, and the third ended in Africa? * probably, if there had been another act, they would have carried it into America; and thus it would have been acted in the four parts of the world. But if imitation is to be a principal part of the drama, how can any tolerable judgment be pleased, when representing an action that happened in the time of King Pepin or Charlemagne, they shall attribute it to the Emperor Heraclius, and bring him in carrying the cross into Jerusalem, and recovering the Holy Sepulchre, like Godfrey of Boulogne, there being a vast distance of time betwixt these actions? Thus they will clap together pieces

* It is to be observed that the Spanish plays have only three jornadas, or acts.

of true history in a play of their own framing, and grounded upon fiction, mixing in it relations of things that have happened to different people, and in several ages. This they do without any contrivance that might make it appear probable, and with such visible mistakes as are altogether inexcusable; but the worst of it is, that there are idiots who look upon this as perfection, and think everything else to be mere pedantry. But if we look into the pious plays, what a multitude of false miracles shall we find in them? how many errors and contradictions, how often the miracles wrought by one saint attributed to another? nay, even in the profane plays, they presume to work miracles upon the bare imagination and conceit that such a supernatural work, or a machine, as they call it, will be ornamental, and draw the common sort to see the play. These things are a reflection upon truth itself, a lessening and depreciating of history, and a reproach to all Spanish wits; because strangers, who are very exact in observing the rules of the drama, look upon us as an ignorant and barbarous people, when they see the absurdities and extravagancies of our plays. Nor would it be any excuse to allege, that the principal design of all good governments, in permitting plays to

be publicly acted, is to amuse the commonalty with some lawful recreation, and so to divert those ill humours which idleness is apt to breed: and that since this end is attained by any sort of plays, whether good or bad, it is needless to prescribe laws to them, or oblige the poets or actors to compose and represent such as are strictly conformable to the rules. To this I would answer, that this end would be infinitely better attained by good plays, than by bad ones. He who sees a play that is regular and answerable to the rules of poetry, is pleased with the comic part, informed by the serious, surprised at the variety of accidents, improved by the language, warned by the frauds, instructed by examples, incensed against vice, and enamoured with virtue; for a good play must cause all these emotions in the soul of him that sees it, though he were never so insensible and unpolished. And it is absolutely impossible, that a play which has these qualifications, should not infinitely divert, satisfy and please, beyond another that wants them, as most of them do which are now usually acted. Neither are the poets who write them in fault, for some of them are very sensible of their errors, and extremely capable of performing their duty; but plays being now altogether becoming venal and a sort

of merchandize, they say, and with reason, that the actors would not purchase them, unless they were of that stamp; and therefore the poet endeavours to suit the humour of the actors, who is to pay him for his labour. For proof of this let any man observe that infinite number of plays composed by an exuberant Spanish wit,* so full of gaiety and humour, in such elegant verse and choice language, so sententious, and to conclude, in such a majestic style, that his fame is spread through the universe: yet because he suited himself to the fancy of the actors, many of his pieces have fallen short of their due perfection, though some have reached it. Others write plays so inconsiderately, that after they have appeared on the stage, the actors have been forced to fly and abscond, for fear of being punished, as it has often happened, for having affronted kings, and dishonoured whole families. These, and many other ill consequences, which I omit, would cease, by appointing an intelligent and judicious person at court to examine all plays before they were acted, that is, not only those which are represented at court, but throughout all Spain; so that, without his licence, no magistrate should suffer any play to appear in public.

* Lopes de Vega.

Thus players would be careful to send their plays to court, and might then act them with safety, and those who writ would be more circumspect, as standing in awe of an examiner that could judge of their works. By these means we should be furnished with good plays, and the end they are designed for would be attained, the people diverted, the Spanish wits esteemed, the actors safe, and the government spared the trouble of punishing them. And if the same person, or another, were entrusted to examine all the new books of knight-errantry, there is no doubt but some might be published with all that perfection, you, sir, have mentioned, to the increase of eloquence in our language, to the utter extirpation of the old books, which would be borne down by the new; and for the innocent pastime, not only of idle persons, but even of those who have most employment; for the bow cannot always stand bent, nor can human frailty subsist without some lawful recreation."

The canon and curate were come to this period, when the barber overtaking them, told the latter, that this was the place he had pitched on for baiting, during the heat of the day. The canon, induced by the pleasantness of the valley, and the satisfaction he found in

the curate's conversation, as well as to be farther informed of Don Quixote, bore them company, giving order to some of his men to ride to the next inn, and if his sumpter-mule were arrived, to send him down provisions to that valley, where the coolness of the shade, and the beauty of the prospect, gave him such a fair invitation to dine; and that they should make much of themselves and their mules with what the inn could afford.

In the meantime, Sancho having disengaged himself from the curate and barber, and finding an opportunity to speak to his master alone, he brushed up to the cage where the knight sate. "That I may clear my conscience, sir," said he, "it is fitting that I tell you the plain truth of your enchantment here. Who, would you think now, are these two fellows that ride with their faces covered? Even the parson of our parish and the barber; none else, I will assure you, sir. And they are in a plot against you, out of mere spite because your deeds will be more famous than theirs: this being supposed, it follows, that you are not enchanted, but only cozened and abused; and if you will but answer me one question fairly and squarely, you shall find this out to be a palpable cheat, and that there is

no enchantment in the case, but merely your senses turned topsy turvy."

"Ask me what questions you please, dear Sancho," said the knight, "and I will as willingly resolve them. But for thy assertion, that those who guard us are my old companions the curate and barber, it is illusion all. The power of magic indeed, as it has an art to clothe any thing in any shape, may have dressed these demons in their appearances to infatuate thy sense, and draw thee into such a labyrinth of confusion, that even Theseus's clue could not extricate thee out of it; and this with a design, perhaps, to plunge me deeper into doubts, and make me endanger my understanding, in searching into the strange contrivance of my enchantment, which in every circumstance is so different from all I ever read. Therefore rest satisfied that these are no more what thou imaginest, than I am a Turk. But now to thy questions; propose them, and I will endeavour to answer."

"Bless me," said Sancho, "this is madness upon madness; but since it is so, answer me one question. Tell me, as you hope to be delivered out of this cage here, and as you hope to find yourself in my lady Dulcinea's arms, when you least think on it; as you——"

"Conjure me no more," answered Don Quixote, "but ask freely, for I have promised to answer punctually."—"That is what I want," said Sancho, "and you must tell me the truth, and the whole truth, neither more nor less, upon the honour of your knighthood."—"Prythee, no more of your preliminaries or preambles," cried Don Quixote, "I tell thee I will answer to a tittle."—"Then," said Sancho, "I ask, with reverence be it spoken, whether your worship, since your being caged up, or enchanted, if you will have it so, has not had a motion, more or less, as a man may say?"—"I understand not that phrase," answered the knight.—"Heigh-day!" quoth Sancho, "don't you know what I mean? Why there is never a child in our country, that understands the christ-cross-row but can tell you. I mean, have you had a mind to do what another cannot do for you?" —"O now I understand thee, Sancho," said the knight; "and to answer directly to thy question, positively yes, very often; and therefore prythee help me out of this strait; for, to be free with you, I am not altogether so sweet and clean as I could wish."

CHAPTER XXII.

A RELATION OF THE WISE CONFERENCE BETWEEN SANCHO AND HIS MASTER.

"Ah! sir," said Sancho, "have I caught you at last? This is what I wanted to know from my heart and soul. Come, sir, you cannot deny, that when any body is out of sorts, so as not to eat, or drink, or sleep, or do any natural occasions that you guess, then we say commonly they are bewitched or so; from whence may be gathered, that those who can eat their meat, drink their drink, speak when they are spoken to, and go to the back-side when they have occasion for it, are not bewitched or enchanted."—"Your conclusion is good," answered Don Quixote, "as to one sort of enchantment; but, as I said to thee, there is variety of enchantments, and the changes in them through the alterations of times and customs branch them into so many parts, that there is no arguing from what has been to what may be now. For my part I am verily persuaded of my enchantment, and this sup-

presses any uneasiness in my conscience, which might arise upon any suggestions on the contrary. To see myself thus idly and dishonourably borne about in a cage, and withheld like a lazy idle coward from the great offices of my function, when at this hour, perhaps, hundreds of wretches may want my assistance, would be unsupportable, if I were not enchanted."—"Yet, for all that, your worship should try to get your heels at liberty," said Sancho. "Come, sir, let me alone, I will set you free, I warrant you; and then get you on your trusty Rozinante's back, and a fig for them all. The poor thing here jogs on as drooping and heartless, as if he were enchanted too. Take my advice for once now, and if things do not go as your heart could wish, you have time enough to creep into your cage again; and on the word of a loyal squire I will go in with you, and be content to be enchanted as long as you please."

"I commit the care of my freedom to thy management," said Don Quixote; "lay hold on the opportunity, friend Sancho, and thou shalt find me ready to be governed in all particulars, though I am still afraid thou wilt find thy cunning strangely over-reached in thy pretended discovery." The knight and squire had laid their plot, when they reached the

place that the canon, curate, and barber had pitched upon to alight in. The cage was taken down, and the oxen unyoked to graze; when Sancho, addressing the curate, "Pray," said he, "will you do so much, as let my lord and master come out a little to slack a point, or else the prison will not be so clean as the presence of so worthy a knight as my master requires." The curate understanding him, answered that he would comply, but that he feared Don Quixote, finding himself once at liberty, would give them the slip. "I will be bail for him," said Sancho, "body for body, sir."—"And I," said the canon, "upon his bare parole of honour."—"That you shall have," said the knight; "besides, you need no security beyond the power of art, for enchanted bodies have no power to dispose of themselves, nor to move from one place to another, without permission of the necromancer, in whose charge they are: the magical charms might rivet them for three whole centuries to one place, and fetch them back swift as the wind, should the enchanted have fled to some other region." Lastly, as a most convincing argument for his release, he urged that unless they would free him, or get farther off, he should be necessitated to offend their sense of smelling. They guessed

his meaning presently, and gave him his liberty; and the first use he made of it, was to stretch his benumbed limbs three or four times; then marching up to Rozinante, slapped him twice or thrice on the buttocks: "I trust in heaven, thou flower and glory of horse-flesh," said he, "that we shall soon be restored to our former circumstances; I mounted on thy back, and thou between my legs, while I exercise the function for which heaven has bestowed me on the world." Then walking a little aside with Sancho, he returned, after a convenient stay, much lighter in body and mind, and very full of his squire's project.

The canon gazed on him, admiring his unparalleled sort of madness, the rather because in all his words and answers he displayed an excellent judgment; and, as we have already observed, he only raved when the discourse fell upon knight-errantry: which moving the canon to compassion, when they had all seated themselves on the grass, expecting the coming up of his sumpter-mule; "Is it possible, sir," said he, addressing himself to Don Quixote, "that the unhappy reading of books of knight-errantry should have such an influence over you as to destroy your reason, making you believe you are now enchanted, and many other such

extravagances, as remote from truth, as truth itself is from falsehood? How is it possible that human sense should conceive there ever were in the world such multitudes of famous knights-errant, so many emperors of Trebizond, so many Amadises, Felixmartes of Hircania, palfreys, rambling damsels, serpents, monsters, giants, unheard-of adventures, so many sorts of enchantments, so many battles, terrible encounters, pompous habits and tournaments, amorous princesses, earls, squires, and jesting-dwarfs, so many love-letters and gallantries, so many Amazonian ladies, and, in short, such an incredible number of extravagant passages, as are contained in books of knight-errantry? As for my own particular, I confess, that while I read them, and do not reflect that they are nothing but falsehood and folly, they give me some satisfaction; but I no sooner remember what they are, but I cast the best of them from me, and would deliver them up to the flames if I had a fire near me; as well deserving that fate, because, like impostors, they act contrary to the common course of nature. They are like broachers of new sects, and a new manner of living, that seduce the ignorant vulgar to give credit to all their absurdities: nay, they presume to disturb the brains of ingenious and

well-bred gentlemen, as appears by the effect they have wrought on your judgment, having reduced you to such a condition, that it is necessary to shut you up in a cage, and carry you in a cart drawn by oxen, like some lion or tiger that is carried about from town to town to be shewn. Have pity on yourself, good Don Quixote, retrieve your lost judgment, and make use of those abilities heaven has blessed you with, applying your excellent talent to some other study, which may be safer for your conscience, and more for your honour; but if, led away by your natural inclination, you will read books of heroism and great exploits, read in the Holy Scripture the book of Judges, where you will find wonderful truths and glorious actions not to be questioned. Lusitania had a Viriatus, Rome a Cæsar, Carthage an Hannibal, Greece an Alexander, Castile a Count Fernan Gonzalez,* Valencia a Cid, Andalusia a Gonzalo Fernandes, Estremadura a Diego Garcia de Peredez, Xerez a Gracia Perez de Vargas, Toledo a Garcilasso, and Seville a Don Manuel de Leon, the reading of whose brave actions diverts, instructs, pleases, and surprises the most judicious readers. This will be a study worthy your talent, and by

* Fernan Gonzalez, Cid, and the rest here mentioned, were Spanish commanders of note.—See Note 1, Chapter XXII., Book IV.

which you will become well read in history, in love with virtue, knowing in goodness, improved in manners, brave without rashness, and cautious without cowardice; all which will redound to the glory of God, your own advancement, and the honour of the province of La Mancha, whence I understand you derive your original."

Don Quixote listened with great attention to the canon's discourse, and perceiving he had done, after he had fixed his eyes on him for a considerable space, "Sir," said he, "all your discourse, I find, tends to signify to me, there never were any knights-errant; that all the books of knight-errantry are false, fabulous, useless, and prejudicial to the public; that I have done ill in reading, erred in believing, and been much to blame in imitating them, by taking upon me the most painful profession of chivalry. And you deny that ever there were any Amadises of Gaul or Greece, or any of those knights mentioned in those books?"—"Even as you have said, sir," quoth the canon.—"You also were pleased to add," continued Don Quixote, "that those books had been very hurtful to me, having deprived me of my reason and reduced me to be carried in a cage; that therefore, it would be for my advantage to take up

in time, and apply myself to the reading of other books, where I might find more truth, more pleasure, and better instruction."—"You are in the right," said the canon.—" Then I am satisfied," replied Don Quixote, "you yourself are the man that raves and is enchanted, since you have thus boldly blasphemed against a truth so universally received, that whosoever presumes to contradict it, as you have done, deserves the punishment you would inflict on those books, which in reading offend and tire you. For it were as easy to persuade the world that the sun does not enlighten, the frost cool, and the earth bear us, as that there never was an Amadis, or any of the other adventurous knights, whose actions are the subjects of so many histories. What mortal can persuade another, that there is no truth in what is recorded of the Infanta Floripes, and Guy of Burgundy; as also Fierabras at the bridge of Mantible in the reign of Charlemagne? which passages, I dare swear, are as true as that now it is day. But if this be false, you may as well say there was no Hector, nor Achilles; nor a Trojan war, nor twelve peers of France, nor a King Arthur of Britain, who is now converted into a crow, and hourly expected in his kingdom. Some also may presume to say, that

the History of Guerino Meschino, and that the attempt of St Grial[1] are both false; that the amours of Sir Tristan and Queen Iseo are apocryphal, as well as those of Guinever and Sir Lancelot of the Lake; whereas there are people living who can almost remember they have seen the old lady Quintanona, who had the best hand at filling a glass of wine of any woman in all Britain. This I am so well assured of, that I can remember my grandmother, by my father's side, whenever she saw an old waiting-woman with her reverend veil, used to say to me, Look yonder, grandson, there is a woman like the old Lady Quintanona; whence I infer, she knew her, or at least had seen her picture. Now, who can deny the veracity of the History of Pierres, and the lovely Malagona, when to this day the pin, with which the brave Pierres turned his wooden horse that carried him through the air, is to be seen in the king's armoury? which pin is somewhat bigger than the pole of a coach, by the same token it stands just by Babieca's saddle. At Roncesvalles they keep Orlando's horn, which is as big as a great beam: Whence it follows, that there were twelve peers, that there were such men as Pierres, and the

[1] See Appendix, Note 2, Chapter XXII., Book IV.

famous Cid, besides many other adventurous knights, whose names are in the mouths of all people. You may as well tell me that the brave Portuguese, John de Merlo,[1] was no knight-errant; that he did not go into Burgundy, where, in the city of Ras, he fought the famous Moses Pierre, Lord of Charney; and in the city of Basil, Moses Henry de Ramestan, coming off in both victorious, and loaded with honour. You may deny the adventures and combats of the two heroic Spaniards, Pedro Barba and Gutierre Quixada, from whose male line I am lineally descended, who in Burgundy overcame the sons of the Earl of St Paul. You may tell me that Don Ferdinand de Guevara never went into Germany to seek adventures, where he fought Sir George,* a knight of the Duke of Austria's court. You may say the tilting of Suero de Quinnones del Passo, and the exploits of Moses Lewis de Falses, against Don Gonzalo de Guzman, a Castilian knight, are mere fables; and so of many other brave actions performed by Christian knights, as well Spaniards as foreigners; which are so authentic and true, that I say it over again, he who denies them has neither sense nor reason."

[1] See Appendix, Note 3, Chapter XXII., Book IV.

* In the original it is *Micer*, i.e., *Messire George*.

The canon was much astonished at the medley Don Quixote made of truths and fables, and no less to see how well read he was in all things relating to the achievements of knights-errant; "And therefore I cannot deny, sir," answered he, "but that there is some truth in what you have said, especially in what relates to the Spanish knights-errant; and I will grant there were twelve peers of France, yet I will not believe they performed all those actions Archbishop Turpin ascribes to them: I rather imagine they were brave gentlemen made choice of by the kings of France, and called peers, as being all equal in valour and quality; or if they were not, at least they ought to have been so; and these composed a sort of military order, like those of Saint Jago, or Calatrava among us, into which all that are admitted, are supposed, or ought to be, gentlemen of birth and known valour. And as now we say a knight of St John, or of Alcantara, so in those times they said, a knight one of the twelve peers, because there were but twelve of this military order. Nor is it to be doubted but that there were such men as Barnardo del Carpio and the Cid, yet we have reason to question whether ever they performed those great exploits that are ascribed to them. As

to the pin, Count Pierres's pin which you spoke of, and which you say stands by Babieca's saddle, I own my ignorance, and confess I was so short-sighted, that though I saw the saddle, yet I did not perceive the pin, which is somewhat strange, if it be so large as you describe it."—"It is there without doubt," replied Don Quixote; "by the same token, they say it is kept in a leathern case to keep it from rusting."—"That may very well be," said the canon; "but upon the word of a priest, I do not remember I ever saw it: yet grant it were there, that does not enforce the belief of so many Amadises, nor of such a multitude of knights-errant as the world talks of; nor is there any reason so worthy a person, so judicious, and so well qualified as you are, should imagine there is any truth in the wild extravagancies contained in all the fabulous nonsensical books of knight errantry."

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE NOTABLE DISPUTE BETWEEN THE CANON AND DON QUIXOTE; WITH OTHER MATTERS.

"VERY well," cried Don Quixote, "then all those books must be fabulous, though licensed by kings, approved by the examiners, read with general satisfaction, and applauded by the better sort and the meaner, rich and poor, learned and unlearned, gentry and commonalty; and, in short, by all sorts of persons of what state and condition soever, and though they carry such an appearance of truth, setting down the father, mother, country, kindred, age, place and actions to a tittle, and day by day, of the knight and knights of whom they treat? For shame, sir," continued he, "forbear uttering such blasphemies; and believe me, in this I advise you to behave yourself as becomes a man of sense, or else read them and see what satisfaction you will receive. As for instance, pray tell me, can there be any thing more delightful, than to read a lively description, which, as it were, brings before your eyes

the following adventure? A vast lake of boiling pitch, in which an infinite multitude of serpents, snakes, crocodiles, and other sorts of fierce and terrible creatures, are swimming and traversing backwards and forwards, appears to a knight-errant's sight. Then from the midst of the lake a most doleful voice is heard to say these words: 'O knight, whoever thou art, who gazest on this dreadful lake, if thou wilt purchase the bliss concealed under these dismal waters, make known thy valour, by casting thyself into the midst of these black burning surges; for unless thou dost so, thou art not worthy to behold the mighty wonders enclosed in the seven castles of the seven fairies, that are seated under these gloomy waves.'—And no sooner have the last accents of the voice reached the knight's ear, but he, without making any further reflection, or considering the danger to which he exposes himself, and even without laying aside his ponderous armour, only recommending himself to heaven and to his lady, plunges headlong into the middle of the burning lake; and when least he imagines it, or can guess where he shall stop, he finds himself on a sudden in the midst of verdant fields, to which the Elysian bear no comparison. There the sky appears to him

more transparent, and the sun seems to shine with a redoubled brightness. Next he discovers a most delightful grove made up of beautiful shady trees, whose verdure and variety regale his sight, while his ears are ravished with the wild and yet melodious notes of an infinite number of pretty painted birds, that hop and bill and sport themselves on the twining boughs. Here he spies a pleasant rivulet, which, through its flowery banks, glides along over the brightest sand, and remurmurs over the whitest pebbles that bedimple its smooth surface, while that other, through its liquid crystal, feasts the eye with a prospect of gold and orient pearl. There he perceives an artificial fountain, formed of party-coloured jasper and polished marble; and hard by another, contrived in grotesque, where the small cockle-shells, placed in orderly confusion among the white and yellow shells, and mixed with pieces of bright crystal and counterfeit emeralds, yield a delectable sight; so that art imitating nature, seems here to out-do her. At a distance, on a sudden, he casts his eyes upon a strong castle, or stately palace, whose walls are of massy gold, the battlements of diamonds, and the gates of hyacinths; in short, its structure is so wonderful, that though

all the materials are no other than diamonds, carbuncles, rubies, pearls, gold, and emeralds, yet the workmanship exceeds them in value. But having seen all this, can anything be so charming as to behold a numerous train of beautiful damsels come out of the castle in such glorious and costly apparel, as would be endless for me to describe, were I to relate these things as they are to be found in history? Then to see the beauty that seems the chief of all the damsels, take the bold knight, who cast himself into the burning lake, by the hand, and without speaking one word, lead him into a sumptuous palace, where he is caused to strip as naked as he was born, then put into a delicious bath, and perfumed with precious essences and odoriferous oils; after which he puts on a fine shirt, deliciously scented; and this done another damsel throws over his shoulders a magnificent robe, worth at least a whole city, if not more. What a sight is it, when in the next place they lead him into another room of state, where he finds the tables so orderly covered, that he is surprised and astonished? There they pour over his hands, water distilled from amber and odoriferous flowers: he is seated in an ivory chair; and while all the

damsels that attend him observe a profound silence, such variety of dainties is served up, and all so incomparably dressed, that his appetite is at a stand, doubting on which to satisfy its desire; at the same time his ears are sweetly entertained with variety of excellent music, none perceiving who makes it, or from whence it comes. But above all, what shall we say to see, after the dinner is ended, and tables taken away, the knight left leaning back in his chair, perhaps picking his teeth, as is usual; and then another damsel, much more beautiful than any of the former, comes unexpectedly into the room, and sitting down by the knight, begins to inform him what castle that is, and how she is enchanted in it; with many other particulars, which surprise the knight, and astonish those that read his history. I will enlarge no more upon this matter, since, from what has been said, it may sufficiently be inferred, that the reading of any passage in any history of knight-errantry, must be very delightful and surprising to the reader. And do you, good sir, believe me as I said to you before, read these books, which you may find will banish all melancholy, if you are troubled with it, and sweeten your disposition, if it be harsh. This I can say for myself, that since

my being a knight-errant, I am brave, courteous, bountiful, well-bred, generous, civil, bold, affable, patient, a sufferer of hardships, imprisonment, and enchantment. And though I have so lately been shut up in a cage, like a madman, I expect, through the valour of my arm, heaven favouring, and fortune not opposing my designs, to be a king of some kingdom in a very few days, that so I may give proofs of my innate gratitude and liberality. For on my word, sir, a poor man is incapable of exerting his liberality, though he be naturally never so well inclined. Now that gratitude which only consists in wishes, may be said to be dead, as faith without good works is dead. Therefore it is, I wish fortune would soon offer some opportunity for me to become an emperor, that I might give proofs of my generosity, by advancing my friends, but especially this poor Sancho Panza, my squire, who is the harmlessest fellow in the world; and I would willingly give him an earldom, which I have long since promised him, but that I fear he has not sense and judgment enough to manage it."

Sancho, hearing his master's last words, "Well, well, sir," said he, "never do you trouble your head about that matter; all you

have to do is to get me this same earldom, and let me alone to manage it: I can do as my betters have done before me; I can put in a deputy or a servant, that shall take all trouble off my hands, while I, as a great man should, loll at my ease, receive my rents, mind no business, live merrily, and so let the world rub for Sancho."—"As to the management of your revenue," said the canon, "a deputy or steward may do well, friend: but the lord himself is obliged to stir in the administration of justice, to which there is not only an honest sincere intention required, but a judicious head also, to distinguish nicely, conclude justly, and choose wisely; for if this be wanting in the principal, all will be wrong in the medium, and"——"I do not understand your philosophy," quoth Sancho; "all I said, and I will say it again, is, that I wish I had as good an earldom as I could govern; for I have as great a soul as another man, and as great a body as most men: And the first thing I would do in my government, I would have nobody to control me, I would be absolute; and who but I: now, he that is absolute, can do what he likes; he that can do what he likes, can take his pleasure; he that can take his pleasure, can be content; and he that can be content, has

no more to desire; so the matter's over, and come what will come, I am satisfied; if an island, welcome; if no island, fare it well; we shall see ourselves in no worse a condition, as one blind man said to another."—"This is no ill reasoning of yours, friend," said the canon, "though there is much more to be said on this topic of earldoms, than you imagine."—"Undoubtedly," said Don Quixote; "but I suit my actions to the example of Amadis de Gaul, who made his squire Gandalin earl of the Firm-island; which is a fair precedent for preferring Sancho to the same dignity to which his merit also lays an unquestionable claim." The canon stood amazed at Don Quixote's methodical and orderly madness, in describing the adventure of the Knight of the Lake, and the impression made on him by the fabulous conceits of the books he had read; as likewise at Sancho's simplicity in so eagerly contending for his earldom, which made the whole company very good sport.

By this time the canon's servants had brought the provision, and spreading a carpet on the grass under the shady trees, they sat down to dinner; when presently they heard the tinkling of a little bell among the copses close by them, and immediately afterwards they saw bolt out

of the thicket a very pretty she-goat, speckled all over with black, white, and brown spots, and a goatherd running after it; who, in his familiar dialect, called to it to stay and return to the fold; but the fugitive ran towards the company, frighted and panting, and stopt close by them, as if it had begged their protection. The goatherd overtaking it, caught it by the horns, and in a chiding way, as if the goat understood his resentments, "You little wanton nanny," said he, "you spotted elf, what has made you trip it so much of late? what wolf has scared you thus, hussy? tell me, little fool, what is the matter? But the cause is plain; thou art a female, and therefore never can'st be quiet: curse on thy freakish humours, and all theirs whom thou so much resemblest! Turn back, my love, turn back, and though thou can'st not be content with thy fold, yet there thou mayest be safe among the rest of thy fellows; for if thou, that shouldst guide and direct the flock, lovest wandering thus, what must they do, what will become of them?"

The goatherd's talk to his goat was entertaining enough to the company, especially to the canon, who calling to him, "Prythee, honest fellow," said he, "have a little patience

and let your goat take its liberty a while; for since it is a female, as you say, she will follow her natural inclination the more for your striving to confine it; come then, and take a bit, and a glass of wine with us, you may be better humoured after that." He then reached him the leg of a cold rabbit, and, ordering him a glass of wine, the goatherd drank it off, and returning thanks, was pacified. "Gentlemen," said he, "I would not have you think me a fool, because I talk so seriously to this senseless animal, for my words bear a mysterious meaning. I am indeed, as you see, rustical and unpolished, though not so ignorant, but that I converse with men as well as brutes."—"That is no miracle," said the curate, "for I have known the woods breed learned men, and simple sheepcots contain philosophers."—"At least," said the goatherd, "they harbour men that have some knowledge of the world: and to make good this truth, if I thought not the offer impertinent, or my company troublesome, you should hear an accident which but too well confirms what you have said."—"For my part," answered Don Quixote, "I will hear you attentively, because, methinks, your coming has something in it that looks like an adventure of knight-errantry; and I dare

answer, the whole company will not so much bring their parts in question, as to refuse to hear a story so pleasing, surprising, and amusing, as I fancy yours will prove. Then prythee friend begin, for we will all give you our attention."—"You must excuse me for one," said Sancho, "I must have a word or two in private with this same pasty at yon little brook; for I design to fill my belly for to-morrow and next day; having often heard my master Don Quixote say, that whenever a knight-errant's squire finds good belly-timber, he must fall to and feed till his sides are ready to burst, because they may happen to be bewildered in a thick wood for five or six days together; so that if a man has not his belly full beforehand, or his wallet well provided, he may chance to be crows-meat himself, as many times it falls out."—"You are in the right, Sancho," said the knight; "but I have, for my part, satisfied my bodily appetite, and now want only refreshment for my mind, which I hope this honest fellow's story will afford me." All the company agreed with Don Quixote: the goatherd then stroking his pretty goat once or twice; "Lie down, thou speckled fool," said he, "lie by me here; for we shall have time enough to return home." The creature seemed to under-

stand him, for as soon as her master sat down, she stretched herself quietly by his side, and looked up in his face as if she would let him know that she minded what he said; and then he began thus.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE GOATHERD'S TALE.

About three leagues from this valley, there is a village, which, though small, yet is one of the richest hereabouts. In it there lived a farmer in very great esteem; and, though it is common for the rich to be respected, yet was this person more considered for his virtue, than for the wealth he possessed. But what he accounted himself happiest in, was a daughter of such extraordinary beauty, prudence, wit, and virtue, that all who knew or beheld her, could not but admire to see how heaven and nature had done their utmost to embellish her. When she was but little she was handsome, till at the age of sixteen she was most completely beautiful. The fame of her beauty began to extend to the neighbouring villages; —but why say I neighbouring villages? it extended to the remotest cities, and entered the palaces of kings, and the ears of all manner of persons, who from all parts flocked to see her, as something rare, or as a sort of prodigy.

Her father was strictly careful of her, nor was she less careful of herself; for there are no guards, bolts or locks, which preserve a young woman like her own care and caution.

The father's riches, and the daughter's beauty, drew a great many, as well strangers as inhabitants of that country, to sue for her in marriage; but such was the vast number of the pretenders, as did but the more confound and divide the old man in his choice, upon whom to bestow so valuable a treasure. Among the crowd of her admirers was I; having good reason to hope for success, from the knowledge her father had of me, being a native of the same place, of a good family, and in the flower of my years, of a considerable estate, and not to be despised for my understanding. With the very same advantages, there was another person of our village who made court to her at the same time. This put the father to a stand, and held him in suspense, till his daughter should declare in favour of one of us: to bring this affair therefore to the speedier issue, he resolved to acquaint Leandra, for so was this fair one called, that since we were equals in all things, he left her entirely free to choose which of us was most agreeable to herself. An example worthy of

being imitated by all parents, who have any regard for their children. I don't mean that they should be allowed to choose in things mean or mischievous; but only that proposing to them ever those things which are good, they should be allowed in them to gratify their inclination.

I don't know how Leandra approved this proposal; this I only know, that her father put us both off, with the excuse of his daughter's being too young to be yet disposed of; and that he treated us both in such general terms, as could neither well please nor displease us. My rival's name is Anselmo, mine Eugenio; for it is necessary you should know the names of the persons concerned in this tragedy, the conclusion of which, though depending yet, may easily be perceived likely to be unfortunate. About that time there came to our village one Vincent de la Rosa, the son of a poor labouring man of the neighbourhood. This Vincent came out of Italy, having been a soldier there, and in other foreign parts. When he was but twelve years old, a captain, that happened to pass by here, with his company, took him out of this country, and at the end of other twelve years he returned hither, habited like a soldier, all gay and glorious, in a thousand various

colours, bedecked with a thousand toys of crystal, and chains of steel. To-day he put on one piece of finery, to-morrow another; but all false, counterfeit, and worthless. The country people, who by nature are malicious, and who living in idleness are still more inclined to malice, observed this presently, and counting all his fine things, they found that indeed he had but three suits of clothes, which were of a very different colour with the stockings and garters belonging to them; yet did he manage them with so many tricks and inventions, that if one had not counted them, one would have sworn he had above ten suits, and above twenty plumes of feathers.

Let it not seem impertinent that I mention this particular of his clothes and trinkets, since so much of the story depends upon it. Seating himself upon a bench, under a large spreading poplar-tree, which grows in our street, he used to entertain us with his exploits, while we stood gaping and listening at the wonders he recounted: there was not that country, as he said, upon the face of the earth, which he had not seen, nor battle which he had not been engaged in; he had killed more Moors, for his own share, than were in Morocco and Tunis together; and had fought more

duels than Gante, Luna, Diego, Garcia de Peredez,* or a thousand others that he named, yet in all of them had the better, and never got a scratch, or lost a drop of blood. Then again he pretended to show us the scars of wounds he had received, which though they were not to be perceived, yet he gave us to understand they were so many musket-shots, which he had got in several skirmishes and encounters. In short, he treated all his equals with an unparalleled arrogance; and even to those who knew the meanness of his birth, he did not stick to affirm, that his own arm was his father, his actions were his pedigree, and that except as to his being a soldier, he owed no part of his quality to the king himself, and that in being a soldier, he was as good as the king.[1]

Besides these assumed accomplishments, he was a piece of a musician, and could thrum a guitar a little; but what his excellency chiefly lay in was poetry; and so fond was he of showing his parts that way, that upon every trifling occasion, he was sure to make a copy of verses a league and a half long. This soldier whom I have described, this Vincent de la Rosa, this hero, this gallant, this musician, this poet, was often seen and viewed by Leandra, from a

* Spaniards famous for duelling.

[1] See Appendix, Note 1, Chapter XXIV., Book IV.

window of her house which looked into the street; she was struck with the tinsel of his dress; she was charmed with his verses, of which he took care to disperse a great many copies; her ears were pleased with the exploits he related of himself; and in short, as the devil would have it, she fell in love with him, before ever he had the confidence to make his addresses to her; and, as in all affairs of love, that is the most easily managed where the lady's affection is pre-engaged; so was it here no hard thing for Leandra and Vincent to have frequent meetings to concert their matters; and before ever any one of her many suitors had the least suspicion of her inclination, she had gratified it; and leaving her father's house, for she had no mother, had run away with this soldier, who came off with greater triumph in this enterprise, than in any of the rest he made his boast of.

The whole village was surprised at this accident, as was every one that heard it. I was amazed, Anselmo distracted, her father in tears, her relations outrageous; justice is demanded; a party with officers is sent out, who traverse the roads, search every wood, and, at three days end, find the poor fond Leandra in a cave of one of the mountains, naked to her shift, and

robbed of a great deal of money and jewels which she took from home. They bring and present her to her father; upon inquiry made into the cause of her misfortune, she confessed ingenuously, that Vincent de la Rosa had deceived her, and upon promise of marriage had prevailed with her to leave her father's house, with the assurance of carrying her to the richest and most delicious city of the world, which was Naples; that she foolishly had given credit to him, and robbing her father, had put herself into his hands the first night she was missed; that he carried her up a steep wild craggy mountain, and put her in that cave where she was found. In fine, she said, that though he had rifled her of all she had, yet he had never attempted her honour; but leaving her in that manner, he fled. It was no easy matter to make any of us entertain a good opinion of the soldier's continence; but she affirmed it with so many repeated asseverations, that in some measure it served to comfort her father in his affliction, who valued nothing so much as his daughter's reputation. The very same day that Leandra appeared again, she also disappeared from us, for her father immediately clapped her up in a monastery, in a town not far off, in hopes that time might wear away

something of her disgrace. Those who were not interested in Leandra, excused her upon the account of her youth. But those who were acquainted with her wit and sense, did not attribute her miscarriage to her ignorance, but to the levity and vanity of mind, natural to woman-kind.

Since the confinement of Leandra, Anselmo's eyes could never meet with an object which could give him either ease or pleasure; I too could find nothing but what looked sad and gloomy to me in the absence of Leandra. Our melancholy increased as our patience decreased. We curst a thousand times the soldier's finery and trinkets, and railed at the father's want of precaution: at last we agreed, Anselmo and I, to leave the village, and to retire to this valley, where, he feeding a large flock of sheep, and I as large a herd of goats, all our own, we pass our time under the trees, giving vent to our passions, singing in consort the praises or reproaches of the beauteous Leandra, or else, sighing alone, make our complaints to heaven on our misfortune. In imitation of us, a great many more of Leandra's lovers have come hither into these steep and craggy mountains, and are alike employed; and so many there are of them, that the place seems to be turned

to the old Arcadia we read of. On the top of that hill there is such a number of shepherds and their cottages, that there is no part of it in which is not to be heard the name of Leandra. This man curses and calls her wanton and lascivious, another calls her light and fickle; one acquits and forgives her, another arraigns and condemns her; one celebrates her beauty, another rails at her ill qualities; in short, all blame, but all adore her. Nay, so far does this extravagance prevail, that here are those who complain of her disdain who never spoke to her; and others who are jealous of favours which she never granted to any; for, as I intimated before, her inclination was not known before her disgrace. There is not a hollow place of a rock, a bank of a brook, or a shady grove, where there is not some or other of these amorous shepherds telling their doleful stories to the air and winds. Echo has learnt to repeat the name of Leandra, Leandra all the hills resound, the brooks murmur Leandra, and it is Leandra that holds us all enchanted, hoping without hope, and fearing without knowing what we fear.

Of all these foolish people, the person who shows the least, and yet has the most sense, is my rival Anselmo, who, forgetting all other causes of complaint, complains only of

her absence; and to his lute, which he touches to admiration, he joins his voice in verses of his own composing, which declare the greatness of his genius. For my part I take another course, I think a better, I am sure an easier, which is to say all the ill things I can of women's levity, inconstancy, their broken vows and vain deceitful promises, their fondness of show and disregard of merit. This, gentlemen, was the occasion of those words, which, at my coming hither, I addressed to this goat; for being a she, I hate her, though she is the best of my herd. This is the story which I promised to tell you; if you have thought it too long, I shall endeavour to requite your patience in anything I can serve you. Hard by is my cottage, where I have some good fresh milk and excellent cheese, with several sorts of fruits, which I hope you will find agreeable both to the sight and taste.

CHAPTER XXV.

OF THE COMBAT BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE AND THE GOAT-HERD; WITH THE RARE ADVENTURE OF THE PENITENTS, WHICH THE KNIGHT HAPPILY ACCOMPLISHED WITH THE SWEAT OF HIS BROWS.

The goat-herd's story was mightily liked by the whole company, especially by the canon, who particularly minded the manner of his relating it, that had more of a scholar and gentleman, than of a rude goat-herd; which made him conclude the curate had reason to say, that even the mountains bred scholars and men of sense. They all made large proffers of their friendship and service to Eugenio, but Don Quixote exceeded them all; and, addressing himself to him, "Were I," said he, "at this time in a capacity of undertaking any adventure, I would certainly begin from this very moment to serve you; I would soon release Leandra out of this nunnery, where undoubtedly she is detained against her will; and in spite of all the opposition could be made by the lady abbess and all her adherents, I would return her to your hands,

that you might have the sole disposal of her, so far, I mean, as is consistent with the laws of knighthood, which expressly forbid that any man should offer the least violence to a damsel; yet (I trust in heaven) that the power of a friendly magician will prevail against the force of a malicious enchanter; and whenever this shall happen, you may assure yourself of my favour and assistance, to which I am obliged by my profession, that enjoins me to relieve the oppressed."

The goat-herd, who till then had not taken the least notice of Don Quixote in particular, now looking earnestly on him, and finding his dismal countenance and wretched habit were no great encouragement for him to expect a performance of such mighty matters, whispered the barber, who sat next him: "Pray, sir," said he, "who is this man that talks so extravagantly? For I protest I never saw so strange a figure in all my life."—"Whom can you imagine it should be," replied the barber, "but the famous Don Quixote de la Mancha, the establisher of justice, the avenger of injuries, the protector of damsels, the terror of giants, and the invincible gainer of battles?"—"The account you give of this person," returned the goat-herd, "is much like what we read in

romances and books of chivalry of those doughty Dons, who, for their mighty prowess and achievements, were called knights-errant; and therefore I dare say you do but jest, and that this gentleman's brains have deserted their quarters."

"Thou art an impudent insolent varlet," cried Don Quixote, "it is thy paper-skull is full of empty rooms; I have more brains than the prostitute thy mother had about her when she carried thy lump of nonsense in her womb." —With that, snatching up a loaf that was near him, he struck the goat-herd so furious a blow with it, that he almost levelled his nose with his face. The other, not accustomed to such salutations, no sooner perceived how scurvily he was treated, but without any respect to the table-cloth, napkins, or to those who were eating, he leaped furiously on Don Quixote, and grasping him by the throat with both his hands, had certainly strangled him, had not Sancho Panza come in that very nick of time, and gripping him fast behind, pulled him backwards on the table, bruising dishes, breaking glasses, spilling and overturning all that lay upon it. Don Quixote seeing himself freed, fell violently again upon the goat-herd, who, all besmeared with blood, and trampled to pieces under

Sancho's feet, groped here and there for some knife or fork to take a fatal revenge; but the canon and curate took care to prevent his purpose, and in the meanwhile, by the barber's contrivance, the goat-herd got Don Quixote under him, on whom he let fall such a tempest of blows, as caused as great a shower of blood to pour from the poor knight's face as had streamed from his own. The canon and curate were ready to burst with laughing, the officers danced and jumped at the sport, every one cried halloo! as men used to do when two dogs are snarling or fighting; Sancho Panza alone was vexed, fretted himself to death, and raved like a madman because he could not get from one of the canon's serving men, who kept him from assisting his master. In short, all were exceedingly merry, except the bloody combatants, who had mauled one another most miserably, when on a sudden they heard the sound of a trumpet so doleful, that it made them turn to listen towards that part from whence it seemed to come: but he who was most troubled at this dismal alarm, was Don Quixote; therefore, though he lay under the goat-herd, full sore against his will, and was most lamentably bruised and battered, "Friend devil," cried he to him, "for sure nothing less could have so much valour

and strength as to subdue my forces, let us have a cessation of arms but for a single hour; for the dolorous sound of that trumpet strikes my soul with more horror than thy hard fists do my ears with pain, and methinks excite me to some new adventure."—With that the goat-herd, who was as weary of beating as of being beaten, immediately gave him a truce; and the knight once more getting on his feet, directed his then not hasty steps to the place whence the mournful sound seemed to come, and presently saw a number of men all in white, like penitents, descending from a rising ground. The real matter was this: the people had wanted rain for a whole year together, wherefore they appointed rogations, processions, and disciplines throughout all that country, to implore heaven to open its treasury, and shower down plenty upon them; and to this end, the inhabitants of a village near that place came in procession to a devout hermitage built on one of the hills which surrounded that valley.

Don Quixote, taking notice of the strange habits of the penitents, and never reminding himself that he had often seen the like before, fancied immediately it was some new adventure, and he alone was to engage in it, as he was obliged by the laws of knight-errantry; and

that which the more increased his frenzy, was his mistaking an image which they carried (all covered with black) for some great lady, whom these miscreant and discourteous knights, he thought, were carrying away against her will. As soon as this whimsy took him in the head, he moved with what expedition he could towards Rozinante, who was feeding up and down upon the plains, and, whipping off his bridle from the pommel, and his target which hung hard by, he bridled him in an instant; then, taking his sword from Sancho, he got in a trice on Rozinante's back, where, bracing his target, and addressing himself aloud to all there present, "O valorous company," cried he, "you shall now perceive of how great importance it is to mankind, that such illustrious persons as those who profess the order of knight-errantry should exist in the world; now, I say, you shall see, by my freeing that noble lady, who is there basely and barbarously carried away captive, that knight-adventurers ought to be held in the highest and greatest estimation."

So saying, he pushed Rozinante with his heels for want of spurs; and, forcing him to a hand gallop (for it was never read in any part of this true history that Rozinante did ever run full speed), he posted to encounter the peni-

tents, in spite of all the curate, canon, and barber could do to hinder him; much less could Sancho Panza's outcries detain him.

"Master! Sir! Don Quixote!" bawled out the poor squire, "whither are you posting? are you bewitched? does the devil drive and set you on, thus to run against the Church? ah, wretch that I am! See, sir! that is a procession of penitents, and the lady they carry is the image of the immaculate Virgin, our blessed Lady. Take heed what you do, for at this time it may be certainly said you are out of your wits!" But Sancho might as well have kept his breath for another use, for the knight was urged with so vehement a desire to encounter the white men, and release the mourning lady, that he heard not a syllable he said, or if he had, he would not have turned back, even at the king's express command. At last, being come near the procession, and stopping Rozinante, that already had a great desire to rest a little, in a dismal tone, and with a hoarse voice, "Ho!" cried he, "you there, who cover your faces, perhaps because you are ashamed of yourselves, and of the crime you are now committing, give heed and attention to what I have to say."

The first who stopped at this alarm were

those who carried the image; when one of the four priests, that sung the litanies, seeing the strange figure that Don Quixote made, and the leanness of Rozinante, with other circumstances which he observed in the knight sufficient to have forced laughter, presently made him this answer, "Good sir, if you have anything to say to us speak it quickly, for these poor men whom you see are very much tired; therefore we neither can, nor is it reasonable we should, stand thus in pain, to hear anything that cannot be delivered in two words."—"I will say it in one," replied Don Quixote, "which is this; I charge you immediately to release that beautiful lady, whose tears and looks full of sorrow evidently show you carry her away by violence, and have done her some unheard-of injury: this do, or I, who was born to punish such outrages, will not suffer you to advance one step with her, till she is entirely possessed of that liberty she so earnestly desires, and so justly deserves." This last speech made them all conclude that the knight was certainly distracted, and caused a general laughter; but this proved like oil to fire, and so inflamed Don Quixote, that, laying his hand on his sword, without more words, he presently assaulted those who carried the image. At the same

time one of them quitting his post, came to encounter our hero with a wooden fork, on which he supported the bier whenever they made a stand, and warding with it a weighty blow which Don Quixote designed and aimed at him, the fork was cut in two; but the other, who had the remaining piece in his hand, returned the knight such a thwack on his left shoulder, that, his target not being able to resist such rustic force, the poor unfortunate Don Quixote was struck to the ground, and miserably bruised.

Sancho Panza, who had followed him as fast as his breath and legs would permit, seeing him fall, cried out to his adversary to forbear striking him, urging that he was a poor enchanted knight, and one who in his whole life had never done any man harm. But it was not Sancho's arguments that held the country fellow's hands; the only motive was, that he feared he had killed him, since he could not perceive he stirred either hand or foot; wherefore, tucking his coat up to his girdle, with all possible expedition, he scoured over the fields like a greyhound. Meanwhile Don Quixote's companions hastened to the place where he lay, when those of the procession seeing them come running towards them, attended by the

officers of the holy brotherhood with their cross-bows along with them, began to have apprehensions of some disaster from the approaching party; wherefore, drawing up in a body about the image, the disciplinants lifting up their hoods, and grasping fast their whips, as the priests did their tapers, they expected the assault with the greatest bravery, resolving to defend themselves, and offend their enemy as long and as much as possible. But providence had ordered the matter much better than they could hope; for while Sancho, who had thrown himself on his master's body, was lamenting his loss, and the supposed death of so noble and generous a lord, in the most ridiculous manner that ever was heard, the curate of the knight's party was come up with the other who came in the procession, and was immediately known by him, so that their acquaintance put an end to the fears which both sides were in of an engagement. Don Quixote's curate, in few words, acquainted the other with the knight's circumstances; whereupon he, and the whole squadron of penitents, went over to see whether the unfortunate knight were living or dead, and heard Sancho Panza, with tears in his eyes, bewailing over his master; "O flower of knighthood," cried

he, "that with one single perilous knock art come to an untimely end! Thou honour of thy family, and glory of all La Mancha! nay, and of all the varsal world beside, which, now it has lost thee, will be over-run by miscreants and outlaws, who will no longer be afraid to be mauled for their misdeeds. O bountiful above all the Alexanders in the world! thou who hast rewarded me but for poor eight months' service with the best island that is washed by salt water! Thou who wert humble to the proud, and haughty to the humble! Thou who didst undertake perils, and patiently endure affronts! Thou who wert in love, nobody knows why! True patron of good men, and scourge of the wicked, sworn foe to all reprobates! and to say all at once that man can say, thou knight-errant!"

The woeful accents of the squire's voice at last recalled Don Quixote to himself; when, after a deep sigh, the first thing he thought of was his absent Dulcinea. "O charming Dulcinea," cried he, "the wretch that lingers banished from thy sight, endures far greater miseries than this!" And then looking on his faithful squire, "Good Sancho," said he, "help me once more into the enchanted car; for I am not in a condition to press the back of

Rozinante; this shoulder is all broke to pieces. —"With all my heart, my good lord," replied Sancho, "and pray let me advise you to go back to our village with these gentlemen, who are your special friends. At home we may think of some other journey, that may be more profitable and honourable than this."—"With reason hast thou spoken, Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "it will become our wisdom to be inactive, till the malevolent aspects of the planets, which now reign, be over." This grave resolution was highly commended by the canon, curate, and barber, who had been sufficiently diverted by Sancho Panza's ridiculous lamentation. Don Quixote was placed in the waggon, as before, the processioners recovered their former order, and passed on about their business. The goat-herd took his leave of the whole company. The curate satisfied the officers for their attendance, since they would stir no further. The canon desired the curate to send him an account of Don Quixote's condition from that time forward, having a mind to know whether his frenzy abated or increased; and then took his leave, to continue his journey. Thus the curate, the barber, Don Quixote, and Sancho Panza, were left together, as also the good Rozinante, that bore all these passages as

patiently as his master. The waggoner then yoked his oxen, and having set Don Quixote on a truss of hay, jogged on after his slow accustomed pace, that way the curate had directed. In six days' time they reached the knight's village. It was about noon when they entered the town; and as it happened to be on a Sunday, all the people were in the market-place, through the middle of which Don Quixote's car must of necessity pass. Everybody was curious to know what was in it; and the people were strangely surprised when they saw and knew their townsman. While they were gaping and wondering, a little boy ran to the knight's house, and gave intelligence to the house-keeper and niece, that their master and uncle was returned, and very lean, pale, and frightful as a ghost, stretched out at length on a bundle of hay, in a waggon, and drawn along by a team of oxen.

It was a piteous thing to hear the wailings of those two poor creatures; the thumps, too, which they gave their faces, with the curses and execrations they thundered out against all books of chivalry, were almost as numerous as their sighs and tears; but the height of their lamenting was when Don Quixote entered the door. Upon the noise of his arrival, Sancho

Panza's wife made haste thither to inquire after her good-man, who, she was informed, went a squiring with the knight. As soon as ever she set eyes on him, the question she asked him was this, "Is the ass in health or no?" Sancho answered, he was come back in better health than his master. "Well," said she, "heaven be praised for the good news; but hark you, my friend," continued she, "what have you got by this new squireship? Have you brought me home ever a gown[1] or petticoat, or shoes for my children?"—"In troth, sweet wife," replied Sancho, "I have brought thee none of those things; I am loaded with better things."—"Ay," said his wife, "that's well. Pr'ythee let me see some of them fine things, for I vow I have a hugeous mind to see them; the sight of them will comfort my poor heart, which has been like to burst with sorrow and grief ever since thou went'st away."—"I'll show them thee when we come home," returned Sancho; "in the meantime rest satisfied; for if heaven see good that we should once again go abroad in search of other adventures, within a little time after, at my return, thou shalt find me some earl, or the governor of some island; ay, of one of the very best in the whole world."--

[1] See Appendix, Note 1, Chapter XXV., Book IV.

"I wish with all my heart this may come to pass," replied the good-wife; "for, by my troth, husband, we want it sorely. But what do you mean by that same word island? for believe me I don't understand it."—"All in good time, wife," said Sancho; "honey is not made for an ass's mouth: I'll tell thee what it is hereafter. Thou wilt be amazed to hear all thy servants and vassals never speak a word to thee without 'An't please you, madam;' 'An't like your ladyship;' and 'Your Honour.'"—"What dost thou mean, Sancho, by ladyship, islands, and vassals?" quoth Joan Panza, for so she was called, though her husband and she were nothing akin, only it is a custom in La Mancha that the wives are there called by their husband's surnames. "Pr'ythee, Joan," said Sancho, "do not trouble thy head to know these matters all at once, and in a heap, as a body may say; it is enough, I tell thee the truth, therefore hold thy tongue.* Yet, by the way, one thing I will assure thee, that nothing in the varsal world is better for an honest man, than to be squire to a knight-errant, while he is hunting of adventures. It is true, most adventures he goes about do not answer a man's expectations so much as he could wish; for of a hundred

* *Cose la boca, i.e.*, sew up thy mouth.

that are met with, ninety-nine are wont to be crabbed and unlucky ones. This I know to my cost: I myself have got well kicked and tossed in some of them, and soundly drubbed and belaboured in others; yet, for all that, it is a rare sport to be a watching for strange chances, to cross forests, to search, and beat up and down in woods, to scramble over rocks, to visit castles, and to take up quarters in an inn at pleasure, and all the while the devil a cross to pay."

These were the discourses with which Sancho Panza and his wife Joan entertained one another, while the house-keeper and niece undressed Don Quixote, and put him into his bed, where he lay looking asquint on them, but could not imagine where he was. The curate charged the niece to be very careful and tender of her uncle, and to be very watchful, lest he should make another sally; telling her the trouble and charge he had been at to get him home. Here the women began their outcries again: here the books of knight-errantry were again execrated, and damned to the bottomless pit. Here they begged those cursed bewitching chimeras and lies might be thrown down into the very centre, to the hellish father of them; for they were still almost distracted with the fear of losing their master and uncle

again, so soon as ever he recovered; which indeed fell out according to their fear. But though the author of this history has been very curious and diligent in his inquiry after Don Quixote's achievements in his third expedition in quest of adventures, yet he could never learn a perfect account of them, at least from any author of credit; fame and tradition alone have preserved some particulars of them in the memoirs and antiquities of La Mancha; as, that after the knight's third sally, he was present at certain famous tilts and tournaments made in the city of Saragosa, where he met with occasions worthy the exercise of his sense and valour: but how the knight died, our author neither could, nor ever should have learned, if, by good fortune, he had not met with an ancient physician, who had a leaden box in his possession, which, as he averred, was found in the ruins of an old hermitage, as it was re-building. In this box were certain scrolls of parchment written in Gothic characters, but containing verses in the Spanish tongue, in which many of his noble acts were sung, and Dulcinea del Toboso's beauty celebrated, Rozinante's figure described, and Sancho Panza's fidelity applauded. They likewise gave an account of Don Quixote's

sepulchre, with several epitaphs and encomiums on his life and conversation. Those that could be thoroughly read and transcribed, are here added by the faithful author of this new and incomparable history; desiring no other recompense or reward of the readers, for all his labour and pains, in searching all the numerous and old records of La Mancha to perfect this matchless piece, but that they will be pleased to give it as much credit as judicious men use to give to books of knight-errantry, which are now-a-days so generally taking. This is the utmost of his ambition, and will be sufficient satisfaction for him, and likewise encourage him to furnish them with other matter of entertainment, which, though possibly not altogether so true as this, yet it may be as well contrived and diverting. The first words in the parchment found in the leaden box are these:—

Monicongo, Academic of Aramgasilla, on Don Quixote's Monument.

EPITAPH.

Here lies a doughty knight,
  Who, bruised, and ill in plight,
Jogg'd over many a track
On Rozinante's back.
  Close by him Sancho's laid;
Whereat let none admire:
  He was a clown, 'tis said,
But ne'er the worse a squire.

Paniaguado, Academic of Aramgasilla, on Dulcinea del Toboso's Monument.

EPITAPH.

Here Dulcinea lies,
Once brawny, plump, and lusty;
But now to death a prize,
And somewhat lean and musty.
For her the country-fry,
Like Quixote, long stood steady,
Well might she carry't high;
Far less has made a lady.

These were the verses that could be read: as for the rest, the characters being defaced, and almost eaten away, they were delivered to a university student, in order that he might give us his conjectures concerning their meaning. And we are informed, that after many lucubrations, and much pains, he has effected the work, and intends to oblige the world with it, giving us at the same time some hopes of Don Quixote's third sally.

*Por si altro cantera con miglior plettro.**

* "Another hand may touch a better string."
—*Orlando Furioso*, Canto xxx.

THE END OF THE FIRST PART.

NOTES ON DON QUIXOTE.

NOTES TO VOLUME FIRST.

Note 1, Chap. i. Page 15.

Argamarilla de Alba, village in the priorate of San Juan, four leagues to the west of Manzanares, where the author was imprisoned, and where it is supposed that he conceived the idea of his great work. The geographical position agrees with the narrative. The place is referred to in the last chapter of the first part.

Note 2, Chap. i. Page 15.

In Spain, as in the other parts of Europe, the country gentlemen, when called on to discharge military duty, used the lance, which was usually deposited upon a rack in the hall or porch of their habitations.

Note 3, Chap. i. Page 15.

"Griefs and groans," original "duelos y quebrantos." It was usual in la Mancha when any of the flock died accidentally to salt and retain the carcase for home consumption, breaking up the bones, of which was made an *olla*; the name "duelos y quebrantos," according to Pellicer being significant of the feelings of the owner of the herd.

This class of *olla*, as less substantial than the ordinary, was allowed on fast days when flesh was forbidden—the usage existed to the middle of the eighteenth century.

Note 4, Chap. i. Page 16.

This learned and eloquent Castilian composed (or, according to the title page, emended and edited from the ancient version of Zerfea, Queen of the Argines) the history of the two valiant knights, Don Florisel de Niquea, and the brave Anaxartes, printed at Saragossa in 1584. The author was the son of Tristan de Sylva, the historian of Charles V.

Note 5, Chap. i. Page 17.

Geronimo Fernandez, "History of the valiant and invincible Prince, Don Belianis of Greece, with account of the perilous adventures which happened from his amours with the Princess Florisbella, daughter of the Sultan of Babylon. Burgos, 1587." The allusion in the text is to these words at the end of the original Don Belianis, "Suplir yo con fingimientos tan estimada seria aggravio," &c., &c.

Note 6, Chap. i. Page 18.

Siguenza—misprint in some copies Giguenza, following too faithfully Motteux, ed. Edin. 1822. Cervantes makes ironical allusion to the learning of the curate of Argamasilla, he having graduated at one of the minor universities, a practice common at the time and not uncommon at present. This is confirmed by Cristobal Suarez, author of the "Amarilis, Valentia 1609. In "El Pasagero," p. 144, the professors unanimously cap the student with the words, "accipiamus pecuniam et mittamus asinum in patriam suam." (Pellicer 1, 6th ed. 1797.)

Note 7, Chap. i. Page 18.

See Southey's excellent abridgments of the adventures of these knights. The "knight of the burning sword." Amadis of Greece was so called, his breast being marked with a sword red as a flaming coal, and which burned as such until the sage Alquifé cured him of this torment. (Clemencin.)

Note 8, Chap. i. Page 19.

Cid Ruy Diaz. This celebrated Castilian flourished at the close of the XI. century. Having lost the favour of King Alonzo VI., he was deprived of his territories and was followed into exile by many relatives and followers. The remainder of his life was passed in fighting against the Moors. The deeds of the Cid are mixed up with exaggerations and popular rumours. It is, however, affirmed that he conquered Valentia, which he retained till his death. After this the Christians evacuated the city, taking with them the riches, wife, daughters, and body of the Cid. (Clemencin.)

Note 9, Chap. i. Page 19.

Bernardo del Carpio, one of the most celebrated heroes of Spanish chronicles and romance, although some critics have placed

his existence in doubt. Augustin Alonzo of Toledo composed and published in 1585 a poem relating his exploits. He was said to be the natural son of D. Sancho Diaz, Count of Saldana, and of Dona Ximena, sister of King D. Alonzo the Chaste. To Bernardo is attributed the honour and renown of the great victory of Roncesvalles which barred the entrance of the Pyrences to the army of Charlemagne. To him also is ascribed the death of the famous Roland. (Clemencin.)

Note 10, Chap. i. Page 19.

Morgante, with other two fierce giants, Pasamonte and Alabastro, made cruel war on the monks of an abbey situated on the pagan frontier. Orlando killed the two latter, converted Morgante to Christianity, and afterwards he became Orlando's companion in his adventures. See Pulci, "Morgante Maggiore."

Notes 11-12, Chap. i. Page 19.

Reinaldos de Montalban. One of the twelve peers of France who act a principal part in the pages of Ariosto and other books of entertainment. The term "allende" of the original means "over the sea." Amongst the Mohammetans there are no idols; on the contrary all images are prohibited, as amongst the Jews, by the laws of Moses. The four caliphs who coined money stamped with their effigies were reputed heterodox amongst the Mussulmans; notwithstanding, in the romances of chivalry "idols of Mahomet are mentioned." "Clemencin."

Note 13, Chap. i. Page 20.

Count Galalon de Maganza, by whose treachery the twelve peers of France were slain at Roncesvalles. There are long accounts of him in many books of chivalry, markedly so in the histories of Charlemagne and Morgante.

Note 14, Chap. i., Page 21.

Original, "aunque tenia mas cuartos que un real y mas tachas que el caballo de Gonela," &c. The translator has made a mess of this passage. Cervantes says that although Rocinante "had more blemishes than there are cuartos in a real, and more defects than Gonela's horse," &c. A *real* being a round coin, "stuck out like the corners of a Spanish real" is a false simile. Pietro Gonela was court jester to a Marquis or Duke of Ferrara in the XV. century. Mention is made of him by Pontano, Poggio,

and Luis Domenichi, who copied and published his buffooneries; amongst others, the leap of his horse, which was old and lean, from a balcony, by which he gained a wager, made with the Duke, as to whose horse, the Duke's or his, would leap farthest. The Latin quotation is from Plautus (Aulularia, act 3, sc. 6.)

Note 15, Chap. i. Page 21.

Bucephalus, the well-known horse of Alexander the Great. Babieca, the equally celebrated charger of the Cid, figures largely in Spanish ballad poetry.

Note 16, Chap. i. Page 23.

A knight-errant without a Mistress—

Hora ti prego
Se mai fosti anchora inamorato
Perche *ogni cavalier ch'e senza amore*
Sen vista e vivo e vivo senza cuore.
Rispose il conte "quell' Orlando sono,
"Amor m'ha posto tutto in abandono;
"Voglio che sappi che'l mio cor e in mano
"De la figliola del Re Galafrone
"Che ad Albracca dimore nel girone."

BOIARDO, L. 1. 18. 467.

Note 17, Chap. i. Page 24.

Speeches of this kind occur *passim* in the Romances; *e.g.* in *Perceforest*, chapter 46, the title of which runs thus: "Comment le roy Perceforest envoya deux chevaliers prisonniers devers la Royne d'Angleterre sa femme. A la qual un de ceux dit, Il me conquit par force d'armes et me fit jurer que je viendroye en vostre prison de par luy que est mon Seigneur."—And again in the text, "Quant il eut ce dit prent son espee per la poynte et saginouille devant la Royne et dist. Dame je me presente de mon cher seigneur le Roy d'Angleterre vostre prisonnier, *ainsi que le vouldrez ordonner* soit de mort on de vie," &c.—Perhaps the name *Caraculiambro*, may be in allusion to that of *Calaucolocon*, one of the many huge men, who figure in the Merlin.

Note 1, Chap. ii. Page 28.

Campo de Montiel, district of la Mancha, containing many villages. The capital, Montiel, stands on the river Jabulon,

which flows into the Guadiana. There King Don Pedro of Castille met his death by the hands of his brother Henry, in the year 1369.

Note 2, Chap. ii. Page 31.

The announcement by sound of trumpet, by the sentinel on guard, is familiar to all readers of romance. Dwarfs appear to have often been placed on this duty; sometimes bells were used instead of trumpets. For this see "Florineo de Lucea," Book 5, chap. 6. Amadis de Grecia, Lisuarte, Primaleon, D. Policisne of Boethia all make mention of dwarfs.

Note 3, Chap. ii. Page 35.

Our hero here applies to himself the ancient romance of Lancelot ("Romancero de Amberes, de 1555," fol. 242), which says:—

Nunca fuera caballero
De damas tan bien servido
Como fuera Lanzarote,
Cuando de Bretana vino
Que duenas cuidaban dél
Doncellas de su rocino.

Note 1, Chap. iii. Page 39.

The watching of the armour was an indispensable preliminary to the assumption of knighthood. The details of the ceremonies observed on such occasions are to be found in innumerable passages in books of chivalry. Cervantes omits the religious parts of the ceremony, which he could hardly have described without incurring the charge of profanity. This omission, however, is believed to have lessened the esteem in which chivalry was held, the point of honour being held as strengthened by the ordinances of religion held so sacred by all good Spaniards. Clemencin has a long note on this passage, citing no fewer than fifteen authorities, but though valuable to the student of chivalric literature, it is unnecessary to the understanding of the text.

Note 2, Chap. iii. Page 39.

These were all places noted for rogueries and disorderly doings The Percheles of Malaga form a sort of suburb of that town, where

the fish-market is held. Don Louis Zapata, in treating of the great plague which raged in the city of Malaga, in the year 1582, says, "it was supposed to have been brought thither by a stranger, who died of his illness, and whose foul linen was forthwith sold to some of those of the Percheles." The "Isles of Riaran" are not to be found in any map; but the place where the custom-house stands, still goes by that name. See Carter's Journey from Gibraltar to Malaga, London, 1780. It would appear that there had been a few small islets of sand close to the shore, some of which had shifted their station, while the space between others of them and the mainland had gradually become filled up. "The compass of Seville" was (or is) the name of an open space before one of the churches of that city, the scene of fairs, shows, auctions, &c. The "Azozuejo de Segovia," translated in the text "Quicksilver-house," is said by Bowles to mean nothing but a certain small *place*, or square,—at once the Monmouth-Street and Exeter-Change of Segovia. The "Potro" of Cordova—so called from a fountain, the water of which gushes from a horse's mouth—was another place of the same species. They had all become proverbial before the days of Cervantes; thus—"I say not that I was born in the Potro of Cordova, nor refined in the Quicksilver-house of Segovia," &c.—*Rojas*, 282, 3.

Note 3, Chap. iii. Page 41.

An instance of this species of cure may be found in Amadis de Grecia. "Now Amadis felt from the sword such heat, that it seemed to him he was burning with living flames. But forthwith there appeared a cloud, which covered both him, Urganda, and Lisuarte, which in an instant opened, and they perceived themselves to be surrounded with a company of four-and-twenty damsels, and in the midst of them was that honoured old Alquife, who held in his hand a large glass phial of water; with which when he had smitten upon the helmet, the phial broke, and the water rushing down immediately, there passed from him all that burning glow of the sword."—P. 2. c. 62.

The fair Jewess in Ivanhoe, has her medical skill in common with almost all the damsels of romance; thus,

> "Bernardo de su Elaga fue curado,
> Per manos de la ya libra Donzella."—
> *Garrido*, C. 7. 78.

> "Una fanciulla che il lor oste aveva,
> Medicava Rinaldo."
> *Pulci, M. M.* C. 20. 79. &c. &c.

I need scarcely refer the reader to the story of the pretty *Beguine*, in Tristram Shandy, for the best account of this species of clinical practice.

Note 4, Chap. iii. Page 45.

This invocation to Dulcinea, is copied almost literatim from one in Oliphante. "*Ay*, soberana Senora," &c.—"O, sovereign lady, grant me thy favour in this battle. Help me, fairest lady, and desert me not utterly." See L. 2. c. 4.—The efficacy of this species of prayer is thus noticed in Amadis of Gaul. See L. 2. c. 55.—"Beltenebros descended against the giant, and, before he came close to him, looking towards the place where Miraflores was, 'O, my Lady Oriana,' said he, 'never do I begin any deed of arms, trusting in any strength of mine own, whatsoever it may be, but in thee only; therefore, oh now, my dear lady, succour me, seeing how great is the necessity.' And with this it seemed that there came to him so much Vigour, that all Fear was forthwith fain to fly away."

Note 5, Chap. iii. Page 45.

The technical description, in the civil law, of "the madman not to be punished," viz. "Absurda et tristia sibi dicens atque fingens," could most certainly fit no one more exactly than the guest of whom the good innkeeper spoke thus. In the tragical story of Lord Ferrers, (see the State Trials,) we have the very striking example of a man proceeding deliberately and calmly to the perpetration of an atrocious murder, under the belief, that the plea of hereditary insanity would be available to save himself from the last severity of the law. Hence, the obvious propriety of limiting, as narrowly as possible, the application of the doctrine laid down by the innkeeper.

Note 6, Chap. iii. Page 48.

The practical joke seems to have occurred to other conferrers of knighthood, besides mine host of the castle.

Thus, "Franc chevalier donnez moi la collee de chevalerie. Certes Passellion, dit Lionnel, je le feray voulontiers, a tant il haulse la main dextre et l'enfant baisse le col, et le chevalier ferit dessus *complement* en disant. Certes, Gentil Passellion, Chevalier Soyes. Quand Passellion eut receu la collée *que luy fit douloir le col par sa grandeur*," &c.—*Perceforest*, V. 4. C. 14.

Queen Elizabeth is introduced in Kenilworth, as giving a *collée* of malicious sincerity on a similar occasion.—See Ducange sub voce *Alapa Militaris.*

Note 1, Chap. iv. Page 54.

An old Spanish proverb. In Europe children inherit nobility from their parents. In China they say that parents acquire it from the acts and virtues of their children. The Chinese act more in accordance with the proverb than do the Europeans.

Note 2, Chap. iv. Page 58.

"The peerless Dulcinea del Toboso." Don Quixote doubtless takes this from the Amadis of Gaul, who applies it to his lady the Señora Oriana (cap. 4), and other knights-errant extol their ladies with this epithet ; but Amadis is the oldest writer and the one most imitated by Don Quixote.

Note 1, Chap. v. Page 63.

Baldwin and the Marquis of Mantua. The ancient romance of the Marquis of Mantua, which contains an account of the treacherous murder of Baldwin by the infante Carloto, son of the Emperor Charlemagne, of the accusation brought by the Marquis of Mantua against the infante, and of his punishment. The description here appears to be taken from the "Cronica general de España," written in the thirteenth century.

Note 2, Chap. v. Page 66.

The loves of the Moor Abindarraez, and of the beautiful Xarifa, were a favourite subject of song amongst the Moorish, as well as the Christian minstrels of Spain; and Montemayor has introduced them into his celebrated pastoral called Diana. The tale runs briefly thus :—

During the reign of King Ferdinand of Arragon, while the Moorish kingdom of Grenada was nodding to its fall, a gallant Spanish knight, Rodrigo de Narvaez, was named constable or governor of the Castle of Alhora, near the boundaries of the Moorish territory. As he was, according to his custom, one night making a reconnoissance at the head of several of his followers, to prevent a surprise from the enemy, he met a young Moorish cavalier splendidly armed and accoutred, who for some time defended himself valiantly against the superior force of his enemies; but was at length severely wounded, and made prisoner. The Castilian endeavoured to comfort his noble captive, and treated him so generously, that he extracted from him his story. The Moor Abindarraez had been bred up with Xarifa, daughter of the Alcayde of Coyn, under the belief that she was his sister, until he learned by chance that he was not of her

blood, but descended from the renowned, but unfortunate family of the Abencerrages. Fraternal affection then gave place to a stronger passion, which Xarifa repaid with equal warmth. The meeting of the lovers could only be by night, and by stealth; for Abindarraez, after the discovery of his birth, resided no longer in her father's castle. Xarifa had assigned her lover a rendezvous upon the unfortunate night when he fell into the power of Don Rodrigo, and he was on the road to Coyn, when he encountered the Castilian knight. Don Rodrigo de Narvaez was affected by the captive's story; and on his promise to return within three days, and surrender himself to his captor at the Castle of Alhora, he gave him liberty to keep his appointment. He arrives there in safety, and Xarifa, reunited to her lover, refuses again to part with him. She returns with him to the castle of Don Rodrigo, who, charmed with their mutual love, the constancy of Xarifa, and the gallantry and faith of Abindarraez, restores them to liberty, and obtains the consent of the Alcayde of Coyn to their union. There are many ballads on this romantic story.

Note 3, Chap. v. Page 67.

Who the twelve peers of France were, every body knows. It is not quite so well known, that the nine worthies in the language of romance (los nueve de la fama) were, three of them Hebrews, viz. Joshua, David, and Judas Maccabeus; three Gentiles, viz. Hector of Troy, Alexander of Macedon, and Julius Cæsar; and three Christians, King Arthur, Charlemagne, and Godfrey of Bouillon.—See *Carranza*, F. 255.

Note 4, Chap. v. Page 69.

"The beautiful Brandamante, and Aquilante, and Grifon, and Malgesi, encountered then those four fierce giants, who stood like four towers waiting for them," &c.—*Espejo*, L. II. C. 9.

Note 5, Chap. v. Page 70.

Don Quixote implores the aid of the sage Urganda that she may cure him, as on several occasions she did to Amadis of Gaul and other persons of his family. The same services were rendered by Belonia to Amadis of Greece, Ipermea to Olivante, and the dueña of Fondovalle to other cavaliers, as detailed in their respective histories.

Note 1, Chap. vi. Page 74.

This book was the work of Garci Ordonez of Montalvo, editor of the Amadis, who pretended that it had been written in Greek

by Elisaban, and brought to Spain by a Hungarian trader. The rare and unknown word "sergas" was employed by Montalvo to accredit the Greek origin of his book; in Greek "ἔργα" signifies "deeds," "valour," the same as the Latin word "gesta." Montalvo, whose knowledge of Greek was scanty, wrote instead of "Ergas" "Sergas." Printed in Alcala, 1588.

Note 2, Chap. vi. Page 74.

The first four books of Amadis of Gaul alone are considered by Cervantes as being worthy of being preserved from the flames. The other twenty books, filled with the exploits of the Amadis family, were for the most part composed originally, not in Spanish or Portuguese, (like those which Cervantes preserves,) but by French imitators of very inferior genius. Vicente Placcio, in his *Theatrum Anonymorum et Pseudonymorum*, characterises the whole collection as "a most pernicious library, engendered or composed by Spanish fathers, although mightily augmented by the French," p. 673, § 2731. Amadis of Greece occupies the ninth book of the collection. He was the son of Lisuarte of Greece, who was the son of Amadis of Gaul. The huge folio which Cervantes places in his hero's library, was printed at Lisbon in 1596. The title runs thus: "Chronica del muy valiente y esforzado Principe y Cavallero de la ardienta Espada Amadis de Grecia." The history is divided into two parts, and at the beginning of the second there is a notice, that "Esta Cronica fue sacada de Grieco en Latin y de Latin en Romance segun lo escrivio el gran sabio Alquife en las Magicas." The whole ends with these words: "Aqui hace fin el noveno libro de Amadis de Gaula; que es la chronica del cavalliero de la ardiente Espada Amadis de Grecia hijo de Lisuarte de Grecia." The Queen Pintiquiniestra, and the shepherd Darinel, are both of them personages that figure in the Amadis de Grecia. The former is a giantess of most formidable appearance.

Note 3, Chap. vi. Page 75.

The "Garden of Flowers" is the work of Antonio de Torquemada, author also of certain "Satirical Dialogues," published in Mondoñedo, 1553. The history of Olivante was printed in Barcelona, 1564. The "Garden of Flowers" is a series of the most absurd fictions, phantoms, visions, enchanters, and such like—the tendency of the author's genius evidently disposing him to the composition of works of chivalry.

Note 4, Chap. vi. Page 75.

Called also Felixmarte. The work of Melchor Ortega, cavalier of Ubeda. Valladolid, 1556.

Note 5, Chap. vi. Page 76.

Work of an unknown author. Valladolid, 1555.

Note 6, Chap. vi. Page 76.

The Knight of the Cross, so called from his exploits, was Lepolemo, son of the Emperor of Germany. This history is divided into two parts, and is the work of Pedro de Lujan, who attributes to it an Arabic origin. Printed at Seville 1534, Toledo 1543, besides which there are other editions.

Note 7, Chap. vi. Page 76.

This work is in four parts: the first by Diego Ordonez de Calahorra, printed in 1562; the second by Piedro de la Sierra, Zaragoza, 1580; the two last by the licentiate Marcos Martinez, Zaragoza, 1603.

Note 8, Chap. vi. Page 76.

Turpin has become the type of falsehood and lies. Juan Turpin or Tilpin, Archbishop of Rheims, lived in the time of Charlemagne. Two centuries after appeared under his name a history of that prince in two books, full of fables and falsehoods. Cervantes uses the epithet *verdadero* ironically in this imitating Ariosto. Francisco Gunido de Villena and Villaviciosa allude to Turpin in the same strain.

Note 9, Chap. vi. Page 77.

Jarvis supposes, from the style of the conversation here, that Cervantes had no great relish for Ariosto. But Pellicer very justly laughs at Jarvis for this remark. The curate's contempt is evidently not of Ariosto (whose "graces" he has just been praising), but of the poor barber, whom he does not think capable of reading, or at least of relishing, anything so beautiful as the *Orlando Furioso*. Don Geronimo Ximenes de Urrea is the "good captain," whose Spanish version of the Orlando Cervantes in the next sentence satirizes. Don Diego de Mendoza is equally severe upon this gallant translator. "He hath gained," quoth Mendoza, "not only fame, but, what is much better, many a good dinner by translating the Orlando Furioso; *i.e.*, by having said,

"*Cavalleros* for *cavaglieri*, *armas* for *arme*, *amores* for *amori*." He adds, "*Puez de esta arte yo me haria, mas libros que hizo Matuzalen.*" But perhaps, after all, even that might be no very laborious undertaking.

Note 10, Chap. vi. Page 78.

Bernardo del Carpio. The work of Augustin Alonzo, published by Pedro Lopez de Haro, 1585. 4, Toledo. Pellicer says:—"This rare book is preserved in the large library of Senor Cerda. The title runs, 'Historia de las Hazanas y Hechos del inuencible cavallero Bernardo del Carpio.'"

Note 11, Chap. vi. Page 78.

"Libro dell famoso Caballero Palmerin de Oliva que por el mundo grandes hechos en armas hizo, sin saber cuyo hijo fuere." Toledo 1580 in folio. This work is supposed to be by a Portuguese lady, and written about the close of the fifteenth century. The other history of "Palmerin de Inglaterra," of which the author immediately speaks, is attributed to Don Juan II. of Portugal, who lived from 1455 to 1495. The Castilian translation has been lost, from which was said to be taken the French version of Jacques Vicent, and this doubtless was the book found in the Don's library. Of *Palmerin de Oliva* the original is lost—only the translation remains.

Note 12, Chap. vi. Page 79.

"There appeared a castle as beautiful and as rich as ever mortal beheld. It was so large that with ease one might imagine two thousand knights to be its garrison, and it was drawn along by forty elephants of incredible hugeness. From this castle there came forth nine knights, each one having painted on his shield the image of Fame, by which device they signified that they were the Knights of Fame."—*Belianis*, 1, iii. c. 19.

Note 13, Chap. vi. Page 80.

The hero of this fine old romance (for Cervantes is far too severe on its merits) derives his name partly from his father, partly from his mother; the former being "Lord of the Seigniory of Tirania, on the borders of England," the latter, Blanca, daughter of the Duke of Brittany. The common opinion is, that this romance was originally composed in the Valencian dialect about the year 1460. The Dons Kyrie-eleison, (i.e. *Lord have mercy upon us,*) and Thomas of Montalban, the Knight Fonseca, &c.,

are personages who appear in the story of *Tirant lo Blanch*. The most interesting of them all, are the empress and her lover, the gentleman-usher Hippolyto. To please her swain, the empress sings to him on one occasion, "Un romance de Tristan co se planya de la lancada del Rey March"—"A Song of Tristram, in which he laments over a blow he had received from the lance of King Mark." This song is represented to have excessively moved the tender-hearted gentleman-usher; insomuch, that "Ab la dolçor del cant destillaren dels seus ulls vives lagremes."—(Cap. 264.) The first edition of *Tirant* was published at Valencia in 1490. A Castillian version appeared at Valladolid in 1511; and from this was executed the Italian translation of Lelio Manfredi, which was printed at Venice in 1538. *Detriante*, a few lines lower in the text, is a misprint for *Tirante*, which seems to have passed from edition to edition, ever since Don Quixote was first published.

Note 14, Chap. vi. Page 82.

Cervantes does not seem to have been aware, that the Diana, who gives name to the celebrated performance of Jorge de Montemayor, was a real personage. Pellicer, however, has collected abundant evidence that such was the fact; *inter alia*, he cites from a MS., in the Royal Library at Madrid, a passage which I shall translate *literatim*, because the story it tells is in itself interesting. [The writer is the same Father Sapolveda, with whose printed works all are acquainted.] "When the sovereigns, Don Philip III. and Donna Margarita, were on their way back from Portugal in 1602, they halted for a night in the city of Valencia, and their host there was the Marquis de las Navas, and they were also entertained by that famous woman, DIANA, whom George de Montemayor so greatly commends and celebrates in his history and verses; for, though very old, this Diana is still alive, and they say, whoever visits her may discover plainly, that in her youth she must have been exceedingly beautiful. She is the most wealthy and rich person in the town. But it was on account of her being so famous, and of the praises of George de Montemayor, that the sovereigns and all their court repaired to the house of this woman, being desirous to see her as a thing worthy of wonder and of admiration. And, indeed, she is a very sensible and well-spoken woman." Lope de Vega also alludes to the real Diana in his *Dorotea*, p. 52.

Montemayor himself was not distinguished by his writings alone; for he was both a great musician and a gallant soldier. His Diana was the most popular work of its day, and gave rise

to as many *Dianas*, as Lord Byron's Harold, in our own time, has to *Childes*. Gil Polo, whom Cervantes rather commends, wrote a professed continuation of the original performance of Montemayor, which has been reprinted in Madrid so lately as 1778. M. Florian ventures, in spite of the authority of Cervantes, to express a great contempt for Gil Polo; but Pellicer, more likely to be a good judge, talks of him as "Insigne Poeta Valenciano." The second Diana, that of Alonzo Perez, a physician of Salamanca, (the *Salmantino* of the text) was published at Alcala in 1564. For very elegant abstracts of all these pastorals, see Mr Dunlop's *History of Fiction*.

Note 15, Chap. vi. Page 82.

The true name of this author was Antonio de lo Frasso. He was a native of Llaguer, a town in Sardinia, but wrote good Castillian. His work, entitled "Los diez libros de Fortuna d'Amor, donde hallaran los honestos y apacibles amores del pastor Frexano et de la hermosa pastora Fortuna," was published at Barcelona by one Pedro Malo, in 1573. It is a pastoral written partly in prose partly in verse, like its prototype (the Diana.) There is every reason for thinking that Cervantes by no means intended to identify himself with the curate as to the opinion expressed concerning this work. Nevertheless, entirely on the strength of such an idea, an edition of these wretched "diez libros de fortuna" was actually printed in London, not a great many years ago, under the auspices of Pineda, the lexicographer —of course, without the smallest success. The other pastoral productions mentioned in the text are all utterly contemptible, with the exception of the *Shepherd of Filida*, which Lope de Vega praises in his Dorotea, (p. 52) asserting, that its author also, like Montemayor, had been inspired by the charms of a real mistress. This book appeared in 1582. It was written by Luis Galvez de Montalvo, who is designed as "Criado de Don Enrique de Mendoza y Aragon, nieto de los Duques del Infantado."

Note 16, Chap. vi. Page 83.

This is a collection of the same class with the *Sylvæ*, *Deliciæ*, &c., formed by Don Pedro Padilla; a gentleman, who, after spending an active life in military service, assumed in his latter days the garb of a Carmelite Friar, and died in that sanctified, and, as he probably thought, all-atoning garb, at Madrid, 1595. Gayton, in his "Festive Notes," talks boldly of this book, as if it had been a dictionary, and as if he had himself turned over its

leaves. He had evidently not imagined there could be any *Thesauri* except of the same class with his Stephanus.

Note 17, Chap. vi. Page 83.

"The Concionero, o Coleccion de varias poesias" of this author, was first published by Droy, in Madrid, in 1586, in quarto.

Note 18, Chap. vi. Page 84.—See Life of Cervantes.

Note 19, Chap. vi. Page 85.

"The Tears of Angelica." This is not the title; it is "Primera parte de la Angelica, poem in 12 cantos by Luis Barahona de Soto," native of Lucena, and physician in Archidona, where he died in 1595. On this occasion, as in many others, Cervantes is prodigal of praise, rare defect of a poet, especially speaking of one who was poor and neglected.

Note 1, Chap. vii. Page 86.

The *Carolea* is a poem treating of the victories of Charles V., printed in Valencia in 1560. Its author was *Geronimo de San Pedro*, or *Sempere*. The *Leon de Espāna* is a poem in twenty-nine cantos, treating of the martial glories of the Leoneze. It was written by Pedro de la Vecilla, and published at Salamanca in 1586. Pellicer contends, that Cervantes is wrong in attributing "the deeds of the Emperor" to Don Lewis d'Avila; and is at great pains to convince us that he must have meant Don Lewis Zapata. Avila was author of the *Guerra de Almania*, and therefore entitled to be talked of as having celebrated "the deeds of the Emperor;" but Zapata's work, on the other hand, bore the very title of "Hechos del Emperador." The same person published a long *poem* on the same subject, the *Carlo Famoso;* of which he himself relates that it cost him 4000 maravedis to print it, and that he had no return whatever, but what he calls the "alongamiento de mi voluntad"—a species of profit with which Don Lewis Zapata professes himself to have been by no means satisfied.

Note 2, Chap. vii. Page 90.

This personage figures in many terrible scenes of the Belianis.

Note 1, Chap. viii. Page 100.

This incident occurred at the battle of Jerez against the Moors during the reign of King Don Fernando el Santo, and is de-

scribed at length by Diego Rodriguez Almela, writer of the fifteenth century, in his "Valerio de las Historias Escolasticas de Espana," Lib. 2, tit. 2, cap. 13. Diego Perez de Vargas was, according to "la Cronica general" (pte. 4), a Toledan, and this incident forms the subject of an ancient romance.

Note 2, Chap. viii. Page 101.

The Don's doctrine is here, as it generally is, quite correct. *Marquez*, in recounting the statutes of the order de la Banda, (an order instituted by Alphonzo XI.) says, its ninth law was "Que ningun caballero se quexasse de alguna herida que tuviesse," F. 50.

Note 3, Chap. viii. Page 105.

These masks were of pasteboard, furnished with glass to keep out the dust. This species of mask, the black, large, and ample dress, the enormous size of the mules, with the accident of being behind the coach, all these circumstances combined excited in the brain of the Don the idea that these friars were enchanters who had carried off some princess, such as he had read of in his books. (Clemencin.)

Note 4, Chap. viii. Page 109.

The Biscayans and their language are repeatedly the object of Cervantes' wit. This also is the case in the farce of the "Vizcaino fingido," and in the comedy of the "Gran Sultana" the captive Mandrigal, to escape death, offers the Cadi to teach an elephant to speak, and being asked in which language his lessons were to be, replied in Biscayan. Lope de Vega, wishing to ridicule the Latin mode of speaking coming into fashion in his time, compares it with the Spanish of the Biscayans in a sonnet in which Boscan and Garcilaso speak on arriving at an inn. However, this is all very well as a joke. From the Bishop of Mondonedo, D. Antonio de Guevara to D. Felix Samaniego, the provinces known by the common name of Biscay have produced authors reckoned justly amongst the masters of the "idioma Castellano." (Clemencin, abridged.)

Note 5, Chap. viii. Page 109.

In the original "Ahora lo veredes, dijo Agrages." A form of threat very common at that time in Spain. Agrages was nephew of Queen Elizabeth, mother of Amadis of Gaul, in whose history frequent mention is made of his deeds.

Note 1, Chap i. Book ii. Page 116.

In the original, "Morisco Aljamiado." *Aljamia* (from Aljama, *a frontier,*) was a term applied by the pure Arabs to denote the corrupted language of the Moors long settled in Spain. In one of the old ballads, a Moor, who communicates to the Cid a certain plot that is going on against him, is styled "Moro Latinado." How much the two languages must have been mingled in the elder times, may easily be imagined, when we remember that there are still extant several papal rescripts directed against the use of the Arabic language by the Spanish Christians; that, in spite of all these, it was found necessary, after some space, to translate the common devotional books of the Christian religion into Arabic for their use; and that, at Cordova, the Gothic laws rendered into Arabic, were appealed to in the courts of justice whenever the parties were Christians.—(See MURPHY'S *Moors in Spain*, and BOUTERWECK'S *Geschichte der Spanisches Literatur.*) Cervantes adheres closely to the romances which he designs to satirize in all this fiction about the discovery and translation of the history of his Don. The Amadis de Gaul, the Belianis, &c., &c., are all represented as having been originally composed in the Greek tongue by "the Saga Alquife," Friston, Artemidorus, Lirgandeus, and the like learned personages. The origin of all romantic adventures was, in the eye of Cervantes' contemporaries, Moorish, and therefore he takes a Moor in place of a Greek. The Spanish commentators, finally, have discovered that *Cid Hamet Ben Engeli*, is, after all, no more than an Arabian version of the name of Cervantes himself. *Cid*, as all the world knows, means lord or signior. *Hamet* is a common Moorish prefix. *Ben Engeli* signifies the *son of a stag*, which, being expressed in Spanish, is *hijo del ciervo*, *cerval*, or *cervanteno*. It is said in p. 118, that this Morisco translated the whole of Ben Engeli's MS. in less than six weeks; but this is nothing to Shelton, the first English translator of Cervantes, who says, in his preface that he finished his version in forty successive days.

Note 1, Chap. ii. Book ii. Page 124.

The holy brotherhood, La Santa Hermandare, was a most severe tribunal, established by the sovereigns Don Fernanda and Dona Isabel in 1476, to pursue, judge and punish all offences committed outside of towns. This still existed with some noted changes in the time of Cervantes. Sancho's idea of taking refuge in a church is quite in keeping with his rustic timid character, and contrasts well with the cavalier fan-faronades of his master.

Note 2, Chap. ii. Book ii. Page 125.

In the prophet Jeremiah the Jews are frequently threatened that they would fall into the hands of the Chaldeans. Apparently this is referred to. (Clemencin).

Note 3, Chap. ii. Book ii. Page 126.

The history of this balsam is found in the vulgate of the Emperor Charlemagne, published in Cartillian, by Nicolas de Piamonte, (Historia de Carlo Magno, c. viii. and xii.). Fierabras, angelice, Strongarm, was a giant, king of Alexandria, son of the admiral Balan, conqueror of Rome and of Jerusalem—a pagan or Saracen; a great enemy of Oliver, of whom he received mortal wounds, of which he was immediately cured, drinking of the balsam, which he carried in two little barrels, which by force of arms he had gained in Jerusalem. This balsam was said to be that which was used by Joseph of Arimathea after the descent of our Saviour from the cross. Oliver having managed to get possession of the barrels, threw them into a rapid river, overcame Fierabras, who afterwards received baptism, and died a Christian.

Note 4, Chap. ii. Book ii. Page 128.

Of this story I have already said something. The vow of the Marquis runs thus in the ballad:—

Jun per dios verdadero
De nunca peynar mis Canas
Ni las mis barbas cortare
Ni renevar me Calzare, &c. &c.
Ni los barbas mi tocare,
De no vestir otras ropas,
Ni renovar mi calzare,
Ni las armas mi quitare;
Sino fuera par un hora;
De no comer en mantele,
Ni a mesa mi assentare
Hasta matar a Don Carloto, &c.

Alcala, 1608.

See a preceding note on the story of Baldwin, &c. Sylva de Romances, F. 38.

Note 5, Chap. ii. Book ii. Page 129.

For all these I refer the reader to Boiardo and Ariosto.

Note 1, Chap. iii., Book ii., Page 136.

Don Antonio de Capmani, in his "Teatro de la elocuencia espanola," quotes this beautiful discourse of the Don. Cervantes appears to have taken as his model here Virgil in the 1st Georgics, and Ovid in the 1st book of the Metamorphoses. The resemblance to Tasso's Aminta, "O bell' eta," is but slight.

Note 1, Chap. iv., Book ii., Page 146.

Cervantes here has in his eye that passage in Aristotle's Politicks, where the story is told of a Cretan sage, who, being reproached with the unproductiveness of his philosophical pursuits, answered, he could, if he chose, draw an abundant revenue from his science; and, accordingly, did soon realize a fortune, in consequence of arranging his crops, &c., so as to suit the weather he foresaw.

Note 2, Chap. iv., Book ii., Page 147.

These *plays* were of the same nature with our own *mysteries*, founded, namely, upon subjects taken from holy writ. Such performances were usual all over Europe at this time on Corpus Christi day, and several other festivals of the church.

Note 1, Chap. v., Book ii., Page 157.

It is supposed that the superstition alluded to in the text had, in reality, gone so far, as to have influence at least on the *Welch* legislators; for in the laws of Hoel the Good, we find a heavy fine appointed to be paid by every person who kills a raven (Leges Hoeli Boni, Londini, 1730, p. 334.), and I do not think any origin of such a law could be pointed out either more rational or more probable, than the prevalence of this reverential feeling towards Arthur. The inscription on the tombstone of Arthur was (according to the monkish chronicles, too often rivals of the romancers)

Hic jacet Arthurus Rex quondam Rexque Futurus.

Note 2, Chap. v., Book ii., Page 161.

Of such elevations, we have already had occasion to notice several instances. They are as plenty as black-berries in the romances. Reynaldo de Montalban became Emperor of Trebizond (according to the Sylva de Romances, p. 76.) In Esplandian, c. 177, we are told, that "El emperador casando a su hija Leonorina con Esplandian les renuncio todo su imperio." Bernard del Carpio "se casa con Olympia haziendole Rey de IRLANDA" (Espinosa, canto 33.) Palmerin d'Oliva became Emperor of

Constantinople. Tirant the White became "Principe y Cæsar del Imperio de Grecia," &c., &c., &c.

Note 3, Chap. v., Book ii., Page 161.

The same reproach was once made to Tirant the White: His answer was, "El que a muchos sirve no sirve a ninguno."—Lib. iii. cap. 28.

Note 1, Chap. i., Book iii., Page 194.

The most complete code of duelling is to be found in Maffei's treatise, *Della Scienza Cavalleresca*. Most minute rules are there laid down concerning more improbable contingencies than that alluded to in the text. *Insults* are classed and subdivided, as accurately as crimes against life and property have ever been in statute-books; and the proper *quantum* of revenge to be exacted in every supposable case, is laid down with all the gravity of a Numa. *E. G.*, when you are insulted by a lame man, you must tie up your leg before you take the field against him, &c., &c.

Note 1, Chap. ii., Book iii., Page 202.

Io son nutrito sotto il Santo impero
Del magnanimo Artus real pio,
E da lui fatto *errante cavaliero*,
Vo *cercando avventure* hor quinci hor quindi.

GYRONE, L. 2. 75.

Note 2, Chap. ii., Book iii., Page 205.

Cervantes probably means to insinuate, that the muleteer was himself a Moor, one of the many who made outward profession of Christianity, after Mahometanism became a crime in Spain; which, as all the world knows, happened in Cervantes's own day, to the great injury of the commerce and agriculture of the Spanish dominions. Before their total expulsion, it would seem the Moriscos were very much employed as carriers and muleteers. For, says the author of certain "Discourses on the Provision of the Court" (never published, but quoted by Pellicer, and composed in 1616), "By the expulsion of the Moors, Spain lost about four or five thousand carriers, who were of infinite advantage in transporting all kinds of merchandize. Between 1608 and 1616, the charge of carriage from Seville to Madrid has been more than tripled. In Tiemblo (a little town fourteen leagues from Madrid) I remember eighteen carriers, and now there is not one. There used to be not less than five-and-twenty at Talamea (forty-eight leagues from Madrid), and now there is only one in the whole place."

Note 1, Chap. iii., Book iii., Page 220.

The fair Rosaliana, in Belianis of Greece, uses these words: "Acabad de matar aquellos malos gigantes, por que en el entretanto que alguno delos fuere vivo no scran deshechos los encantamentos de este castillo."—L. 3. c. 9.

Note 2, Chap. iii., Book iii., Page 225.

Don Quixote could hardly have read in the Morgante Maggiore of Pulci, canto 21, in which he introduces Orlando suffering from the want of money to pay his host, who wished him at least to leave his horse in pledge.

Note 1, Chap. iv., Book iii., Page 235.

The ancients called *Taprobana*, not Trapobana, the island of Ceylon. Garamantas, a people of the interior of Africa. Being widely separated from India, little was mutually known of each other. Hence room for idle rumours and such incidents as abound in books of chivalry.

Note 1, Chap. v., Book iii., Page 260.

"Caballero de la triste figura," is translated by Shelton, "Knight of the ill-favoured face;" but Smollett's "Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance," expresses far better than either of these the sense of Cervantes. At a certain chivalric spectacle given by Queen Mary of Hungary, the Count de Aremberg jousted under the title of "Knight of the Griphon," with Don Juan de Saavedra, who was arrayed in sable armour, and styled "the Sorrowful Knight."

Note 2, Chap. v., Book iii., Page 261.

According to the "Romancero del Cid" (num. 21), the chair was that of the King of France. The occurrence took place in Rome in the Church of St Peter, but not in presence of the Pope.

Note 1, Chap. vi., Book iii., Page 274.

The substance of this tale is to be found in the "Centi novelle antiche" of Francesco Sansvoino—Venetia, 1575. This was taken from a Provenzal fabliau of the thirteenth century, which, again, is a translation from the Latin of Pedro Alfonso, a converted Jew, physician to King Don Alfonso, who flourished about the year 1100.

Note 1, Chap. viii., Book iii., Page 298.

The reader of romance does not need to be told how faithfully Don Quixote, in reply to this saying of his squire, has abridged the main story of many a ponderous folio. The imaginary career of glory which he unfolds before the eyes of Sancho is paralleled almost *ad literatim* in the romance of *Sir Degore*, so admirably analysed by Mr Ellis. The conclusion of Belianis is almost exactly the same sort of adventure.

Note 1, Chap. viii., Book iii., Page 320.

Motteux translates "*buen hombre*" "*notorious rogue.*" Pasamonte is the name of a giant in Pulci. A rather well-known person who flourished during the reign of Philip II., 1575, Alonso Sanchez de Pasamonte, and from whose influence Cervantes may have suffered in la Mancha, may, according to Clemencin, be the reason of introducing his name into the text.

Note 2, Chap. viii., Book iii., Page 321.

About the most popular book in Spain at the time when Cervantes wrote, was the Life of Lazarillo de Tormes, a work of very extraordinary genius, written at a very early period of his career, by the great Spanish historian, poet, soldier, and statesman, Don Diego de Mendoza. It was the first comic romance that had appeared in the modern world, or at least the first that had ever made any noise in the world. The species of tricks and adventures in which Lazarillo is engaged had indeed been long in great favour among the Spaniards, but Mendoza first embalmed such materials in the elegancies of diction, and adorned them with the interests of an artificial narrative. The contrast his shrewd and humorous representation of human life affords to the pompous romance of chivalry, which then formed almost the sole reading of the Spaniards, is such, that no one can be surprised with the great success of this first effort of Mendoza's genius. Lazarillo de Tormes was immediately translated into Italian and French, and both abroad and at home gave birth to innumerable imitations. The best of all these is, without doubt, the History of Guzman d' Alfarache, commonly called the Spanish Rogue, which made its appearance a few years before the publication of Don Quixote. Like its prototype, this book became exceedingly popular all over Europe; and there soon appeared (among many others) an excellent version of it in English, which ought, without doubt, to be reprinted in its original shape. From these books Le Sage derived a great many of the best stories with which we

have all been made so familiar by his Gil Blas and Bachelor of Salamanca. Indeed, in Le Sage's own abridgment of Guzman d' Alfarache, many of the best stories in the whole book are omitted, for no other reason but that Le Sage had already appropriated them in his Gil Blas. Mendoza's rich and beautiful style, however, gives a charm to his Lazarillo which the dry and caustic Aleman (the author of Guzman) could never rival.—Mendoza composed poems of many sorts, satires, lyrics, epistles, sonnets, pastorals, and ballads; but, next to his Lazarillo de Tormes, which he wrote before he left college at Salamanca, his most celebrated work is his History of the War of Granada, which he composed towards the decline of his life, and which was not suffered to be printed until thirty years after his death, in consequence of the hardihood of some of the opinions expressed in it. With the exceptions of Machiavelli and Guicciardini, there is perhaps no modern writer who has produced any thing so nearly approaching to the pure and classical character of the great historical monuments left us by the Greeks and Romans.—The life of Mendoza himself was a very extraordinary one. He owed his rise to letters, and he never ceased to cultivate them during the whole of a very long life; and yet he was engaged continually in public business, and even bore the first part in many of the most important transactions of his time. He was taken from college by Charles V. soon after he had published his Lazarillo de Tormes, and sent ambassador to Venice, where he greatly distinguished himself in the management of several very difficult intrigues. He afterwards represented the person of the same monarch at the Council of Trent, and still later at the Court of Rome. In the Italian wars of those days he acquired the character of a skilful and decided commander. He was governor of Sienna; and from thence, it may almost be said he administered the whole affairs of Italy during a period of six years. After harmony was restored between the Papal See and his own prince, Mendoza was appointed to the high office of gonfalonier of the church, and in that capacity was commander-in-chief of all the ecclesiastical forces. He retired to Spain on the accession of Philip II., who does not appear to have treated him with the same confidence as his father, inasmuch as, for the most part, the rest of his life was passed in comparative privacy and literary leisure. Nevertheless, he accompanied Philip into France, and was present at the great battle of St Quintin, in 1557. Nor had old age any power to check the fervour of his spirit, if we may put faith in some of the anecdotes commonly recorded of him: for example, we are told, that "long after his hairs were grey," he quarrelled with a nobleman who

was his rival in some amour, and coming to high words one day n the presence-chamber of Philip, expressed himself with so much scorn, that his adversary laid his hand on his poniard. Mendoza, observing this, seized the man, who was far younger than himself, and flung him furiously over the balcony, into the street.—Altogether, the career of Mendoza was like that of Cervantes himself, a striking example, not only of the versatility of genius, but of the benefit which literature, in many of its finest walks, may derive from being cultivated by the active and energetic spirits of the world.

Note 1, Chap. xi., Book iii., Page 371.

Madasima was the real name of this lady. Ozell, in his note at p. 3, considers *abad* (abbot) as a mere blunder by Sancho for Elizabad; but Elizabad, of whom something has been said already, seems to have been a priest as well as a doctor, for Amadis says to him (Book I. c. 38), "Azora os ruego Maestro que *digays* de Manana *missa*."

Note 2, Chap. xi., Book iii., Page 377.

"Beltenebros" is a compound of "bello" and "tenebroso"—fair and gloomy; or, as Clemencin puts it, "hermoso y triste"—sad and fair.

Note 3, Chap. xi., Book iii., Page 377.

The beautiful passage referred to occurs in the 23rd canto of the Orlando Furioso, and it is from the adventure there narrated that the whole poem of Ariosto takes its title. Orlando has discovered love-knots and inscriptions carved upon the trees about the fountain, and is at last convinced, that they have been executed, not only by the hand of Medoro, but by that of Angelica herself. It is then that the poet comes to what he promises at the outset of his whole performance:—

> "Diro d'Orlando,
> Cosa non detta in prosa mai ne in rima,
> Che per amor venne in furore, e matto
> D'uom che si saggio era stimato prima."
>
> Canto I., 2.

Note 4, Chap. xi., Book iii., Page 378.

These are not three different names, one only pronounced in different ways. The Latin history of Turpin names him *Rolando*, anagram of *Orlando* and of *Roldano*. In chapter first of the second part these names are repeated in almost the same words.

Note 5, Chap. xi., Book iii., Page 384.

The *Hipógrifo*, progeny of a griffin and a mare, occupies an important place in Ariosto. (Orlando Furioso, cant. 4, est. 18.) Ariosto compares the swiftness of the *Hipógrifo* to that of the eagle. Don Quixote thinks that of Rocinante much superior, of which he ought to have been a good judge. "*Frontino*," a celebrated bay horse, belonged to Sacripante, and figures largely in the poetry of Boyardo and Ariosto.

Note 1, Chap. xii., Book iii., Page 414.

So, according to Pulci in the Morgante Maggiore, was in the days of knight-errantry the Archbishop Turpin, and in more modern times may be cited the Archbishop of Burdos, who, as admiral or general of the forces of Louis XIII., fought a naval action in 1638 with D. Lope de Hozes, general of the Spanish forces. (Real Biblioteca, est. H., cod. 71.—*Pellicer.*) Many other examples could be given, but this is not the explanation of what Sancho says, who speaks not of *warrior archbishops*, but of *knight-errant archbishops*, who went about with their squires in search of adventures ; this is the ridiculous idea presented to his readers by Cervantes. The warrior archbishop was a fact, and according to the time, not in the least ridiculous.

Note 1, Chap. xiii., Book iii., Page 419.

King Wamba, of the dynasty of the Visigoths, reigned in Spain from 672 to 680, and was distinguished by valour and other virtues. The expression is used in general to signify an epoch very ancient, and therefore old-fashioned.

Note 2, Chap. xiii., Book iii., Page 430.

Galalon, the traitor of Roncesvalles, has already been mentioned. According to Turpin, the Emperor, in punishment of his treachery, had him torn to pieces by four horses. "*O Bellido traidor.*" King Sancho, besieging his sister Urraca in Zamora, was offered by Bellido Dolfos, who had come out of that city, an entrance into it by a secret passage. Wishing to examine this himself, the king incautiously went, accompanied only by Bellido, who stabbed him with a dagger, and then, mounting his horse, returned to Zamora. The "Romancero del Cid" has several romances upon this subject.

Count Julian was governor of Ceuta for the Gothic kings of Spain in the beginning of the eighth century, when, the Mahometans

having conquered the western coasts of Africa, extended as far as the Atlantic. They fought in vain at Ceuta, valorously defended by Count Julian; but he afterwards, offended by the King Don Roderich having seduced, some say his wife, others his daughter, treated with the Moors, facilitated their entry into Spain, and assisted them in its conquest.

Note 3, Chap. xiii., Book iii., Page 437.

The translation is imperfect here, for the original has "la bellezza singular de sus hermosos y rubios cabellos;" literally, as old Shelton renders it, "the singular beauty of her fair and golden tresses." It is worthy of remark that, among almost all dark nations, the poetical style of loveliness is *blonde*. It was so among the ancient Romans, and it is still so among the Spaniards; indeed, I have often heard British officers, who served during the late Peninsular war, expatiate upon the extraordinary admiration which the Spanish ladies bestowed upon such of their comrades as had that sort of fierce red hair, which is commonly reckoned the reverse of lovely in this country. In Cervantes' time the ladies, and even the gentlemen of the Spanish court, were accustomed to medicate their hair, in order to give it the appearance of this "rubia bellezza."

NOTES TO VOLUME SECOND.

Note 1, Chap. i., Book iv., Page 7.

The nobleman here referred to was the Duke de Osuna, De Pedro Givon, viceroy of Naples and Sicily, who afterwards died in prison in the time of Philip IV., during the ascendancy of the Count Duke of Olivares. Sancho alludes to the Duke of Osuna in Part i., chap. 21, "*los anos pas ados estube un mes en la corte y alli vi que paseandose un senor muy pequeno, que decian que era muy grande, &c.* The duke was one of the great men of his time, and had nothing little except his height. He was trained in the Flemish wars, where he performed prodigies of valour, having early manifested a decided military genius. See the comedy, "*Las Ninezes del Duque de Osuna,*" and "*Teatro de los Gobiernos de los Vireyes de Napoles,*" tom. ii., p. 119.

Note 1, Chap. ii., Book iv., Page 34.

Sancho is correct in saying that many names are taken from the place of birth; this has been the origin of that of many illustrious families, such as *los Cordobas* and *los Toledos*. Many families deduce their name from some feat performed, others from some personal feature, even from personal defects; but the most common in Castille was the adoption of the paternal title. This usage descended from the Greeks and Romans—*Fernandez* is *Fernandi filius; Sanchez, Sanctii filius; Ximénez, Simones filius*; this last was the name of Judas, according to the Gospel.

Note 2, Chap. ii., Book iv., Page 36.

It is evident that Cervantes here seeks to cure, by holding up to ridicule, the antiquated phraseology of the books of chivalry, as he has done on many other occasions. For example of this style see "*Belianis di Grecia*," lib. iii., Cap. 33, &c., &c.

Note 3, Chap. ii., Book iv., Page 38.

It did not always happen that knights-errant refused to allow ladies to kiss their hands. A lady, disguised, having forcibly kissed the hands of Amadis of Gaul, obtained from him promise of a boon, which proved to be the release of her husband Arculaus, mortal enemy of Amadis, who had confined him in an iron cage. Amadis, although deceived, kept his word, releasing the captive —so religiously observed was the word of a cavalier.

Note 4, Chap. ii., Book iv., Page 38.

"La su spada e l'altre arme,
Vidi un cavalier cortese e pio
Che le ando raccogliendo da ogni parte.
E poi de tutte quelle *un' Arboscello*
Fe, *a guisa di Trofeo*, pomposo e bello."

ARIOSTO, *Canto* 31.

Note 5, Chap. ii., Book iv., Page 42.

The original is "*el caballo Pegaso, o sobre la zebra ó alfana.*" Motteux translates as if *zebra* and *alfana* were two distinct animals, which is not the case—only two appellations of the same animal, equivalent to "ass or donkey." The alfana was a mare of extraordinary size, used by giants and others of this class. The zebra is a well-known animal of great swiftness. A rugged, mountainous district to the south-west of Alcala, at the foot of which the river Henares flows northwards. On it is situated a

hermitage, called after S. Juan del Viso. The ancient Complutum is believed to have had its site in a neighbouring plain.

Note 1, Chap. iii., Book iv., Page 50.

In the days of Cervantes the clergy, as may be seen by the portraits of his time, wore mustaches and the pear-shaped beard on the chin—in Spanish "perilla." This latter has only disappeared of late years; the mustache has long been worn only by the military.

Note 2, Chap. iii., Book iv., Page 53.

Dorothea here rather takes liberties with the Don. The left shoulder cannot be on the right side; but she says this purposely to further carry on the joke. By this vulgar incident Cervantes wishes to throw ridicule on the many fabulous stories of the marks with which so many knight-errants were said to have been born. Quotations are numerous; *Mariana*, lib. xiii., cap. 9; *Amadis de Gaula*, cap. 66; *Belianis*, lib. iii., cap. 24, &c., &c. (See Clemencin, ii., 457, ed. 1833).

Note 3, Chap. ix., Book iii., Page 64.

It is not easy to say in what consisted the difference in the time of Cervantes between the dress worn by the gipsies and that worn by the peasantry of Andaluzia. A certain profusion of ornaments, buttons, and ribbons, the sash round the waist, the curl behind the ear, have from ancient times been characteristic features, and of these traces still remain.

Note 1, Chap. iv., Book iv., Page 79.

The reader will not be displeased with seeing some picturesque notices of the costume of Spain, France, and Italy, which occur in the old English novel of "The Unfortunate Traveller, or Life of Jack Wilton," published in 1594, by the celebrated Thomas Nashe.

"What is there in France to be learned more than in England, but falsehood in friendship, perfect slovenry, and to love no man but for my pleasure? I have known some that have continued there by the space of half a dozen years, and when they came home, they have hid a little weerish lean face under a broad French hat, kept a terrible coil with the dust in the street in their long cloaks of grey paper, and spoken English strangely. Nought else have they profited by their travel, but to distinguish the true Bordeaux grape, and know a cup of neat Gascoigne wine from wine of Orleans; yea, and peradventure this also, to esteem of the p—x

as a pimple, to wear a velvet patch on their face, and walk melancholy with their arms folded.

"From Spain what bringeth our traveller? A skull-crowned hat of the fashion of an old deep porringer; a diminutive alderman's ruff with short strings, like the droppings of a man's nose; a close-bellied doublet coming down with a peak behind, as far as the crupper, and cut off before by the breast-bone, like a partlet or neckercher; a wide pair of gascoynes, which, ungathered, would make a couple of women's riding-kirtles; huge hangers, that have half a cow-hide in them; a rapier that is lineally descended from half-a-dozen dukes at the least; let his cloak be as long or as short as you will; if long, it is faced with Turkey grogran ravelled; if short, it hath a cape like a calf's tongue, and is not so deep in his whole length, nor so much cloth in it, I will justify, as only the standing cape of a Dutchman's cloak. I have not yet touched all, for he hath in either shoe as much taffaty for his tyings, as would serve for an ancient; which serveth him (if you would have the mystery of it) *of the own* accord for a shoe-rag. If you talk with him, he makes a dish-cloth of his own country, in comparison of Spain; but if you urge him particularly wherein it exceeds, he can give no instance, but in Spain they have better bread than any we have; when (poor hungry slaves!) they may crumble it into water well enough, and make misons with it, for they have not a good morsel of meat, except it be salt pilchers, to eat with it, all the year long; and, which is more, they are poor beggars, and lie in foul straw every night.

"Italy, the paradise of the earth, and the epicure's heaven, how doth it form our young master? It makes him to kiss his hand like an ape, cringe his neck like a starveling, and play at *Hey-pass-repass-come-aloft*, when he salutes a man; from thence he brings the art of atheism, the art of epicurizing, the art of whoring, the art of poisoning, the art of sodomitry; the only probable good thing they have to keep us from utterly condemning it, is, that it maketh a man an excellent courtier, a curious carpet knight; which is, by interpretation, a fine close letcher, a glorious hypocrite; it is now a privy note amongst the better sort of men, when they would set a singular mark or brand on a notorious villain, to say he hath been in Italy."

Note 1, Chap. v., Book iv., Page 89.

The adventures of Cirongillio were celebrated in a folio, by Bernardo de Vargas. I have already spoken of the other; but I should have mentioned, when doing so, an anecdote of Dr Samuel Johnson, told by Boswell, on the authority of Bishop Percy.

"The bishop, said the doctor, when a boy, was immoderately fond of romances of chivalry, and he had retained his fondness for them through life; so that, spending part of a summer at my parsonage-house in the country, he chose for his regular reading the old Spanish romance of Felixmarte of Hyrcania, in folio, which he read quite through."—BOSWELL, Vol. I., p. 25. The innkeeper, therefore, may be excused, in spite of the curate's sarcasms.

Note 2, Chap. v., Book iv., Page 89.

The former, by Bernardo de Vargas, Sevilla 1545, is titled "Cronica del Gran Capitan Gonzalo Hernandez de Córdoba y Aguilar," to which are added the deeds of other famous personages. Zaragoza, 1559; Alcala de Henares, 1584, without the author's name; there are also other editions. (For Felixmarte, see Note 3, Chap. vi., Book i.)

Note 1, Chap. vi., Book iv., Page 110.

Luis Tansilo, Neapolitan, author of this poem, written to repair the mischief done by a licentious poem of his youth, entitled "Vendimiador." The "*tears*" were published in 1585, five years after the author's death, and shortly after many Spanish translations were made. The translation in the original is supposed to be by Cervantes himself.

Note 2, Chap. vi., Book iv., Page 110.

That Cervantes took his idea of the "Curious Impertinent" from Ariosto is certain. (See Orlando Furioso, end of Canto 42, and the whole of Canto 43). Cervantes, however, mixes up two stories. The first is a tale told Reinaldos by a count, whose name is not given, who at the close of supper presented Reinaldos with a vase which had the property of indicating the fidelity of the wife: if faithful, the drinker imbibed his wine without spilling a drop—if unfaithful, the wine spilled all over his breast. Ariosto says that the prudent Reinaldos declined the experiment.

The other story is one told Reinaldos the day following the above, by the master of a barque, whilst sailing on the Po, of a Doctor Anselmo—person quite distinct from him who wept over the enchanted cup, but who, however, met with a similar misfortune. Cervantes, with his usual carelessness, mixes up the two stories, and attributes to the doctor the tears shed by the cavalier

Note 1, Chap. vii., Book iv., Page 140.

Cervantes alludes here to a proverbial saying, which is illustrated by Luis Barnhona in "*las lagrimas de Angelica*,"—

Ciego ha de ser fiel enamorado
No se dice en se lei que sea discreto
De cuatro *eses* dicen que está armado
*S*abio, *S*olo, *S*olicito y *S*ecreto.
Sabio en servir y nunca descuiado
Solo en amar y á otra alma no sujeto
Solicito en buscar sus desenganos
Secreto en sus favores y en sus danos.

LUIS BARNHONA.

de Soto la Angelica, Granada, 1586, printed in quarto.

Note 1, Chap. viii., Book iv., Page 164.

The hint of this adventure seems evidently to be taken from one of the best stories in the Golden Ass of Apuleius, which I shall quote from Mr Dunlop's abstract.

"One night, while supping at the house of Byrrhena, Apuleius was informed that the following day being the festival of Momus, he ought to honour that divinity by some merry invention.

"Returning home somewhat intoxicated, he perceived through the dusk three large figures attacking the door of Milo with much fury. Suspecting them to be robbers, who intended to break in, he ran his sword through them in succession, and, leaving them as dead, escaped into the house. Next morning he is arrested on account of the triple homicide, and is brought to trial in a crowded and open court. The accuser is called by a herald. An old man, who acted in this capacity, pronounced an harangue, of which the duration was limited by a clepsydra, as the old sermons were measured by hour glasses. Two women in deep mourning were introduced; one lamented the death of her husband, the other of her son, and both called loudly for vengeance on the murderer. Apuleius was found guilty of the death of three citizens; but previous to his execution it was resolved he should be put to the torture, to force a discovery of his accomplices, and the necessary preparations were accordingly completed. What had chiefly astonished Apuleius during this scene, was, that the whole court, and among others, his host Milo, were all the while convulsed with laughter. One of the women in mourning now demanded that the dead bodies, which were in court, should be uncovered, in order that, the compassion of the judges being excited, the tortures might be increased. The demand was complied with, and the task assigned to Apuleius himself. The risibility of the audience is now accounted for, as he sees, to his utter astonishment, three immense leather bottles, which, on the preceding night, he had mistaken for robbers. The imaginary criminal is then dismissed,

after being informed that this mock trial was in honour of the god Momus.

"On returning home the matter was more fully explained by Fotis, who informs Apuleius that she had been employed by her mistress to procure the heir of a young Bœotian, of whom she was enamoured, in order to prepare a charm which would bring him to her house: that having failed in obtaining this ingredient, and fearing the resentment of her mistress, she had brought her some goats' hair, which fell from the scissors of a bottle-shearer. These hairs being burned by the sorceress, with the usual incantations, had (instead of leading the Bœotian to her house) given animation to the skins to which they formerly adhered, and which being then in the form of bottles, appeared, in their desire of entrance, to assault the door of Milo."

Cervantes, in many parts of his work, shows himself to have been an attentive reader of this old Latin romance; but Le Sage (that boldest of borrowers) owes to it by far the most picturesque and splendid passage of his Gil Blas, viz., the whole description of the habitation of the robbers—the revelry of these banditti—the old woman that attends on them—the arrival of the new troop during the entertainment—the captivity and escape of the young lady, &c., &c.

Note 2, Chap. viii., Book iv., Page 167.

Sancho, everjoyed, heaps up similes. The "giant in pickle" is an allusion to the fate of the slaughtered animal cured for home use—therefore applicable to an enemy conquered and slain. "Here are the bulls" is a Spanish proverb denoting absolute certainty, whence Sancho infers that his countship is as sure as everything that is prepared in the mould, ready for casting.

Note 3, Chap. viii., Book iv., Page 168.

The original, "por los huesos de mi padre y por el siglo de mi madre" may be thus translated, "by the bones of my father and by the (eternal) life of my mother." The innkeeper's two oaths are taken from Guzman de Alfarache, part ii. lib. 2, cap. 9. Here we have the innkeeper swearing by the *manes* of his ancestors like one of the heroes of the "Iliad."

Note 4, Chap. viii., Book iv., Page 176.

Cervantes here commits an anachronism. The Great Captain Gonzalo Fernandez de Córdoba died in 1515. M. de Lautrec does not appear in the war against Naples till the year 1527.

Note 5, Chap. viii., Book iv., Page 176.

Don Fernando Alvarez de Toledo, named the Gran Duque de Alba, one of the most celebrated captains of his time, famous for his deeds of bravery in Italy, Hungary, Germany and Flanders, was son of D. Garcia, first born of the house of Alba, who died gloriously in the first of these unlucky days of Gelves, 1510. D. Fernando added the crown of Portugal to that of Castille in 1580, as his ancestor, D. Fabrique had that of Navarre in 1512. The words used a few lines above by the captive fix the date of the narrative. The Duke entered Flanders in 1567 : according to this the captive tells his story in 1589 ; but this date does not correspond with what Cervantes relates afterwards, which is not matter of surprise seeing the extreme negligence displayed by the author in the composition of his immortal work.

Note 1, Chap. xii., Book iv., Page 218.

A native of Guadalajara, captain of the company in which Cervantes served in the battle of Lepanto. Cervantes perpetuates in Don Quixote the name of his captain who distinguished himself in the battle, taking, according to *P. Fernando de Pecha*, the royal standard of Egypt. (*Historia de Guadalajara, Biblioteca Real*, est. G. cod. 92, p. 77.)

Note 2, Chap. xii., Book iv., Page 222.

Ferdinand de Toledo, third Duke of Alva, first distinguished himself at the battle of Pavia, being then under twenty years of age. Charles V. was, from the beginning, sensible of his great merits ; for, says Brantome, he came with him to France, when he was on his way to chastise those of Ghent, in 1549, on which occasion, in presenting him to a great lady of the French court, he used these expressions : " Madame voila le Duc d'Albe que j'aime beaucoup : il est d'une noble et valeureuse race : (la Maison de Toledo :) il est encore jeune mais il sera un jour bon homme de guerre : je l'avancerai suivant ses merites. Je voudrai bien qu'il fut un peu moins froid et reservé; mais tel est le charactere de nos Espagnols. Vos François sont plus vifs et effrontés : par exemple Peloux—(this was a Frenchman, who had gone over to the Emperor with the Duke de Bourbon, and become very useful to Charles V., in many mean enough capacities)—Peloux va et vient sans cesse et veut entrer partout. Je voudrai que le Duc d'Albe fut un peu de ce caractere." It was only in the presence of Charles V., how-

ever, that Alva's modesty was remarkable; he was the proudest, as well as the vainest of men,—harsh and cruel;—but withal brave as a lion, and a most skilful general. In 1567, Philip sent him as governor to the Low Countries, and it was at this time that our captive Viedma is represented to have joined him. He ruled these countries, for twelve years, with a rod of iron; the first step he took was to arrest and behead the Counts of Egmont and Horn, who had revolted against Philip, or rather against Margaret of Austria, his sister, who preceded Alva in the government of the Low Countries. A captain, named Salines, was sent to arrest Egmont.—"What *me?*" said the Count, sternly, "*me?* captain—take from me this sword that has so well served the king!" But immediately softening his tone, he added, "Since the king wishes to take it, here it is, captain."—(There is a fine tragedy on Egmont's story, by Goethe.)—The Prince of Orange, Nassau, however, escaped, and carried on a bloody war with Alva, the result of which was, in effect, the freedom of the United Provinces. Philip, ever jealous, recalled Alva after a time, and on some ridiculous pretext, banished him to his country seat, which he did not leave till his services were called for in Portugal, of which kingdom he completed the conquest for his tyrannical sovereign. He was as cruel in Portugal as he had been in the Netherlands, and died there in 1582, in the seventy-fourth year of his age. It was Alva that first placed musketeers among the pikemen, of which the infantry then consisted; and, at first, this novelty produced an astonishing effect:—every one fled when Alva's stern voice gave the word, "Salgan, Salgan, los Mosqueteros!"—He was distinguished by the highest excellence in every warlike exercise; insomuch, that when the French and Spanish courts met at Bayonne, in 1565, not even the famous Constable Anne de Montmorenci ventured to joust with him.

Note 3, Chap. xii., Book iv., Page 223.

It was he who took the royal standard of Egypt at the battle of Lepanto.

Note 4, Chap. xii., Book iv., Page 223.

This prince was one of the most famous personages of his time. A natural son of Carlos V., by a German lady, he was born at Ratisbon in 1545. Brought secretly into Spain by his father's orders, and with the cognizance of Luis Quijada, Senor of Villagarcia de Campos, he was educated incognito, going on foot to school with other village boys. After the Emperor's death he was sent for by his brother, King D. Felipe

II., who then revealed to him the secret of his birth. He was sent to Alcala to study, where he was pupil of Ambrosio de Morales. The king's wish was that his brother should enter the church, but his penchant for a military career was so decided, that he received a command, and afterwards undertook the pacification of the kingdom of Granada, whence the Moors had been expelled. Having accomplished this, he was appointed General of the Christian League against the Turks, and gained the celebrated battle of Lepanto. Afterwards he conquered Tunis in 1573, and finally, having spent the year 1576 as governor of Flanders, died there near Namur, at the early age of thirty-three. The frequent differences that he had with the king, his brother, embittered his life. After Lepanto he was offered the crown of Greece: the Pope proposed to King Felipe to establish a kingdom on the coast of Africa, of which his brother should have the crown: he applied in vain as a recompense for his services to the honors of an *Infante de Espana*: the Irish, discontented with Queen Elizabeth, wished to proclaim him king of Ireland: Don Juan wished to marry Queen Elizabeth herself—to all these the king refused his consent. Juan de Escobedo, secretary of Don Juan, and who warmly seconded all the views of his chief, was assassinated at the instigation of the famous António Perez, supposed by authority of the king. Finally the victor of Lepanto died without making a will, having nothing to leave, and not without suspicion of having been poisoned.

Note 5, Chap. xii., Book iv., Page 224.

In the original *Uchali*, in Turkish *Aluch*, in Moorish *Elche*, is the equivalent for *renegade*. Uchali was a Calabrian by birth, born of poor parents at Licastelli in 1508. He was made captive when young, and after several years at the oars, received his liberty by becoming a renegade. He distinguished himself greatly in the Turkish service; was engaged in the battle of Lepanto, where he commanded, with skill and bravery, the left wing of the Ottoman squadron. Appointed General of the Turkish armies, he reconquered Tunis in the year 1574, and afterwards made other campaigns in the Mediterranean and Black Seas, holding the supreme command of the marine until his death. He built a magnificent palace in the vicinity of Constantinople; died in 1580, supposed to have been poisoned.

Note 6, Chap. xii., Book iv., Page 225.

Arroyo says, that Don Juan of Austria bade the pilots steer for Navarino, on the night of the 16th September 1572, but that

they, from unskilfulness of the coast, made for an island called Prodano, some three leagues off that harbour, by means of which blunder the Algerine had time to draw out all his vessels, and place them under protection of the batteries of Modon.—*Ibid.*, p. 90.

Note 7, Chap. xii., Book iv., Page 226.

Marquis de Santa Cruz, celebrated general, and well known for his bravery. He assisted in the conquest of Portugal; died at Lisbon in 1588, while preparing for the conquest of England by the then named "Invincible Armada."

Note 8, Chap. xii., Book iv., Page 226.

Haradin, surnamed Barbarossa, was the most famous corsair of those days. He became tyrant of Algiers in 1534.

Note 9, Chap. xii., Book iv., Page 227.

Muley Hamida, and Muley Hamet or Mahomet, were the two sons of Muley Hacan, King of Tunis. Muley Hamida, the elder, burnt out his father's eyes with hot iron, and took possession of his throne. The younger brother fled from the cruelty of the elder, and retired into Sicily. The Turks had driven Hamida from Tunis, but he had fortified himself in Goleta, and was in hopes soon to recover his empire, at the time when Don Juan of Austria landed in Barbary. The Turks were expelled in their turn from Tunis; the exiled Muley Hamet was brought from Sicily, and established as King of Tunis, tributary to Philip II. of Spain. The atrocious Hamida was given up to Don Carlos of Arragon, Viceroy of Sicily, who conducted him to Naples, where one of his sons who accompanied him underwent a very sudden and prudent conversion from the errors of Mahometanism. He was baptised by the name of Don Carlos de Austria, his godfather and godmother being Don Juan of Austria himself, and Donna Violante de Moscoso. The father died of grief and rage on being informed of his son's apostacy.

Note 10, Chap. xii., Book iv., Page 227.

See, for a fuller account of all these transactions, Watson's "History of Philip II.," Vol. I., p. 283, &c.

Note 11, Chap. xii., Book iv., Page 231.

The Andalusian family of Aguilar had derived great honour from producing, in the preceding age, those two distinguished warriors, Gonsalvo and Alonzo de Aguilar. It was on the death

of the latter that some Spanish minstrel composed the famous ballad (so elegantly translated by Bishop Percy) of *Rio verde, Rio verde.*

Note 2, Chap. xiii., Book iv., Page 235.

Hassan Aga's story is told exactly as here in Haedo's *Historia de Argel*, p. 89.

Note 1, Chap. xiii., Book iv., Page 236.

The following curious account of Christian slavery in Algiers is translated from the preliminary confession of a renegade, who was reconciled to the bosom of the church by the Spanish Inquisition in 1639. Pellicer, from whom I take it, had seen the *MS.* itself in the Royal Library at Madrid (see Vol. IX., p. 17).

"The Christians have four churches where they hear mass, and in my time there were twelve priests who said mass every day. In the greatest church, which is in the bagnio of the king, there were five priests, sent thither by his holiness. Every day a collection is made, and the captives give what they can for the buying of wax and ornaments, besides a real and a half to each priest, and another every time they partake of the eucharist. The Christians are very humble, particularly the priests, whom the boys always pursue in the streets with stones and other impurities. There are at this moment 200 Christian slaves in that city, who are treated most miserably, both men and women, receiving nothing more than a single loaf of bread every day—but especially, they are cruelly used by the Tagarinos, which are they that have been driven out of Spain. These make them labour without remission, being loaded with irons, and the strongest they carry with them to row in their galleys.

"The women of the Moors never enter into their mosques, from the towers of which, at noontide, there is a banner displayed, and voices are heard from one to another calling to prayer. Their worship is silent, and of gesticulation, there being little said, but an infinity of prostrations and uprisings. They eat off cakes of bread laid on the ground, without any service of covers. Their women wear trousers down to the feet, which is by no means a lascivious dress, although they themselves are so more than can be imagined . . . . . The boys in their schools write with reeds on the sand, rubbing it smooth from time to time, so that it serves for a long while. The merchants do the same, keeping their accounts very accurately . . . . . In lawsuits they expend little, by reason of their speedy decisions; hence the abundance of wealth among the Moors."

One of Cervantes' most agreeable comedies is entitled, "Los Banos de Argel;" and in it very nearly the same characters and adventures are described as occur here in the story of the Captain de Viedma. The converted Moorish girl, the renegade, &c., play exactly the same parts.

Note 3, Chap. xiii., Book iv., Page 237.

Viz., Cervantes himself (see Life.)

Note 4, Chap. xiii., Book iv., Page 243.

Lela is, in Arabic, equivalent to *Our Lady*. There is a great deal said concerning the Virgin Mary in the Koran, so that Zorayda might have known about her even before the old slave instructed her. Cervantes might almost be suspected of satire in representing the name of the Virgin as the part of the old slave's lessons which had made the deepest impression on the young lady's mind; but his Spanish commentators are all very valiant in defending his catholicism from the slightest imputation.

Note 1, Chap. xiv., Book iv., Page 279.

There is in Depping's collection a Spanish ballad, which I shall translate, on account of the resemblance which, in several particulars, it bears to the story of these Christian captives. The idea of the gardener's disguise occurs so often in the stories of escapes from Barbary, that I take it for granted there had been some real story on which its adoption was founded.

DRAGUT.

O swiftly, very swiftly, they up the straits have gone,
O swiftly flies the corsair, and swift the cross comes on,
The cross upon yon banner, that streams to the breeze,
It is the sign of victory, the cross of the Maltese.

"Row, row, my slaves," quoth Dragut, "the knights, the knights are near,
Row, row, my slaves, row swiftly, the star-light is too clear,
The stars they are too bright, and he that means us well,
He harms us when he trims his light—yon Moorish sentinel."

There came a wreath of smoke from out a culverine,
The corsair's poop it broke, and it sunk in the brine;
Stout Dragut swims ashore, but many a one goes down;
Down goes the fetter'd Christian with the servant of Mahoun.

But one of Dragut's captives, a happy man is he,
The Christian sailors see him struggling in the sea,
They hear the captive praying in the Christian tongue,
And a rope from their galley they down to him have flung.

It was a Spanish knight, who had long been in Algiers,
From ladies high descended, and noble cavaliers,
But forced, for a season, a false Moor's slave to be,
Upon the shore his gardener, and his galley-slave on the sea.

But now his heart is dancing, he sees the Spanish land,
And all his friends advancing to meet him on the strand—
His heart was full of gladness, but his eyes they ran o'er,
For he wept as he stepp'd upon the Christian shore.

Note 1, Chap. xv., Book iv., Page 293.

Mazmorra, the word used in the original, is of Arabic origin. The castle-dungeon of our own ancestors probably derived its name of *Massiemore* from the same source.

Note 2, Chap. xvi., Book ix., Page 310.

Thus: "Juan Quixada vio la ra rica y adventurosa espada y tiro dèlla, mas no le approvecho que arrancar la pudiesse, y dixo *de mas valor ha de ser que yo él que esta aventura acabara; cierte para mi no estava gaardada.*"—Calvete, 194, 5. See also the account of the futile attempts to draw from the stone in which it was enchanted the famous sword of Merlin.—Ellis's *Romances*, vol. I.

Note 3, Chap. xvi., Book iv., Page 314.

In the old romance of Virgilius we are told that the great poet, being in love with a woman still more deeply skilled than himself in the arts of necromancy, sustained at her hands usage very similar to that of the poor Don in the text. She enchanted him into a box, and hung him up for a day and night on the outside of *the tower* in which he lived, to the vision of all Rome. A Spanish author, Alonzo Martinez de Toledo, tells a more authentic story of the same sort of adventure, in his book entitled, "Corvacho, o libro de los vicios de malas mugeres," part i., cap. 18. While one Don Bernard de Cabrera, in the time of King Pedro of Arragon, was lying in prison, in expectation of being tried for some state offence of which he had been guilty, a lady, to whom he had offered some disagreeable attentions, entered into a plot against him with the officers of the law, and with the jailor under whose care he was placed. She made him believe

that she had concerted measures for his escape, and invited him to descend from the window of his prison by means of a rope which she had cunningly conveyed to him. The prisoner did so at midnight, but ere he had reached the ground, the jailor arrested his progress from above; and "next morning," says my author, "all the people of the town and the neighbourhood, his friends and his enemies, beheld him, and they came from all parts to look upon him hanging there in mid-air, in his shirt, *like Virgil.*" The author adds, that he had himself conversed with several old people who remembered witnessing in their youth this strange display, and of course concludes with a very solemn *moral* concerning the viciousness of the feminine gender.

Note 1, Chap. xviii., Book iv., Page 331.

The barber says in the original, "*tengo* mas de viente anos *carta de examen;*" which shows that in Spain, as with ourselves, the barber was, in the old time, entitled to consider himself as belonging to "the three black graces."

Note 2, Chap. xviii., Book iv., Page 332.

See Captain Grose on Ancient Armour. It may be sufficient to mention here that the *morion* was a low iron cap, worn by infantry alone. By the *helmet* the barber means the common open casque of the horseman. The *close helmet* is the complete head-piece, disused in European warfare long before the days of Cervantes. This, in its perfect form, has in front two moveable parts, which may at pleasure either be lifted up or down, viz., the *vizor* to look through, and the *bever*, which opened to admit sustenance—whence its name, literally interpreted, the *drinking-piece.*

Note 3, Chap. xviii., Book iv., Page 338.

See Ariosto, Orlando Furioso, Canto 27, stanza 78, *et sequitur.*

Note 4, Chap. xviii., Book iv., Page 343.

The taxes referred to in the original are: 1st, *Pecho.* Tax paid by those who do not belong to the nobility. 2nd, *Alcabala.* Excise, a duty paid at certain rates per cent. on all saleable commodities. 3rd, *Chopin de la Rêina.* Tax of 150 millions maravedis, formerly levied in Spain on occasion of the king's marriage. 4th, *Moneda forera.* Tax formerly paid every seven years in acknowledgment of the sovereign's authority; abolished centuries ago. 5th, *Portazgo.* Octroi or duty on goods imported from without a town or from foreign countries.

Note 1, Chap. xix., Book iv., Page 355.

Don Quixote must have often, in his books of chivalry, read of this and other kinds of conveyances. Examples are numerous, see Clemencin, iii. 357, ed. cit.

Note 1, Chap. xx., Book iv., Page 358.

Don Quixote is very oblivious here, for a great part of the history of Launcelot du Lac consists in the misfortunes which befell him in consequence of a journey performed in this mean species of conveyance. See the Morte Arthur—or Mr Ellis's Specimens, Vol. I. The following paragraphs may perhaps be sufficient.

"The knight, almost frantic with rage, proceeded on foot with as much speed as his heavy armour would permit, and at length overtook a cart driven by a very deformed dwarf; who, on being questioned concerning the route of the fugitives, professed to have seen them, and promised, if the hero would mount his cart, that he would soon put him into the proper road.

"It seems that carts were at this time extremely scarce. One was thought sufficient for a moderate town; because they were only used for the purpose of carrying out filth, or of conveying criminals to the place of execution. Lancelot was perhaps ignorant of this, or perhaps indifferent about the mode of conveyance, provided he had a chance of overtaking his mistress: he therefore placed himself as commodiously as he could in this uncouth equipage, and only lamented that, after much jolting, he made little progress. In the meantime, the road which Gawain followed had insensibly led him into that of Lancelot. He met the dwarf; to whom, without noticing his friend, he put the same questions, and received the same answer; but being on horseback, he, of course, declined the proposition; and, having then recognised the other knight, strongly, but ineffectually, represented to him the indecorum of such a mode of travelling.

"At night-fall they arrived at a castle, the lady of which immediately came out at the head of her damsels to welcome Sir Gawain, but was with difficulty induced to admit within her walls his companion, whom she supposed to be a criminal, or at least a prisoner. At supper, Sir Lancelot was on the point of being consigned to the kitchen, and only admitted to the lady's table at the earnest solicitation of Sir Gawain. But no entreaties could persuade the damsels to prepare a bed for the reputed

felon. He seized the first which he found unoccupied, and slept quietly till morning.

"The windows of the castle commanded an extensive view of the country: and Lancelot, having observed at some distance on the plain a procession accompanying a lady in a veil, in whom he recognised a likeness to the fair Guenever, suddenly fell down in a swoon; an accident very usual with amorous knights, but always productive of wonder and curiosity in the by-standers. The lady of the castle imputed it to shame and vexation at the recollection of the disgraceful cart; but Gawain, on his friend's recovery, thought his suspicion very probable, and became equally eager to depart. Their fair hostess supplied Lancelot with a horse and spear," &c.

Note 2, Chap. xx., Book iv., Page 364.

"Las Sumulas de Dr Gaspar Cardillo de Villapando."—This work was used as a text-book in the University of Alcala. The author makes a considerable figure in the histories of the Council of Trent.

Note 3, Chap. xx., Book iv., Page 367.

The translation of this passage ought to be simply, "In an evil hour wert thou impregnated with these promises—in an evil hour did this island come into thy noddle." But Bouterweck well remarks, that a great deal of the humour of all this story of the *Island* evaporates in every translation. Don Quixote never uses the common word *Isla*, but always the old majestic Latin *Insula*, as preserved in the original romances and chronicles. Sancho also uses this high-sounding word, and the barber taunts him by re-echoing it in the text. Indeed, it is evident enough from the sequel that Sancho never has the least notion what an *insula* is.

Note 4, Chap. xx., Book iv., Page 369.

So called, as being invented by this colony of Greeks, inhabitants of Miletus, city of Ionia, who delighted in light pleasures and pastimes. These fables were devoid of instruction, and so far differed from the fables of Esop and other writers of his class. Miletus was the county of Aspasia, who was first mistress, afterwards wife, of Pericles.

Note 5, Chap. xx., Book iv., Page 370.

Prester John of India is a proverbial personage, whose name is in every one's mouth, yet no one knows exactly who he was,

when he was, or where he was. In the middle ages he was believed to a Christian prince who reigned somewhere in Eastern Tartary, on the borders of Cathay. Marco Polo, a famous Venetian traveller of the thirteenth century, visited the East, where, as he himself relates, he remained for six and twenty years. On his return, being made prisoner in the war with Genoa in 1298, he caused the history of his travels and wanderings to be written by his fellow prisoner, Micer Eustáquio de Pisa. This has been frequently translated, amongst others by the Geographical Society of Paris.

Note 1, Chap. xxi., Book iv., Page 376.

1. *La Isabela, la Filis,* and *la Alexandra* were compositions of Lupercio Leonardo y Argensola. D. Juan Lopez Sedano published *la Isabela* and *la Alexandra* in the Parnaso Espanol, vol. vi., thinking favourably of these. *La Filis* has been lost, and not yet discovered. 2. *La Ingratitud Vengada,* comedy of Lope de Vega (P. xiv., 1620). 3. *La Numancia,* comedy, or rather tragedy, by Cervantes himself, published with the *Viage del Parnaso,* 1784. 4. *El Mercader Amante,* by Gaspar de Avila of Valencia, where it was published in 1616. 5. *La Enemigu Favorable,* by Francisco Tarregu, Canon of Valencia.

Note 1, Chap. xxii., Book iv., Page 392.

Cervantes gives here a list of celebrated and well-known characters, several of whom have been already mentioned. The Spanish scholar is referred to Clemencin, iii. 442, and to Pellicer, iii. 229.

Note 2, Chap. xxii., Book iv., Page 395.

This is the name given to a sacred vessel supposed to have been used by Joseph of Arimathea to receive the precious blood of our Saviour on the descent from the cross, and when He was laid in the sepulchre. The work which is mentioned here is an ancient Italian composition, a translation of which was published in Seville in 1500, under the title of *Merlin y demanda del Santo Grial.* (See Pellicer, iii. 232 ; Clemencin, iii. 453 ; also Dunlop, "History of Fiction," i. 222.)

Note 3, Chap. xxii., Book iv., Page 396.

This knight, called by Cervantes Lusitano, being of Portuguese descent, though born in Castille, was governor of Alcalá la Real, and served in the first guard of D. Juan II. In the year 1433,

during an expedition, he fought in Arras with Micer Pierres de Brecemonte, lord of Charni, a cavalier of the house of Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy. The combat took place in presence of that prince, who bestowed special honours on John of Merlo, presenting him with a piece of plate. From Arras he went to Bâle, where at that time the celebrated council, which is named after that city, was being held, and there maintained the combat against Mosen Eurique de Remestan. The encounter was on foot; the magistrates of the city were the umpires, who pronounced in favour of the Castillian. He was killed in an engagement between Arjona and Andujar in the year 1443.

Note 1, Chap. xxiv., Book iv., Page 415.

Cervantes here ridicules the saying, common in his time in Spain, where so much vanity as to points of descent existed,—*Un hidalgo no debe á otro que á Dios, y al Rei nada.* So said the starving squire whom Lazarillo de Tormes served in Toledo.

Note 1, Chap. xxv., Book iv., Page 434.

The original *Saboyana* was a part of female dress introduced into Spain from Savoy. According to Salvi it was a sort of overskirt open in front (Nuevo diccionario de la Lengua Castellana, Paris 1852, 3rd ed., p. 968). Blas de Aytona, published in Cuenca 1603, several *coplas;* amongst others, a song upon *la saboyana*, of which the following lines form part:—

"Comprame una saboyana
Marido, asi os guarde Dios:
Comprame una saboyana
Pues las otras tienen dos
Quando me paro á la puerta
Omi pongo á mi ventana
Mas me querria ver muerta
Que verme sin saboyana," &c.

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